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## NO LOVE LOST.

A ROMANCE OF TRAVEL.

BERTHA—*Writing from Venice.*

I.

On your heart I feign myself fallen—ah, heavier burden,  
Darling, of sorrow and pain than ever shall rest there!—I take you  
Into these friendless arms of mine, that you cannot escape me—  
Closer and closer I fold you and tell you all, and you listen,  
Just as you used at home, and you let my sobs and my silence  
Speak, when the words will not come, and you understand and forgive me.  
—Ah! no, no! but I write, with the wretched bravado of distance,  
What you must read unmoved by the pity too far for entreaty.

II.

Well, I could never have loved him, but when he sought me and asked me,—  
When to the men that offered their lives, the love of a woman  
Seemed so easy to give!—I promised the love that he asked me,  
Sent him to war with my kiss on his lips, and thought him my hero.  
Afterward came the doubt, and out of long question, self-knowledge;  
Came that great defeat, and the heart of the nation was withered,—  
Mine leaped high with the awful relief won of death. But the horror,  
Then, of the crime that was wrought in that guilty moment of rapture—  
Guilty as if my will had winged the bullet that struck him—  
Clung to me day and night, and dreaming I saw him forever,  
Looking through battle-smoke with sorrowful eyes of upbraiding,  
Or, in the moonlight lying gray, or dimly approaching,  
Holding toward me his arms, that still held nearer and nearer,

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Folded about me at last . . . and I would I had died in the fever!—  
Better then than now, and better than ever hereafter!

## III.

Weary as some illusion of fever to me was the ocean—  
Storm-swept, scourged with bitter rains, and wandering always  
Onward from sky to sky with endless processions of surges,  
Knowing not life or death, but since the light was, the first day,  
Only enduring unrest till the darkness possess it, the last day.  
Over its desolate depths we voyaged away from all living:  
All the world behind us waned into vaguest remoteness;  
Names, and faces, and scenes recurred like that broken remembrance  
Of the anterior, bodiless life of the spirit—the trouble  
Of a bewildered brain, or the touch of the Hand that created;  
And when the ocean ceased at last like a faded illusion,  
Europe itself seemed only a vision of eld and of sadness.  
Nought but the dark in my soul remained to me constant and real,  
Growing and taking the thoughts bereft of happier uses,  
Blotting all sense of lapse from the days that with swift iteration  
Were and were not. They fable the bright days the fleetest:  
These that had nothing to give, that had nothing to bring or to promise  
Went as one day alone. For me was no alternation  
Save from my dull despair to wild and reckless rebellion,  
When the regret for my sin was turned to ruthless self-pity—  
When I hated him whose love had made me its victim,  
Through his faith and my falsehood yet claiming me. Then I was smitten  
With so great remorse, such grief for him, and compassion,  
That, if he could have come back to me, I had welcomed and loved him  
More than man e'er was loved.—Alas, for me that another  
Holds his place in my heart evermore! Alas, that I listened  
When the words whose daring lured my spirit and lulled it,  
Seemed to take my blame away with my strength of resistance!

Do not make haste to condemn me: my will was a woman's  
Fain to be broken by love: yet unto the last I endeavored  
What I could to be faithful still to the past and my penance;  
And as we stood that night in the old Roman garden together—  
By the fountain whose passionate tears but now had implored me  
In his pleading voice—and he waited my answer, I told him  
All that had been before of delusion and guilt, and conjured him  
Not to darken his fate with me. The costly endeavor  
Only was subtler betrayal. O me, from the pang of confession,  
Sprang what strange delight, as I tore from its lurking that horror  
Brooded upon so long, with the hope that at last I might see it  
Through his eyes unblurred by the tears that disordered my vision!  
O, with what rapturous triumph I humbled my spirit before him,  
That he might lift me and soothe me, and make that dreary remembrance,

All this confusèd present seem only some sickness of fancy,  
Only a morbid folly, no certain and actual trouble !  
If from that refuge I fled with words of too feeble denial—  
Bade him hate me, with sobs that entreated his tenderest pity,  
Moved mute lips and left the meaningless farewell unuttered,—  
She that never has loved, alone can wholly condemn me.

## IV.

How could he other than follow ? My heart had bidden him follow,  
Nor had my lips forbidden ; and Rome yet glimmered behind me,  
When my soul yearned toward his from the sudden forlornness of absence.  
Everywhere his face looked from vanishing glimpses of faces,  
Everywhere his voice reached my senses in fugitive cadence.  
Sick, through the storied cities, with wretched hopes, and upbraidings  
Of my own heart for its hopes, I went from wonder to wonder,  
Blind to them all, or only beholding them wronged and related,  
Through some trick of disordered thought, to myself and my trouble.  
Not surprise nor regret, but a fierce, precipitate gladness  
Sent the blood to my throbbing heart when I found him in Venice.  
“Waiting for you,” he whispered ; “you would so.” I answered him nothing.

## V.

Father, whose humor grows more silent and ever more absent  
(Changed in all but love for me since the death of my mother),  
Willing to see me contented at last, and trusting us wholly,  
Left us together alone in our world of love and of beauty.  
So, by noon and by night, we two have wandered in Venice,  
Where the beautiful lives in vivid and constant caprices,  
Yet, where the charm is so perfect that nothing fantastic surprises  
More than in dreams, and one's life with the life of the city is blended  
In a luxurious calm, and the whole world without and beyond it  
Seems but the emptiest fable of vain aspiration and labor.

Yes, from all that makes this Venice sole among cities,  
Peerless forever—the still lagoons that sleep in the sunlight,  
Lulled by their island-bells—the night's mysterious waters,  
Lit through their shadowy depths by stems of splendor that blossom  
Into the lamps that float, like flamy lotuses, over—  
Narrow and secret canals, that dimly gleaming and glooming  
Under palace-walls and numberless arches of bridges,  
List no sound but the dip of the gondolier's oar and his warning  
Cried from corner to corner—the sad, superb Canalazzo  
Mirroring marvellous grandeur and beauty, and dreaming of glory  
Out of the empty homes of her lords departed—the footways

Wandering sunless between the walls of the houses, and stealing  
 Glimpses, through rusted cancelli, of lurking greenness of gardens,  
 Wild-grown flowers and broken statues and mouldering frescoes—  
 Thoroughfares filled with traffic, and throngs ever ebbing and flowing  
 To and from the heart of the city, whose pride and devotion,  
 Lifting high the bells of Saint Mark's like prayers unto heaven,  
 Stretch a marble embrace of palaces tow'rd the cathedral  
 Orient, gorgeous, and flushed with color and light, like the morning—  
 From the lingering waste that is not yet ruin in Venice,  
 And her phantasmal show through all of being and doing—  
 Came a strange joy to us, untouched by regret for the idle  
 Days without yesterdays that died into nights without morrows.  
 Here, in our paradise of love we reigned, new-created,  
 As in the youth of the world, in the days before evil and conscience.  
 Ah! in our fair, lost world was neither fearing nor doubting,  
 Neither the sickness of old remorse, nor the gloom of foreboding,  
 Only the glad surrender of all individual being  
 Unto him whom I loved, and in whose tender possession,  
 Fate-free, my soul reposed from its anguish.

—Of these things I write you

As of another's experience—part of my own they no longer  
 Seem to me now through the doom that darkens the past like the future.

## VI.

Golden the sunset gleamed, above the city behind us,  
 Out of a city of clouds as fairy and lovely as Venice,  
 While we looked at the fishing-sails of purple and yellow  
 Far on the rim of the sea, whose light and musical surges  
 Broke along the sands with a faint, reiterant sadness.  
 But, when the sails had darkened into black wings, through the twilight  
 Sweeping away into night—past the broken tombs of the Hebrews  
 Homeward we sauntered slowly, through dew-sweet, blossomy alleys;  
 So drew near the boat by errant and careless approaches,  
 Entered, and left with indolent pulses the Lido behind us.

All the sunset had paled, and the campanili of Venice  
 Rose like the masts of a mighty fleet moored there in the water.  
 Lights flashed furtively to and fro through the deepening twilight.  
 Massed in one thick shade lay the Gardens; the numberless islands  
 Lay like shadows upon the lagoons. And on us as we loitered  
 By their enchanted coasts, a spell of ineffable sweetness  
 Fell and made us at one with them; and silent and blissful  
 Shadows we seemed that drifted on through a being of shadow,  
 Vague, indistinct to ourselves, unbounded by hope or remembrance.  
 Yet, we knew the beautiful night as it grew from the twilight:

Far beneath us and far above us the vault of the heavens  
 Glittered and darkened ; the moon, that long had haunted the daylight,  
 Wan and thin, then rose 'mid the stars in her fulness of splendor ;  
 And over all the lagoons fell the silvery rain of the moonbeams  
 As in the chansons the young girls sang while their gondolas passed us—  
 Sang in the joy of love, or youth's desire of loving.

Balmy night of the South ! Oh perfect night of the Summer !  
 Night of the distant dark, of the near and tender effulgence !—  
 How from my despair are thy peace and loveliness frightened !  
 For, while our boat lay there at the will of the light undulations,  
 Idle as if our mood imbued and controlled it, yet ever  
 Seeming to bear us on athwart those shining expanses  
 Out to shining seas beyond pursuit or returning—  
 There, while we lingered, and lingered, and would not break from our rapture,  
 Down the mirrored night another gondola drifted  
 Nearer and slowly nearer our own, and moonlighted faces  
 Stared. And that sweet trance grew a rigid and dreadful possession,  
 Which, if no dream indeed, yet mocked with such semblance of dreaming,  
 That as it happens in dreams, when a dear face stooping to kiss us,  
 Takes, ere the lips have touched, some malign and horrible aspect,  
 His face faded away, and the face of the Dead—of that other—  
 Flashed on mine, and writhing through every change of emotion,—  
 Wild amaze and scorn, accusation and pitiless mocking,—  
 Vanished into the swoon whose blackness encompassed and hid me.

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PHILIP.—*To Bertha.*

I AM not sure, I own, that if first I had seen my delusion  
 When I saw *you*, last night, I should be so ready to give you  
 Now your promises back, and hold myself nothing above you,  
 That it is mine to offer a freedom you never could ask for.  
 Yet, believe me, indeed, from no bitter heart I release you :  
 You are as free of me now, as though I had died in the battle,  
 Or as I never had lived. Nay, if it is mine to forgive you,  
 Go without share of the blame that could hardly be all upon your side.

Ghosts are not sensitive things ; yet, after my death in the papers,  
 Sometimes a harrowing doubt assailed this impalpable essence :  
*Had I done so well to plead my cause at that moment,*  
*When your consent must be yielded less to the lover than soldier ?*  
 "Not so well," I was answered by that ethereal conscience  
 Ghosts have about them, "and not so nobly or wisely as might be."  
 —Truly, I loved you, then, as now I love you no longer.

I was a prisoner then, and this doubt in the languor of sickness  
Came; and it clung to my convalescence, and grew to the purpose,  
After my days of captivity ended, to seek you and solve it,  
And, if I haply had erred, to undo the wrong, and release you.

Well, you have solved me the doubt. I dare to trust that you wept me,  
Just a little, at first, when you heard of me dead in the battle?  
For, we were plighted, you know, and even in this saintly humor,  
I would scarce like to believe that my loss had merely relieved you.  
Yet, I say, it was prudent and well not to wait for my coming  
Back from the dead. If it may be I sometimes had cherished the fancy  
That I had won some right to the palm with the pang of the martyr,  
Fondly intended, perhaps, some splendor of self-abnegation—  
Doubtless all that was a folly which merciful chances have spared me.  
No, I am far from complaining that Circumstance coolly has ordered  
Matters of tragic fate in such a commonplace fashion.  
How do I know, indeed, that the easiest isn't the best way?

Friendly adieus end this note, and our little comedy with it.

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FANNY.—*To Clara.*

I.

YES, I promised to write, but how shall I write to you, darling?  
Venice we reached last Monday, wild for canals and for color,  
Palaces, prisons, lagoons, and gondolas, bravoes, and moonlight,  
All the mysterious, dreadful, beautiful things in existence.  
Fred had joined us at Naples, insuffrably knowing and travelled,  
Wise in the prices of things and great at tempestuous bargains,  
Rich in the costly nothing our youthful travellers buy here,  
At a prodigious outlay of time and money and trouble;  
Utter confusion of facts, and talking the wildest of pictures,  
Pyramids, battle-fields, bills, and examinations of luggage,  
Passports, policemen, porters, and how he got through his tobacco—  
Ignorant, handsome, full-bearded, brown, and good-natured as ever:  
Annie thinks him perfect, and I well enough for a brother.  
Also, a friend of Fred's came with us from Naples to Venice;  
And, altogether, I think, we are rather agreeable people,  
For we've been taking our pleasure at all times in perfect good-humor,—  
Which is an excellent thing that you'll understand when you've travelled,  
Seen Recreation dead-beat and cross, and learnt what a burden  
Frescos, for instance, can be, and, in general, what an affliction  
Life is apt to become among the antiques and old masters.

Venice we've thoroughly done, and it's perfectly true of the pictures—  
 Titians and Tintoretos, and Palmas and Paul Veroneses;  
 Neither are gondolas fictions, but verities hearse-like and swan-like  
 Quite as the heart could wish. And one finds, to one's infinite comfort,  
 Venice just as unique as one's fondest visions have made it:  
 Palaces and mosquitos rise from the water together,  
 And, in the city's streets, the salt-sea is ebbing and flowing  
 Several inches or more.

—Ah! let me not wrong thee, O Venice!  
 Fairest, forlornest, and saddest of all the cities, and dearest!  
 Dear, for my heart has won here deep peace from cruel confusion;  
 And in this lucent air, whose night is but tenderer noonday,  
 Fear is forever dead, and hope has put on the immortal!  
 —There! and you need not laugh. I'm coming to something directly.  
 One thing: I've bought you a chain of the famous fabric of Venice—  
 Something peculiar and quaint, and of such a delicate texture  
 That you must wear it embroidered upon a riband of velvet,  
 If you would have the effect of its exquisite fineness and beauty.  
 "Isn't it very frail?" I asked of the workman who made it.  
 "Strong enough, if you will, to bind a lover, signora,"—  
 With an expensive smile. 'Twas bought near the Bridge of Rialto.  
 (Shylock, you know.) In our shopping, Aunt May and Fred do the talking:  
 Fred begins always in French, with the most delicate effrontery,  
 Only to end in profoundest humiliation and English.  
 Aunt, however, scorns to speak any tongue but Italian:  
 "Quanto per these ones here?" and "What did you say was the prezzo?"  
 "Ah! troppo caro! *Too much!* No, no! Don't I tell you it's troppo?"  
 All the while insists that the gondolieri shall show us  
 What she calls Titian's palazzo, and pines for the house of Othello.  
 Annie, the dear little goose, believes in Fred and her mother  
 With an enchanting abandon. She doesn't at all understand them,  
 But, she's some twilight views of their cleverness. Father is quiet,  
 Now and then ventures some French, when he fancies that nobody hears him,  
 In an aside to the valet-de-place—I never detect him—  
 Buys things for mother and me with a quite supernatural sweetness,  
 Tolerates all Fred's airs, and is indispensably pleasant.

## II.

Prattling on of these things, which I think cannot interest deeply,  
 So I hold back in my heart its dear and wonderful secret,  
 (Which I must tell you at last, however I falter to tell you),  
 Pain to keep it all my own for a little while longer,—  
 Doubting but it shall lose some part of its strangeness and sweetness,  
 Shared with another, and fearful that even *you* may not find it  
 Just the marvel that I do—and thus turn our friendship to hatred.

Sometimes it seems to me that this love, which I feel is eternal,  
 Must have begun with my life, and that only an absence was ended  
 When we met and knew in our souls that we loved one another.  
 For, from the first was no doubt. The earliest hints of the passion,  
 Whispered to girlhood's tremulous dream, may be mixed with misgiving,  
 But, when the very love comes, it bears no vagueness of meaning;  
 Touched by its truth (too fine to be felt by the ignorant senses,  
 Knowing but looks and utterance), soul unto soul makes confession,  
 Silence to silence speaks. And I think that this subtle assurance,  
 Yet unconfirmed from without, is even sweeter and dearer  
 Than the perfected bliss that comes when the words have been spoken.  
 — Not that I'd have them unsaid, now! But, 'twas delicious to ponder  
 All the miracle over, and clasp it, and keep it, and hide it,  
 While I beheld him, you know, with looks of indifferent languor,  
 Talking of other things—and felt the divine contradiction  
 Trouble my heart below!

And yet, if no doubt touched our passion,  
 Do not believe for that, our love has been wholly unclouded.  
 All best things are ours when pain and patience have won them:  
 Peace itself would mean nothing but for the strife that preceded—  
 Triumph of love is greatest, when peril of love has been sorest.  
 (That's to say, I dare say. I'm only repeating what *he* said.)

Well, of all wretched things in the world, a mystery, Clara,  
 Lurked in this life dear to mine, and hopelessly held us asunder  
 When we drew nearest together, and all but his speech said, "I love you."  
 Fred had known him at college, and then had found him at Naples,  
 After several years,—and called him a capital fellow.  
 Thus far his knowledge went, and beyond this began to run shallow  
 Over troubled ways, and to break into brilliant conjecture,  
 Harder by far to endure than the other's reticent absence—  
 Absence wherein at times he seemed to walk like one troubled  
 By an uneasy dream, whose spell is not broken with waking,  
 And it returns all day with a vivid and sudden recurrence,  
 As a remembered event. Of the past that was closest the present,  
 This we knew from himself: He went at the earliest summons,  
 When the Rebellion began, and falling, terribly wounded,  
 Into the enemy's hands, after ages of sickness and prison,  
 Made his escape at last; and returning, found all his virtues  
 Grown out of recognition and shining in posthumous splendor,—  
 Found all changed and estranged, and, he fancied, more wonder than welcome.  
 So, somewhat heavy of heart, and disabled for war, he had wandered  
 Hither to Europe for perfecter peace. Abruptly his silence,  
 Full of suggestion and sadness, made here a chasm between us.  
 But we spanned the chasm with conversational bridges,  
 Else talked round about it, and feigned an ignorance of it,

With the absurd pretence, which is always so painful or comic,  
Just as you happen to make it or see it.

In spite of our fictions,

Severed from his by that silence, my heart grew evermore anxious,  
Till last night when together we sat in Piazza San Marco,  
(Then when the morrow must bring us parting—forever, it might be)  
Taking our ices *al fresco*. Some strolling minstrels were singing  
Airs from the *Trovatore*. I noted with painful observance,  
With the unwilling minuteness, at such times absolute torture,  
All that brilliant scene, for which I cared nothing, before me :  
Dark-eyed Venetian leoni regarding the forestieri  
With those compassionate looks of gentle and curious wonder  
Home-keeping Italy's nations bend on the voyaging races,  
Taciturn, indolent, sad as their beautiful city itself is ;  
Groups of remotest English—not just the traditional English,  
(Lavish Milor is no more, and your travelling Briton is frugal)  
English, though, after all, with the Channel always between them,  
Islanded in themselves, and the Continent's sociable races :  
Country-people of ours—the New World's confident children,  
Proud of America always, and even vain of the Troubles  
As of disaster laid out on a scale unequalled in Europe ;  
Polyglot Russians that spoke all languages better than natives ;  
White-coated Austrian officers, anglicised Austrian dandies,  
Gorgeous Levantine figures of Greek, and Turk, and Albanian—  
These, and the throngs that moved through the long arcades and Piazza,  
Shone on by numberless lamps that flamed round the perfect Piazza,  
Jewel-like set in the splendid frame of this beautiful picture,  
Full of such motley life, and so altogether Venetian.

Then, we rose and walked where the lamps were blanched by the moonlight  
Flooding the Piazzetta with splendor, and throwing in shadow  
All the façade of Saint Mark's, with its pillars, and horses, and arches ;  
But the sculptured frondage, that blossoms over the arches  
Into the forms of saints, was touched with tenderest lucence,  
And the angel that stands on the crest of the vast campanile,  
Bathed his golden vans in the liquid light of the moonbeams.  
Black rose the granite pillars that lift the Saint and the Lion ;  
Black sank the island campanili from distance to distance ;  
Over the charmed scene there brooded a presence of music,  
Subtler than sound, and felt, unheard, in the depth of the spirit.

How can I gather and show you the airy threads of enchantment  
Woven that night round my life and forever wrought into my being,  
As in our boat we glided away from the glittering city ?  
Dull at heart I felt, and I looked at the lights in the water,  
Blurring their brilliance with tears, while the tresses of eddying seaweed,

Whirled in the ebbing tide, like the tresses of sea-maidens drifting  
Seaward from palace-haunts, in moonshine glistened and darkened.

Sad and vague were my thoughts, and full of fear was the silence,  
And, when he turned to speak at last, I trembled to hear him,  
Feeling he now must speak of his love, and his life and its secret,—  
Now that the narrowing chances had left but that cruel conclusion,  
Else the life-long ache of a love and a trouble unuttered.  
Better, my feebleness pleaded, the dreariest doubt that had vexed me,  
Than my life left nothing, not even a doubt to console it ;  
But, while I trembled and listened, his broken words crumbled to silence,  
And, as though some touch of fate had thrilled him with warning,  
Suddenly from me he turned. Our gondola slipped from the shadow  
Under a ship lying near, and glided into the moonlight,  
Where, in its brightest lustre, another gondola rested :  
I saw two lovers there, and he, in the face of the woman,  
Saw, what has made him mine, my own beloved, forever !  
Mine !—but through *what* tribulation, and awful confusion of spirit !  
Tears that I think of with smiles, and sighs I remember with laughter,  
Agonies full of absurdity, keen, ridiculous anguish,  
Ending in depths of blissful shame, and heavenly transports !

## III.

White, and estranged as a man who has looked on a spectre, he mutely  
Sank to the place at my side, nor while we returned to the city  
Uttered a word of explaining, or comment, or comfort, but only,  
With his good-night, incoherently craved my forgiveness and patience,  
Parted, and left me to spend the night in hysterical vigils,  
Tending to Annie's supreme dismay, and postponing our journey  
One day longer at least ; for I went to-bed in the morning,  
Firmly rejecting the pity of friends, and the pleasures of travel,  
Fixed in a dreadful purpose never to get any better.

Later, however, I rallied, when Fred with a maddening prologue,  
Touching the cause of my sickness, including his fever at Jaffa,  
Told me that some one was waiting ; and could he see me, a moment ?  
See me ? Certainly not. Or, yes. But why did he want to ?  
So, in the dishabille of a morning-gown and an arm-chair,  
Languid, with eloquent wanness of eye and of cheek, I received him—  
Willing to touch and reproach, and half-melted myself by my pathos,  
Which, with a reprobate joy, I wholly forgot the next instant,  
As, with electric words, few, swift and vivid, he brought me,  
Through a brief tempest of tears, to this heaven of sunshine and sweetness.

Yes, he had looked on a ghost—the phantom of love that was perished !—  
When, last night, he beheld the scene of which I have told you.

For to that woman there, his troth had been solemnly plighted  
 Ere he went to the war. His return from the dead found her absent  
 In the belief of his death; and hither to Europe he followed,—  
 Followed, to seek her, and keep, if she would, the promise between them,  
 Or, were a haunting doubt confirmed, to break it and free her.  
 Then, at Naples we met, and the love that before he was conscious,  
 Turned his life toward mine, laid torturing stress to the purpose  
 Whither it drove him forever, and whence forever it swerved him.  
 How could he tell me his love, with this terrible burden upon him?  
 How could he linger near me, and still withhold the avowal?  
 And what ruin were that, if the other were doubted unjustly,  
 And should prove fatally true! With shame, he confessed he had faltered,  
 Clinging to guilty delays and to hopes that were bitter with treason,  
 Up to the eve of our parting. And then the last anguish was spared him.  
*Her* love for him was dead. But the heart that leaped in his bosom  
 With a great, dumb throb of joy and wonder and doubting,  
 Still must yield to the spell of his silencing will till that phantom  
 Proved an actual ghost by commonplace tests of the daylight,  
 Such as speech with the lady's father.

And now, could I pardon—

Nay, did I think I could love him? I sobbingly answered, I thought so.  
 And we are all of us going to Lago di Como to-morrow,  
 With an ulterior view at the first convenient Legation.

Patientest darling, good-bye! Poor Fred, whose sense of what's proper  
 Never was touched till now, is shocked at my glad self-betrayals,  
 And I am pointed out as an awful example to Annie,  
 Figuring all she must never be. But, Oh, if *he* loves me!—

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Since, he has shown me a letter in which he forgives and absolves her  
 (Philip, of course, not Fred. And the *other*, of course, and not Annie).  
 Wasn't it generous, dear, unselfish, noble, heroic?

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#### L'ENVOI.—*Clara's Comment.*

Well, I'm glad, I am sure, if Fanny supposes she's happy.  
 I've no doubt her lover is good and noble—as men go.  
 But, as regards his giving up a woman who'd wholly forgot him,  
 And whom he loved no longer, for one whom he loves, and who loves him,  
 I don't exactly see where the *heroism* commences.

## A DAY OF SURPRISES.

[Concluded.]

Yes! She could not be mistaken! It was himself! The minuteness of Mrs. Vane's description left his identity beyond a question. She recognized him instantly, as she would have done a well-known friend, or a stranger whose portrait she had just been gazing upon. The manly bearing; the striking profile; the peculiar, slumberous blue of the eyes; above all, the crisp, chestnut curls, tingling with vitality, and strong, vigorous personality, that had struck Mrs. Vane's fancy as so well representing her ideal of a fictitious character; every feature that she had described, Adèle recognized in the stranger who was standing before her. She did not know how distinctly the image presented to her had been daguerreotyped upon her memory, until she saw the reality from which it had been drawn. What was to be done?

If Adèle had hesitated for a single instant, timidity would have carried the day, and she would have allowed the stranger to pass. But, happily, she had one characteristic, among Americans, at least, exceedingly rare—impulsiveness. Although reserved, and, in a certain sense, timid, she could, occasionally, forget herself, and act from impulse—a trait that did her good service at the present moment. She remembered Mrs. Vane's bitter disappointment; she thought of her earnest desire baffled; of the joy that she would feel if enabled to carry out her plan, and the influence which so propitious an event would, undoubtedly, have upon her success in the picture that she was contemplating; she thought, too, of her own promise, so lightly made, only a moment since, to find Prince Zariades, and of the strangeness of the coincidence that now placed it in her power to perform that promise; and did not hesitate.

"Excuse me," she said, stepping forward, just as the stranger was about

uttering an apology for his awkwardness, although, in reality, he had not been any more to blame than Adèle; "you are, I think—"

"Mr. Mortimer! Mr. Dudley Mortimer!" he answered, taking off his hat, and standing with it in his hand, with an air of supreme loyalty, that would have been a good study for an Englishman meeting his sovereign unexpectedly, and recognizing her in spite of an incognito.

"Pray, excuse me, Mr. Mortimer," Adèle continued, "for venturing to address you, although a stranger. The circumstances that make me speak must plead for me. I have an intimate friend who is exceedingly anxious to see you on business of the greatest importance. I have just left this person—" Adèle paused. How could she tell Mrs. Vane's story in the few brief words in which she must tell it, in such an interview, with an utter stranger, without making her seem absurd, and herself unwarrantably bold? Words failed her. She felt inclined to turn and flee ignominiously. This, however, she could not do. She had gone too far to recede. The very excess of her embarrassment gave her strength to assume a composure which she was far from feeling; and she continued, with an airy grace of manner, that was habitual to her, and at the same time with great dignity, "I am an artist, and my studio is close at hand. If you will do me the favor to accompany me there, I will acquaint you with the story that I have to relate in five minutes. I promise you that you shall not be detained longer."

Mr. Mortimer bowed, and followed her; and thus, through this strange chance—a direct interposition of Providence, Mrs. Vane would have called it—it came to pass, that five minutes after leaving her friend, Adèle entered her own studio in company with Prince Zariades.

Adèle had proposed going to her studio, simply to gain time, and to save herself from the embarrassment of making her explanation in the street. But as soon as she entered the familiar atmosphere of her own home, her embarrassment left her, and she was surprised to find that she felt perfectly at ease. Nay, she was seized with a joyous flow of spirits, for which she could not account.

She invited Mr. Mortimer to be seated, and proceeded, as clearly and rapidly as she could, to describe the events of the morning. She gave a dramatic account of her interview with Mrs. Vane, and repeated as much of her conversation as was necessary, and that with so much grace, so much *naïveté*, and vivacious brilliancy, with such a sweet blending of shyness and enjoyment flashing in her mocking glance, curling her lips, and ringing in the tremulous laughter of her voice, that, before she had completed her story, although she did not occupy in telling it more than the five minutes she had promised that her guest should not be detained, she had cast a chain over her visitor's heart from which he never, from that time, desired to escape.

She apologized, in the sweetest way, for the seeming rudeness of which she had been guilty in speaking to him, and then gave him Mrs. Vane's card, and, mentioning her reception-day, begged that he would call, and allow himself to be persuaded to comply with her request. He assured her that he would feel honored to do so, and would be glad to obey Mrs. Vane's commands in all particulars. Adèle bowed, and her face said that she considered the interview at an end. But Mr. Mortimer still lingered. He was trying to think of a pretext for begging permission to call again, and did not wish to leave her until the desired invitation had been obtained.

Adèle glanced at the clock.

"You wish me to go?" he said.

"I am expecting a sitter. She was to have been here at half-past two o'clock."

"And it is now precisely half-past two. Let me wait until she comes. Or at least do not send me away without giving me more precise directions to guide me in making the acquaintance of your friend. I shall be delighted to serve her in any way that I can, but I do not like your last proposition, that I should make a morning-call on her reception-day. It would be too tame and formal a conclusion of so romantic an adventure. You should introduce me. Did you not tell her that she should not see me again unless through your agency?"

"I will introduce you, if you wish it, but my agency will no longer be necessary in enabling you to make her acquaintance. She will be so glad to see you that she will not care who introduces you."

"Could you not invite her to your studio?"

"I could do so, certainly; but what would you gain by seeing her here, rather than in her own studio? She is exceedingly busy, and does not often make visits. Besides, in her studio you will have the advantage of seeing some very beautiful pictures, while I have nothing of importance to show you."

"Our meeting should be a surprise,—something unusual, unexpected, startling!"

"What! do you wish to hide yourself in a shadowy corner, and, springing suddenly before her, in grand theatrical style, throw yourself at her feet?"

"Something of the kind. Could we not get up a tableau—a tableau, for instance, of the very scene that she is so anxious to paint?"

"Oh! that is, indeed, a splendid idea!" Adèle answered, blushing with reluctant delight.

"And is it impossible? Can it not be carried out?"

"It could be carried out, certainly. I mean that it is not impossible—that is, if Mr. Clare will take part in it."

"And who is Mr. Clare?"

"Who is Mr. Clare? Your question argues yourself unknown. Mr. Clare is a young artist of great promise and dis-

tion; many think that he has more genius than any artist in the city. He is engaged to be married to Mrs. Vane. What! are you jealous? I am inclined to believe that you were already counting upon making a conquest of Mrs. Vane, because she pays you the compliment to think that you resemble Prince Zariades."

"No! I have no pretensions to being a lady-killer," he answered, with a sigh of evident relief. "And I am not so devoid of common sense as to consider a business transaction a good foundation for an affair of sentiment. But where is this Mr. Clare? How shall I find him? Will you intrust me with a note, and send me to call upon him? Shall I summon a city-messenger? How shall we get him here at the shortest possible notice?"

"I could send to him without troubling you in any way. One of the advantages of this artistic establishment is the presence of a diminutive messenger, whom we artists employ in common as our Mercury. I could send a note by him."

"But is there the slightest probability that Mr. Clare will be able to answer your note—that is, in person?"

"Oh, yes. If I ask him to come, he will do so. I should say that I wished to see him on 'business of the utmost importance,' she added, with a conscious smile and blush. "That is a formula, you must know, that I make use of when I want to entrap unsuspecting victims into this dangerous spider's web; and it never fails in its effect. He will come if I write; but what is the necessity of so much haste? I shall, naturally, see him in the course of a few days, for he frequently calls; and on the very first opportunity I will tell him of your plan, and consult him with regard to it."

"No! I refuse to consent to the delay. The success of an impromptu idea of this kind depends upon the promptness with which it is carried out. If we get up the tableau at all—and there is no reason for not doing so—it can be arranged perfectly well for this even-

ing; and, for my part, I shall be exceedingly disappointed at any other result. Think of the triumph of fulfilling your promise on the very day that it was made, and of introducing the mythical Prince Zariades to your friend in a style so truly artistic! At all events, send for Mr. Clare, and let us hear what he says. A thousand to one, that he agrees with me! Send for him; will you not?"

"I will send for Mr. Clare," she answered, with a smile, seating herself at a table, and taking her pen in her hand, "and will abide by his decision."

Before the note to Mr. Clare had been written and despatched, it was three o'clock, as a little timepiece informed the occupants of the studio. While Adèle had been busy writing it, Mr. Mortimer had taken a survey of the room, paying especial attention to the miniatures and crayon-sketches. One of the latter was standing upon an easel, and, although only half-completed, seemed to please him particularly.

"Your friend is not coming to sit for her picture," he said, as the messenger left the room.

"No. It is curious that she should have disappointed me, is it not? Such a thing has not happened before for months, scarcely for a year."

"The gods intend that you should devote yourself to preparing for the tableau this evening. They will not allow you to be occupied with any thing of less importance. You should take the hint! Is this your work?" he continued, pointing to the picture on the easel.

"Yes. During the last few months I have made quite a number of these sketches. They do not require the delicate workmanship that I am obliged to give my miniatures—miniature-painting is my profession—and I find changing from one to the other a great relief. I have not much practice as yet in crayons, but the sketches that I have made have been liked."

"I do not wonder at that, for they are admirable. The face on your easel is unknown to me, but I can almost imagine the original an old friend,

your sketch, although unfinished, has so much character and vitality. As for your miniatures, they are visions of beauty. But why do you confine yourself to taking likenesses? You should emulate your friend, Mrs. Vane, and take the world by storm with some original picture. You would succeed brilliantly, I am convinced, if you would make the attempt."

Mr. Mortimer's words struck a sensitive chord in Adèle's heart, and one that had been recently agitated, and caused it to vibrate painfully. Her face clouded, and her voice, when she spoke, betrayed her emotions.

"I do not choose my work," she answered. "Nor am I able to decline the tasks which the little skill that I possess in taking likenesses enables me to command. I am the slave of poverty."

"And do you object to that? I thought that poverty was a necessary spur to an artist's energy and stimulus to his talent; that it was one of the essential conditions of his life, promoting the true development of his genius, and enabling him to achieve the highest success."

"Ah! no more, I beg of you! That is a doctrine with which I am perfectly familiar—I have heard it propounded before; but, for my part, I think it must be a poor sort of artist who is driven to the pursuit of his ideal by necessity, instead of being attracted to it by love. Many have asked me, as you have done, why I do not devote myself to a branch of art in which I could gain higher distinction, if successful, than I can do in my present pursuits; but I can only answer them that I have neither time to attempt, nor strength to achieve, walking in two directions at once. Every hour of the day, and every day of the year, I am at work, in the prescribed circle to which I am limited; and, after all, the most that I can gain is the privilege of continuing the same weary routine of toil. I think that I might succeed in oil-painting, for I have a passion for it; but I have no opportunity to make the trial. If I were already an accomplished artist, it

would be different; but I am nothing of the kind. I should have to begin, not as an artist, but as a student, and to be a student requires time and money—every thing which I have not, and, hampered as I am, which it would be impossible for me to command. It would give me no satisfaction to paint the poor daubs, which I might make, without time and study. I respect art too profoundly to trifle with it. And so, knowing what I can and cannot do, I save myself, at all events, the disgrace of risking the reputation that I have already gained, by puerile efforts, in a nobler field, to which I have not been called, and which I am not fitted to enter. The gates of Paradise have been closed against me, and I must be content to remain in the outer darkness where I have been cast by fate."

"It is inconceivable to me that you should allow your progress to be checked by such obstacles. Time and money can always be commanded for a worthy object. You should persuade some of the rich people for whom you have painted to send you to Italy, and give you the best advantages for pursuing your studies. In two or three years you would repay them magnificently, for the aura of your fame would be reflected upon them. You have talent enough to warrant you in making the most earnest efforts to obtain the position that you desire."

"You are very kind to think so; but you are mistaken if you imagine that the rich people for whom I have painted would send me to Italy at my request, or would assist me in any way. My richest customers are those who are most eager to get all the work that they can out of me, and pay the least price for it; and if I should ask a favor of them, it would only be to gain the mortification of a refusal. These people cannot comprehend that an artist's work is the fruit, not only of his genius, but of his life—that it is only from the full fountain of a true and beautiful life that he can create what is true and beautiful. They look upon him as a machine, and are not satisfied unless he

is wound up anew every morning, and always ready to give a stated equivalent for a stated price. If I were already rich and distinguished and did not need their help, they would, very probably, place themselves at my disposition; but they would never give me the opportunity of studying art for the sake of art itself. I know what my destiny will be, and have ceased to struggle against it. The future will bring me what the past has brought me—toil, privation, loneliness, and obscurity. I will endure my life as patiently as I can while it lasts, and will die at last of inanition and weariness."

"Nay, that would be too hard a fate!"

"Ah, no! For, after all, I have my compensations!" Adèle answered, in a lighter tone, suddenly conscious that the burden of sadness in her own soul had made her speak with an earnestness and sincerity, which, considering her short acquaintance with Mr. Mortimer, was unwarrantable.

"And what are these, if I may ask?"

"I will tell you. In reality I do not deserve to be called an artist. I am a mere aspirant, living at the very base of the sacred mountain, over which the genius of art presides; and yet so sweet are the melodies, so delicious the odors, at times by some chance wind wafted down to me from the heights which I cannot ascend, that I find, in tasting these delights, a compensation for all that I have suffered. My profession brings me into frequent contact with the wealthy and powerful; and when I find them cold, frivolous, heartless, it is a consolation to me to feel that my life is nobler, richer, and happier than theirs, through my hold upon an ideal which they do not comprehend, in spite of the weakness of my poverty, and the power in their hands, if they only knew how to use it, of commanding the noblest destiny. Even to desire the Beautiful is so sweet—I do not speak of a life whose artistic aspiration is fulfilled—that I would rather feel this satisfaction, and be deprived of all other happiness, than have the world at my feet, and be

incapable of appreciating the artist's spiritual exaltation. I pity and despise many of my wealthy friends who do their best to patronize me, for their frivolity, their selfishness, and lack of insight—"

Again Adèle paused. What power was this that was forcing her, whenever she spoke, to reveal the deepest secrets of her soul? Was she under a spell? She struggled resolutely against the influence, and interrupted herself with a merry laugh.

"I hope you are not a rich man, Mr. Mortimer," she said, playfully; "for if so, you will never forgive me for my flattering remarks. Believe me, I did not intend to be personal."

"I can listen to your anathemas without fearing to be crushed by them," he answered, in the same tone; "so do not spare your friends upon my account. Pray, go on, and complete the list of your compensations. What you say gives me an insight into a class of motives which I do not often see exhibited."

"My first and great compensation for all that I have suffered is my love of art; and, second to that, comes the affection of my friends. I have but few friends, it is true; but their friendship I can trust perfectly. They have had the same trials that I have had, the same sorrows, joys, aspirations; and hence there is a bond of sympathy between us that nothing can destroy. They understand me, and love me, as I love them, with a perfect confidence and trust, that will last while life endures."

"You claim, then, that artists may cherish a disinterested, and loyal affection for each other, instead of being divided by envy, jealousy, and hatred—the sentiments usually attributed to them? Yet I may have misunderstood you! Are the friends to whom you refer, artists?"

"Since I told you that they have the same sorrows and joys with myself, it follows that they must be artists. I am inferior to them in talent, but we are one in feeling, and almost all the positive happiness that I have known—for

many years, at least—I have found in their affection.”

“Have you ever tested the friends upon whom you so confidently rely?”

“Life itself is a test of all affections. I have had no occasion to ask my friends to make sacrifices for me, but if such an occasion should arise, they would be equal to it, I do not doubt.”

“Should you not fear to try the experiment?”

“How can you ask? Why should I fear? Upon what would you have me rely if not upon the character and truth of those whom I love? Mrs. Vane is one of my best friends, and if I should meet with unexpected trials, sickness, or sorrow, I know that she would sacrifice her own interests, and devote herself to me to the utmost limits of her power. She has now in her possession a hundred dollars that she is reserving to carry out a plan in which she is deeply interested. The money is of extreme importance to her, but if I should write at this moment that I needed it absolutely, you would see that she would give up her own plans, and would send it to me.”

“Is the loan or the gift of a hundred dollars, a very severe test of friendship?”

“That depends upon its importance to the person who gives it. Mrs. Vane has reached precisely that point in her career, when a single fortunate success will give her an unassailable position, while a failure may injure her irreparably. She is worn out with over-exertion, and her hundred dollars will enable her to seek rest and refreshment in the country. If she loses this opportunity of reëstablishing her health, her next picture will be a failure, for she is in no condition to paint at present. The interest beginning to be felt in her will die away; she will be pronounced ‘over-estimated,’ and forgotten for a newer favorite. In asking her for this money, I shall ask her, not merely to sacrifice a temporary gratification for my sake, but to risk for me her happiness, success, life itself; the very life-blood flowing in her veins; advantages that she may never be able to regain.”

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While speaking, Adèle had taken a piece of note-paper, and was preparing to write; but Mr. Mortimer extended his hand and drew it from her.

“Do not make this request,” he said. “My scepticism refers to human nature in general, and not to an individual case which may be exceptional. I regret having expressed doubts that have annoyed you. Do not make it. You will simply give your friend unnecessary pain, and expose yourself to the risk of a bitter disappointment.”

“Ah!” Adèle answered indignantly, “you wish to deprive me of the pleasure of proving to you that true friendship does exist, but you shall not succeed. I wish to learn for my own sake whether all my intuitions have been false; whether, indeed, I am as lonely, as friendless in the world as you would have me believe.”

She took a pen, and, after a moment’s reflection, wrote as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND: The strange and compelling necessity that has entered my life since I saw you must be my excuse for what I am about to write. I want you to give me the hundred dollars which you showed me this morning. I have no entreaties to add, for you know me, and know that I would not make this request, unless compelled to do so by pressure of circumstances. I will say this only. I know fully the extent of the sacrifice that I am demanding from you, and yet I have courage to demand it. I implore you in the name of our friendship not to refuse my prayer.

ADÈLE.

Scarcely had Adèle signed her name to this laconic epistle—certainly she did not depend upon the eloquence of her appeal for obtaining her object—when her little messenger entered the room bringing a satisfactory message from Mr. Clare to the effect that he would call within ten minutes. Adèle gave him Mrs. Vane’s note, after showing it to Mr. Mortimer, and sending him with it to her studio, waited in silence for the reply.

Mrs. Vane's reply to her note was somewhat delayed, and Adèle became troubled and impatient.

"I am sorry that I wrote," she said, unable to conceal her annoyance.

"And so am I!" rejoined Mr. Mortimer, who had resumed the study of her pictures. "Mrs. Vane may be a devoted and disinterested friend, but you have no right to ask her to sacrifice her interests to yours, at least, without fully explaining the circumstances that may have compelled you to do so. She will refuse your request, and would be very foolish to do otherwise. You must be prepared for this, and you must not allow your friendship to be diminished by her decision; for the fault, in the whole affair, will be yours."

"You assume that she will refuse my request, and I am equally certain that she will comply with it," Adèle answered. "She will not, she cannot, refuse such an appeal. If she does disappoint me, I will be revenged by refusing to take part in the tableau. That will be some satisfaction, at all events."

"And does your friendship amount to so little? Will you refuse to do your friend a favor, because she is too wise to comply with your unreasonable caprice?"

"The favor that I will refuse does not propose to render her an essential service, but simply to procure her a strange and delightful surprise. She can paint her picture without it. You will call upon her, and she can carry out her design at her leisure. I will do all that I can to promote her success, but I could not take part in the scene that we have been talking of, after such a bitter disappointment. No! The tableau must be a reward of merit. I have put her friendship to the test, and if she fails to meet my expectations it must be abandoned."

At this moment the messenger entered the room bringing the all-important note. Adèle tore it open, and before reading it took out a hundred-dollar bill, which she handed to Mr. Mortimer. Tears rushed to her eyes, but she controlled her emotion, and devoured the contents.

MY DEAR ADELÈ: You say truly that I know you, and know that you would not make the request of me that you have made, unless you were forced to do so. What this compelling necessity is that has entered your life since I saw you, of which you knew nothing when I did see you, not two hours ago, I do not pretend to imagine, but I have absolute faith in your word, and in you. You know the advantages that I shall lose in losing this money. These I weigh against the difficulties in which you have so suddenly become involved, and resign them for your sake. I suffer, for I am sending from me bright hopes that I shall not know how to redeem, but I dare not leave you exposed to trials, perhaps to dangers, ignorant of their nature and extent, from which it is in my power to save you. I have but one request to make; that you will not leave me in this frightful suspense longer than necessary. My grief at having my own plans interfered with, and my anxiety for you, has completely unnerved me. Do I ask too much in begging you to give me your confidence? FANNY.

P. S.—I send the money at once, for I do not pretend to be generous, and if I should keep it for further deliberations, I might waver in my determination. Forgive me for my unkindness. I do not speak from my heart, but from my own great need.

Adèle gave her friend's note to Mr. Mortimer, as soon as she had read it, triumphantly, and he glanced through it with a smile.

"Most persons," he said, "would have refused a similar appeal with soft and deprecating apologies. Mrs. Vane grants your request, but does not pretend to conceal the sacrifice that she makes in doing so. Her generosity is the more admirable, and your triumph is complete. And now, here is her money! Do me the favor to return it without delay."

"I intend doing so, and, if Mr. Clare consents, she shall have her reward."

"You would be unjust, indeed, if you should decide otherwise."

Adèle took her pen and wrote :

MY DARLING FANNY: My compelling necessity was none the less a reality because it has been dissipated by your reply. Pardon me, if I have subjected you to a test of friendship, which, for the moment, you will be unable to comprehend, and have faith in your destiny. The mystery shall be explained to you at eight o'clock this evening. Unless you hear from me before, and receive different instructions, I shall expect you to call at my studio at that hour precisely. Do not venture to come earlier, or the charm that is weaving for your benefit will be disturbed, and you will not receive the full benefit of the incantation that is to cast a favorable influence over your future life. Disobey me at your peril! You have shown yourself a true friend, and shall be rewarded royally. I send you back your three months in the country, the green earth, blue sky, strawberries, etc., all intact. I have not reserved a single berry for myself. Until eight this evening! *Au revoir.*

ADÈLE.

Scarcely had this note been despatched—the day was one of important diplomatic negotiations—when Mr. Clare made his appearance, eager to learn what the important business could be, that had caused his unexpected summons to Adèle's studio. She introduced him to Mr. Mortimer, and, glad to escape responsibility, after giving an exceedingly brief explanation of what had occurred, left the discussion of the evening's entertainment to her guests.

The contrast in appearance between Paul Clare and Mr. Mortimer, the one with his slight, graceful form, girlishly delicate complexion, vivid blue eyes, and light flowing hair, and the other with his finely-cut features, and noble simplicity of manner, was exceedingly striking. They represented different types of character, and, perhaps, upon that very account, proved mutually agreeable. Mr. Mortimer admired the gleaming inspiration that played about the face of the young artist like a lam-

bent flame; and Mr. Clare, always sympathetic and impressional, was immensely attracted by qualities in Mr. Mortimer that were the most opposite from his own.

Mrs. Vane's description of Mr. Mortimer had not been exaggerated, and yet he had never had the reputation of being an unusually handsome man; an exemption due both to his entire freedom from affectation, and to the absence, in his beauty, of that vivid coloring that at once arrests attention. The eye must be educated to appreciate perfection in human beings as well as in art. Very inferior types usually win the admiration of the uncultivated crowd. An artist could not have failed to be struck by the classical purity of Mr. Mortimer's head and face, and the nobility of his bearing; but casual observers, who would eagerly have offered a tribute of admiration to Mr. Clare, allowed him to pass without comment. His complexion was pale, and rather too dark to be in perfect harmony with his eyes and hair. His eyes were of a peculiar opaque blue, and were capable of immense expression. His hair held a tinge of gold in its brown, and was full of electric vitality. His manner was straightforward, simple, unassuming, and strikingly courteous. The very embodiment of a noble, vigorous manhood, he had the repose and power of one who is conscious of his own force, and of his own integrity, and who, therefore, involuntarily commands admiration and esteem.

Mr. Clare's nature was very different, and his appearance made this evident at a glance. His was that ethereal, spiritual beauty, suggesting effeminacy without being effeminate, which is sometimes accompanied by weakness of will, and that almost always indicates rare and exquisite genius. Such organizations demand to be sustained by circumstances, but, if properly directed, are capable of the highest achievements; a truth which Mr. Clare's career had fully exemplified. The history of the young artist was a romance. He had gone to Italy to study art when a mere boy, and

in the land of art had achieved a brilliant success, from which he had been recalled to this country, in the first flush of his triumph, by his father's loss of fortune and death. Beneath this blow he sank, and until rescued by Mrs. Vane from the abyss of despondency into which he permitted himself to be cast by irresolution and self-distrust, there seemed every probability that his genius would be fatally obscured. He was quite unknown, his power to paint had forsaken him, and he lived for months on the verge of starvation and suicide. It was at this darkest hour of his life that one of the pictures that he had painted in Italy fell into Mrs. Vane's hands. With the unerring intuition of genius she recognized the unusual talent of the artist, and, hearing of his misfortunes, resolved to alleviate them. She sought him out, and when she found him, all her sympathies were aroused by his misery; all her tenderness was awakened at the aspect of that delicate and beautiful nature, pale and waning beneath a pressure of misfortunes, like a star eclipsed by clouds. Love, in her heart, was born of intense pity, and through her influence, through the influence of their mutual affection, Paul Clare was soon restored to himself and to the world.

Encouraged by her sympathy, guided by her firmer will, the young artist had resumed his labors, and concentrating his efforts upon a work that gave his genius true expression, had been rescued, at once, from despair. His picture made a sensation; the grace of his manner and charm of his appearance were pronounced irresistible, and, almost without knowing how it had been brought about, he found that fortune had once more taken him into her favor.

So far from objecting to the evening's entertainment, Mr. Clare entered into the scheme with enthusiasm. He was too true an artist not to be delighted with the novelty and romance of Adèle's adventure, and, above all, with the poetic consummation that it was about to receive. The tableau he at once decided was a stroke of genius; a most

happy inspiration. Apart from the pleasure that it would afford them all, he fully appreciated the fact that it might render Mrs. Vane an untold benefit, by causing her one of those moods of artistic enthusiasm into which it is the artist's chief privilege to enter; and he was doubly anxious, therefore, to have it carried out upon her account. It was already four o'clock, and there was no time for delay. A curtained alcove in Adèle's studio was examined, and proved perfectly adapted to meet the emergency. Five minutes' work transformed it into an admirable miniature stage. The adjoining studio belonged to an artist who was a friend of Mr. Clare, and he easily obtained the privilege of using it during the evening. A dressing-room was thus provided for Prince Zariades, and perfectly satisfied with the progress of events, the gentlemen sallied forth to obtain costumes, and make whatever other arrangements might prove desirable.

Adèle was not sorry to be left alone. She was beginning to feel that intense fatigue that proceeds from over-excitement—a tension of the nerves that can be best relieved by solitude. She imagined that she would be able to rest, but, finding this impossible, abandoned herself to reflection. Hitherto she had regarded Mr. Clare as a sort of beautiful ideal of perfection. Her sympathy for Mrs. Vane, and admiration of his genius, had enhanced the interest with which his delightful qualities would naturally have inspired her, and she had felt that her friend had won the love of the most choice spirit that it had been her lot to meet; but at this moment she began to understand that a very different character might, also, arouse her enthusiasm. Paul with his flame-like genius embodied one ideal, but the strength, the grace, the manliness of the stranger,—did they not attract her even more powerfully? Adèle's meeting with Mr. Mortimer was her first romance, and she was struggling to fathom its meaning. She asked herself what star had dropped so suddenly into her life, stirring her being to its very depths with strange

and sweet emotions. Restless as a bird but lately caught, and unaccustomed to its cage, she fluttered about her studio, wondering that it should seem to her like a new world into which she had never before entered.

She threw herself upon a sofa and tried to sleep, but in vain; her restlessness and agitation constantly increased, until at last the necessity of occupying herself did for her what solitude and meditation had failed to do—restored her to repose. A knock summoned her to the door, and she was surprised to receive a quantity of the rarest and most exquisite flowers. Bouquets, large and small, baskets embedded in moss, and arranged with matchless taste, and, best of all, an immense basketful of roses, heliotrope, lilies of the valley, sweet violets—her favorite flowers; who had divined them?—flung together in careless profusion, and awaiting to be arranged by her own hands. Trembling with delight, she proceeded to adorn her studio until it looked like a bower in a newly discovered garden of Eden, and had scarcely completed her pleasant task when the flowers were followed by a costly collation, as perfect in its way as they had been in theirs. Delicious fruits, candies, ices, wines, all the choicest dainties that earth affords, a banquet that Keats himself would have delighted to celebrate, was spread forth invitingly to her view, and she hastened to arrange it with as much taste as she could command, upon a table in a corner of the room opposite the stage. A studio is the only true Aladdin's palace; it always contains space enough, whatever emergency may arise, and can be transformed at will into any use. The supper-table she adorned with flowers, and had just placed a screen before it, when a third messenger arrived, bringing stage decorations, and last, but not of the least importance, the costume of the Princess Argiope.

It was six o'clock. Adèle hastened to make her toilette, and had scarcely completed it, when Paul Clare knocked at the door, and entered, accompanied

by the little Mercury, already known to the mistress of the establishment, transformed into a Moorish page. Nothing had been forgotten. The page, painted like a young Othello, and dressed with fantastic magnificence, was to play an important part in the evening's festivity,—that of door-keeper and stage supernumerary. Mr. Clare himself—he had not proceeded directly from the street, but from the adjoining studio—wore a green wreath and gorgeous crimson robe, in which he looked the embodiment of a visionary Orpheus. He uttered an exclamation of delight at the appearance of the studio, and then hastened—there was really not a moment to be lost—to set the stage, arrange the lights, and initiate the page in the mysteries of his two rôles; a performance that Adèle witnessed with bursts of laughter that were exceedingly unbecoming to a person of her high rank and distressed situation.

Adèle wore a well-imagined ancient Greek costume of white satin, richly embroidered with gold, with slippers of the same material similarly decorated. A jewelled girdle clasped her waist, and at her side was a superb dagger, emblem of royalty. Her long dark hair hung in heavy braids almost to her feet. Her head was adorned with bands of pearls, clasped with a flashing jewel that rested upon her brow. Pearls slumbered upon the whiteness of her arms and neck, and over all was cast an exquisite veil, spangled with silver. She looked so beautiful in her strange attire, that when she had glanced at herself in a mirror, after completing her toilette, she had been terrified, so vividly was she impressed with the idea that she was gazing not upon herself, but upon another being. Her eyes were flashing like stars, the flush in her cheeks was soft and deep and warm as the blush of the delicate veined leaf hidden in the bosom of the rose, and in every movement was a subtle, indefinable grace. She imagined that an unknown spirit was gazing at her from her own eyes, was quivering in her pulses, and swaying her movements, and she was thankful when Mr.

Clare arrived, to restore her, by his presence, to a consciousness of her own identity.

Mr. Clare did not pay Adèle a single compliment. He found her so beautiful that he was overpowered, and could not speak.

"What if Fanny should be prevented from coming, and should disappoint us," he said, suddenly, when he had completed all the scenic effects that he desired to produce.

"Do not fear. Take my word for it, she will be here upon the stroke of the clock."

"We should be ready to receive her then immediately. I wish Prince Zariades would favor us with his presence; I am eager to have him see you." And this was the only reference that he made to Adèle's appearance.

The Prince appeared the moment after he had ceased to speak, at a quarter to eight, and his magnificence atoned for the brief delay. He was dressed in a complete suit of glittering armor, with an open helmet, that showed his face, and a long white plume floating gracefully over his shoulder. When he saw Adèle, lightnings flashed from his eyes, which had reminded Mrs. Vane of a sleeping thunder-cloud. And now a new surprise awaited her. Sweet, low strains of music, softened and etherealized by dividing walls, crept slowly through the room, mingling with the odor of the flowers with which the atmosphere was deliciously penetrated, and the soft poetic radiance pervading and illumining the scene. "What is it?" Adèle cried in breathless delight; but the sweet strains scarcely needed an explanation. A band of musicians had been placed in the adjoining studio, and melody was to be a part of the evening's entertainment. Mr. Mortimer's preparations for the tableau proved, indeed, that he was an artist in taste, although not by profession, and a prince in nature, although without the encumbrance of a title.

Prince Zariades had brought in his hand the jewelled goblet that he was himself to receive. Mr. Clare filled it

with wine, and presented it to the Princess Argiope. The tableau was arranged, and scarcely had he pronounced it perfect, when a loud, impatient rap at the door resounded through the room.

The curtain fell. Orpheus seized a book, and assumed an imposingly theatrical attitude. The page threw open the door, and bowing to the ground with extravagant gesticulations, ushered in Mrs. Vane.

"Adèle! For heaven's sake, what is the meaning of all this mystery? Paul! What, have you, too, entered into a conspiracy against me? You ridiculous monster! where is Adèle?"

Mr. Clare deigned no other reply to this invocation than that of placing his finger upon his lips, in order to command Fanny's silence. Then he opened his book and read the description of the meeting of Prince Zariades and the Princess Argiope:

"Sudden those eyes took light, and joy, and soul,  
Sudden from neck to temples flushed the rose,  
And with quick, gliding steps,  
And the strange looks of one who walks in slumber,

"She passed along the floors, and stooped above  
A form, that, as she neared, with arms out-stretched  
On bended knees sank down,  
And took the wine-cup with a hand that trembled.

"A form of youth and nobly beautiful  
As Dorian models for Ionian gods.  
'Again!' it murmured low;  
'Oh, dream, at last! at last! How I have missed thee!'

"And she replied, 'The gods are merciful,  
Keeping me true to thee when I despaired.'

This was the scene to be depicted. As Orpheus read the concluding words of the extract, he lifted his hand. The music swelled to a fuller cadence, the flowers seemed to emit a deeper breath of passionate fragrance, and the young Moor, at the appointed signal, drew the curtains from the mimic stage. The tableau represented Prince Zariades in the very act of taking the goblet from the hand of the Princess. But, ah! How to describe the sudden glory of the maiden's face! How to describe the tender passion of the youthful warrior

kneeling at her feet; the awe, the ecstasy with which he gazed and beheld the vision whom he had worshipped in a dream, living before him in human form!

"It is true, then," Mrs. Vane exclaimed with a passionate inhalation of delight, quite subdued from her usual loquacity. "Fairy-land still exists, and it is possible to behold our dreams, visibly embodied in the divine perfection of reality."

Not until the curtain had fallen, and had been withdrawn again, and yet for a third time, did she recover from her surprise sufficiently to be able to ask an explanation of the apparent miracle. At this the actors left the stage, and Adèle introduced Prince Zariades to the gifted mortal who had promised to endow him with immortality, with a solemnity suited to so important an occasion. It was impossible, however, to veil facts any longer with a mask of mythology. Mrs. Vane demanded to know what had occurred, and when the history of the day was related to her, knew not whether to laugh or to weep, and in fact did a little of both, while the entire party, sympathizing with her agitation, began congratulating each other wildly and at random, as if they were devoted friends who had just escaped from some terrible danger; or, still better, who had just achieved some immemorial triumph, that was about to prove the salvation of the entire race, in a manner that was perfectly senseless and bewildering.

Finally tranquillity was restored.

"And now," Mr. Clare said, "since business is over, I presume we may have a little rest and enjoyment. However you may feel, Fanny, I can assure you that we, who have been working for your benefit, need refreshment."

"Not yet," Fanny answered. "Business is not over! I must make a sketch for my picture at this very moment. I could not live another hour without accomplishing it."

The tableau was rearranged, and Mrs. Vane proceeded to draw from life the first design of her great picture.

Perfect silence prevailed, interrupted only by low vibrations of music sighing fitfully through the apartment. Mr. Clare reclined upon a sofa, his fair head propped up upon his arm, while he gazed enraptured upon Fanny, as she sat with hurried fingers sweeping the canvas, and the fire of inspiration playing about her brow. Adèle and Mr. Mortimer were constrained by their position to gaze into each other's eyes.

The sketch was completed with marvellous rapidity, and Adèle and Mr. Clare both pronounced it a brilliant success—the best thing by far that Mrs. Vane had done. Every touch of her pencil had been electrical. Evidently the inspiration of the scene had entered into her soul.

All present could congratulate themselves upon having contributed to this brilliant production, and they did not soon become weary of admiring it, but at last it was laid aside. Adèle, removing a screen, displayed her concealed banquet, and the weary artists hastened to seek the refreshment which their exertions in the cause of art had prepared them to appreciate. The rest of the evening sped away as if by magic. The four friends, as they now considered themselves, were in the happiest mood for social enjoyment. Brilliant wit sparkled brightly over the profounder current of thought and sentiment which is set in movement then only, when gifted and congenial spirits meet together under the happiest auspices; nor did they separate without determining that the tableau-party should be the first of a succession of similar reunions.

This intention for a time was faithfully carried out, but the tableau-party was productive of far more important consequences. All who had taken part in it, looked back upon this evening, in after-years, as to the commencement of their true life. It need scarcely be said that Adèle and Mr. Mortimer had committed the indiscretion of falling desperately in love at first sight. If not engaged on the very evening of the day

of their first meeting, they were married so soon afterwards that, as the sober historian of an actual occurrence, we prefer to withhold precise dates.

Mrs. Vane's picture proved even a greater success than her friends had anticipated. It gave her a position as an artist that satisfied her ambition, and assured her an overflowing purse. Mr. Clare did not allow himself to be distanced by his betrothed in their eager progress to a common goal, and before the close of the year they married, and sailed for Italy.

Mr. Mortimer was a lawyer burdened

with professional duties that commanded his presence at home. Adèle, therefore, was obliged to give up the idea of visiting Italy, but love created such a Paradise in her heart, that she felt no sense of deprivation in resigning her once cherished dream. She dedicated herself with earnest enthusiasm to the study of art, and proved by her life, as far as the experience of one individual can prove a general proposition, that true love does not withdraw from the pursuit of the ideal, but, on the contrary, that it is the artist's divinest nourishment and inspiration.

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### BEYOND.

A FLUSH on all the hills is spread—  
A flush of Death and Beauty born;  
As day, upon a crimson bed,  
Lies down to slumber till the morn.

The touch of death is in the air,  
I feel its fingers' icy chill;  
And yet a smile divinely fair  
When I would weep, forbids me still.

The clouds are gray, the winds are cold,  
The dead leaves rustle at my feet;  
And on the brown, deserted wold  
Their fitful eddies whirl and meet.

But through this veil of wasting life  
A fresher dawn of life I see—  
My yesterdays with pain were rife;  
To-morrow still is bright to me.

And so the dying year shall seem  
The gorgeous portal of a fane,  
Where all the heart hath dared to dream  
Shall burst upon its sight again:

And dullest clouds to splendor turn,  
And coldest winds to tropic breath;  
Till the rapt soul shall pant and burn  
To feel the waking touch of Death.

## THE ALPHABET OF POETRY.

"A word fitly spoken"—a happy expression—has a charm for even the rudest peoples; and polished nations early discover in their talk and in their books a favoritism in the use of words possessing suggestive qualities entirely independent of their philological definitions. The instinct that prompts this use is probably one of the sources of language itself. The simpler of these words are onomatopes or imitations of sounds, requiring little art,—and are beneath the dignity of scientific classification. (Buzz, hiss, whiz, splash, slush, hum, wheeze, sheeze, roar, gurgle, jingle, are more or less onomatopical.) But the meagre and savage art which produced these simple imitations was precursory and prophetic of a later and more delicate art in the use of a complex and ever-varying suggestiveness, which gives voice to the same instinct in the presence of all the facts and fancies which this brightest age remembers and conceives,—a suggestiveness that is made to reach beyond mere sounds to the finest modes and qualities of surface, distance, motion, lustre, fibre, density, concentration, humor, solemnity, contempt,—a suggestiveness whose analysis would be found taking all the words to pieces, and fitting to each letter or sound a peculiar character which it has won out of all the observed phenomena of life. These characters, which are beyond the compass of all reputed science—which, indeed, are known only in the poet's art—this article will show the ambition to indicate, though it may not define.

But before testing upon the consciousness of the reader my intuition of the individual qualifications of the letters, I desire to restrict his anticipation by warning him of the delicacy of the differences he will be called to appreciate,—of the breadth of grasp from which I conceive the roots of these flowers of thought to suck in the juices

which enliven their odors and their hues,—and of the apparent hopelessness of any one man's efforts to resolve, determine, and classify in full the fluctuant, evanescent, whimsical effects with which we shall have to do.

These characters of the letters or sounds, as I conceive them, are accidental—not generic, or identical in all languages and among all peoples. This is a study of vernaculars. The effects I refer to are so thin and fine that the gross discrepancies of races overbear them. They are as sensitive and mercurial as poetry itself. For all purposes of this essay, a Scotchman talking in his throat and a Frenchman puttering with the tips of his lips are as dissimilar as a horse and an ass. Neither can be a popular wit in the language of the other; neither has facial muscles for the humor of the other's dialect. Any account of the wonderful luxuriance of the growth of languages (of which there is a fabulous number) requires the consideration of differences even less than theirs. A little obstruction is said to turn the tide of trade in a street, but a less one will vary the language of a nation. Languages are disposed to lie upon the world in groups which resemble one another; but if we will undertake to prove the character or effect of a sound identical in several dialects (even of the same group), we shall reduce its vernacular significance as we increase its general applicability. A verbal root may be traced with care until similar shades of meaning shall be found in Visigothic, Almannic, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Slavonic; but if the student should then begin to fancy that he has found a generic principle of language, let him follow the same sound into Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, and Arabic, and he will conclude that nine tenths of any original language sprang out of the ground whereon it was first spoken, and from roots too shallow to

affiliate with those of other tongues through the thick bases of mountains, or under the bottom of the sea. He who would discover the origin of language must not be scornful of trifles; he must have no theory to exemplify—no axe to grind. And no great and manly writer of any nation will prune the prickling, cactus-like originality of his own vernacular to cousin any country under the sun.

Indeed, we cannot be too sensible of the meanness of the origin of language, for either the advantage of philology or the respect due to our own words. It is necessary to our assurance to dwell here for a little.

If we admit that man was progressive, either as a distinct genus or as a culmination by "selection" of the manlier specimens of the monkey-tribes, we shall readily admit that he must have had originally a language which flowed instinctively and easily according to the formation of his vocal organs, as does that of any other animal. As the subjects of his experience accumulated, his dialect increased, and he gave names to things, for qualities and modes, according to the dictates of a natural sense of fitness. In this stage his only pride in the invention of language was shown in imitation; onomatopoes abounded. It was the age of Eden, nakedness, and simple truth. But as he advanced into the era of self-consciousness the "fall by knowledge" affected his utterance as it did his heart and life. The dignity of the naming of things thrust itself into his conceit, and he became arbitrary and idolatrous of distinctions which he had himself created; he threw the authority of language back of himself, connived at its nativity, and humored it as a curiosity. Soon came the era of the invention of letters; and then, after a few ingenuous manifestations, the building of Babel began. Surely (he said to himself), a book should be a mysterious thing—as far as possible from vulgar apprehension. The written language was whimsically made to differ from the spoken; although the art of spelling with acknowledged sounds and let-

ters must have been always a very simple one, the words were constructed outlandishly—silent letters thrown in for no purpose but to twist and torture them out of countenance and hide their vulgar origin.

If the reader should doubt the existence of so childish an impulse as here seems to have manifested itself, let me assure him the introduction of silent letters into original words came down very late into the best days of Greece,—and the impulse is still extant. Men, like children, still "play" at life. The astonishing feat of putting a sentiment into just fourteen lines is an evidence of it. Seven or eight dictionaries, differing upon the pronunciation and even the spelling of native words, comprise another evidence of it. Surely, lexicographers should but represent the people; they should not invent language; that is the vocation of the poet and the artisan. Yet take a single example of their method: the fills of a cart are called in Saxon (probably by some pedant) *thills*; every person familiar with horses, either in England or America, calls these shafts *fills*; Shakespeare calls them *fills* (see *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. sc. 2), showing clearly they were so called in his day; yet the lexicographers "derive from the Saxon." So of *whippletree*; they spell it *whiffletree*, to the utter disgust of all teamsters—deriving from *weifelen*, to whiffle about—which probably had nothing to do with the matter, as the evener is a comparatively modern invention. Why should a traveller come from Central Africa, where books are unknown, and say there is a lake called *Tehad*? Truly man has found out many inventions!—And after the invention of Letters, all the motives of pride, craft, charlatanism, superstition, all the differences of organic formation, all the psychological, climatical, geological, and historical differences of the world, began pouring their conflicting and distracting effluences into language, and have so continued, until it has become a thing inscrutable as the heart of man who made it,—as well adapted (as a diplo-

matist fairly inferred) to the concealment of thought as to its expression.

The difficulty, then, in the way of theorizing the forces which I imagine the letters to exert to-day, in English, in our latitude, in our stage of culture, &c., &c., is that the best expression is ever due to the fullest knowledge, or intuition, or inspiration, of all the various phenomena of the world at the moment it is delivered,—to the true estimate of the comparative age and value of things,—in short, to the universality of experience. I am ready to believe no bard ever wrote a line that was not poetry to him; but the experience of many has not been in harmony with that of a sufficient number of people to make their impressions considerable. And essentially the basis of wit fluctuates and extends. Every new genius destroys the old balances and standards. Yet the essence we would determine rises like perfume from the whole process of the growth and decay of things, and is affected by considerations the faintest and remotest,—as dainty and difficult of apprehension as would be the scent of a grain of mummy-dust from Petra rising out of a cart-load of sweepings from the pavement of Pall Mall, London, England. The only key to all poetry is the Book of Life. But if I have succeeded in conveying my meaning, the reader will look leniently on the ambition of the present essay as an appeal to his consciousness that shall prove us jointly in harmony with the genius which, in every age, according to its own circumstances, is efficient in throwing out original language, and especially in enlightened times is apt in the selection of language poetical and impressive to the general sense.

I assert, then, that the sounds represented by the letters of the alphabet have a special aptness in suggesting the qualities opposed to them in the following schedule; and that the poetry, the proverbs, the slang, and the common talk of our people approve this assertion:

- ã.....Vastness, space, plane.  
 ä.....Flatness.

- b.....Boating, bearing, bringing.  
 c.....(Soft) as s; (hard) as k.  
 d.....(Final) solidity, completeness.  
 d.....(Initial) violence.  
 e.....Concentration, convergence.  
 f }  
 h }.....Ethereality.  
 t }  
 g.....Hardness.  
 i.....Thinness, slowness, fineness.  
 k.....Fineness of lights and sounds.  
 l.....Metallic, chill, polish.  
 m.....Monotony.  
 n.....Denial, contempt.  
 o.....Solemnity, nobility, devotion, volume.  
 p.....Voluptuousness.  
 r.....Roughness, vibration.  
 gr.....Grit.  
 s.....Moisture.  
 sh.....Confusion.  
 u.....Crudity, absurdity, humor.  
 v.....Vehemence.  
 z.....Haze, dreamy confusion.

It would require a volume of quotation to fairly illustrate the happiness of the letters in suggesting the qualities here indicated for them; but I hope by a few examples to so force their genius upon the reader's memory that he will habitually observe it. And I will say, for his encouragement, that I made this schedule fifteen years ago, and that I have met nothing since to jostle its arrangement. He will directly see, too, that these convictions are by no means singular. Burns, Swedenborg, and Pope, have occasionally manifested the same; and, philologically rather than poetically speaking, Dr. Alexander Murray, of Edinburgh, reduced the whole Caucasian group of languages to *nine* roots, to his own satisfaction at least. As for what has been said of the obscurity and meanness of the origin of language in general, I would cordially refer the reader to "Language, and the Study of Language," by Professor Whitney, of Yale College.—We will try the vowels firstly.

A. "Far, far away, over the calm and mantling wave"—thus begins the boy's romance. He is possessed by the poetry of the ocean—of vastness and space. The word *ocean* is seldom used except in expression of rolling and dashing; but the *wave*, the *main*, the *vast waters*, the *watery waste*, or *plain*, are more popular. *Lake*, *straight*, *vale*, *chase*, *race*, *trail*, *trace*, *away*, give distance and line. Seen nearer, long a gives effect to *slate*,

*flake, scale, plate, cake, &c.* A, flat, gives expression to *mat, pack, slap, strap, platter, clap, flap, pat, flats, shallows, mash, jam, slam, &c.* "Flat as a pancake" is very flat. *Waver* and *shake* give horizontal vibration; *dash, splash, thrash*, have a flatter downward force. When a stone is *crushed* it is much broken, yet it retains something of its bulk; when it is *mashed*, it is flattened. Burns, in his poem called "The Vowels," speaks of *a* as "a grave, broad, solemn wight;" the breadth and space belong to *a*,—the gravity and solemnity to *a*, or *ah*, or *o*.

E. Swedenborg, in endeavoring to describe the language of the angels, says the angels that "love most" use much the *o* sound; but those that "know most," the speculative, self-contemplative, intellectual, use the sound of *ä*. Burns' idea of *ä* was expressed in weeping, "greeting," tears—the intensity of grief alone. But it gives intensity to every thing; it gives convergence, concentration, deep-seeing, and always brings thought to a focus. All the endearing diminutives end in *ä*—the "wee" things. Mark how the child shuns the book-orthoepy when he concentrates his mind: "a lé-é-tle, té-é-ny bit of a thing!" he peers between his fingers, or through some narrow crevice, and cries "pé-é-k!" he feels the edge of his new knife, and writhing the corner of his mouth toward his half-closed and conceptive eye, says "it is as ké-é-n!" So when his contempt is intense he dwells on the *e* in "mé-an," "sné-aking," &c. But when the baby gives you his rattle he opens his mouth and his heart with the instinct of the dative case, and says "tah!"—outward and away. (A mother whose instinct prompts her to say "babe," instead of "baby," must have been polished very thinly.) But *me* and *we* bring observation to ourselves. *We* would be a better objective case than *us*,—so much so that a grammatical informality of Shakespeare has passed uncared for, or unnoticed, in "Hamlet," where the prince speaks of the ghost as

"Making night hideous, and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition," &c.

I fancy this, like many another apparent inaccuracy of the master, came through a law that is above the books. *Squeamish, queer, leer, zeal, squeal, screech, sneeze, to be, to see, to feel, to reek*, get force from *ä*.

"Deep self-possession—an intense repose."

I, short, as in *pin*, has a stiff, slim, prim, thin, spindling effect—a rising and sinking, perpendicular effect, as in "the bristling pines;" but, more especially, it gives a thinness and lightness; thus, we say, a "light skiff." Pope showed his judgment upon this letter, as upon *r*:

"When the loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent  
    roar;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain—  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along  
    the main."

So Tennyson, for the fairy bugle, uses *i* and *e*:

"O hark! O hear, how thin and clear."

I, long, gives inclining effects:

"In winter, when the dismal rain  
Comes down in slanting lines"—

"The clouds consign their treasures to the fields."

In sounds *i* has a lightening effect, as in *tinkle, clink, link; clank* is as the sound of a sheet of zinc dropt flat on the pavement. *I* and *a* in combination make a beautiful curve, thus:

"Many an hour I've wiled away."

"Swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean."

"Once in the flight of ages past."

"Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

"Oh! wild enchanting horn!"

"Some happier island in the watery waste."

"Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste  
Where stood Jerusalem."

O. This is the noblest Roman of them all. If we would find the most solemn sentence in all literature, let us turn to Ecclesiastes: "*For man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.*" Not all the trappings and the suits of woe can so pall the sunlight in the homes and walks of men as does this sombre verse. Burns calls *o* "The wailing minstrel of despairing woe." Swedenborg's idea was rather that of

holiness and adoration. Solemnity and nobility are its general effects. All things noble, holy, devotional,—or sober, sombre, slow, dolorous, mournful,—or old, lone, glorious,—or even bold, portly, pompous, find their best expression in the *o*-sound. Jove, Jehovah, Lord of glory, lift up the adoring soul. O! lo! ho! behold! are interjections which nations use with little variance.

"O sad Nomore! O sweet Nomore!"

"Oh! Rome, my country, city of the soul,  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

"Their shots along the deep slowly boom."

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

That *o* gives volume, may be seen in the fact that most people think a *boulder* is a large stone; but, philologically, a boulder need not be bigger than a pea.

*U*, guttural, or flat, is a humorous savage that cannot be described except in his own words,—a huge, lubberly, blubbering, blundering dunderhead,—a numskull and a dunce, ugly, sullen, dull, glum, rugged, clumsy, gullible, dumpish, lugubrious,—a mumbler, a stumbler, a bungler, a grumbler, a fumbler, a grunter, a thumper, a stumper, a tumbler, a stunner,—a nudge, a trudge, a drudge, he lugs, tugs, sucks, juggles,—he is up to all manner of bulls,—a fusty, musty, crusty, disgusting brute, his head is a mug, his nose a snub, or a pug,—his ears are lugs, his breasts dugs, his bowels guts, his victuals grub, his garments duds,—his hat is a plug, his child is a cub,—his smallest diminutive is chubby, or bub; at his best he is bluff, gruff, blunt; "his doublet is of sturdy buff, and though not sword, is cudgel proof;" budge he will not, but he will drub you with a club, or a slug, or a nub, or a stub, or a butt, or pelt with mud; he is ready for a muss, or a fuss; and should you call him a grudging curmudgeon he gulps up "ugh! fudge! stuff! rubbish! humbug!" in high dudgeon; he is a "rough," a "blood-tub," and a "bummer," a "rum'un," and a tough customer generally;

he has some humor, more crudity, but no delicacy,—a creature whose voice is seldom heard in walks of refinement and devotion. Of all nations I should take him for a Dutchman.

Yet *u*, long, seems to give force to the *true*, the *pure*, the *beautiful*, the *good*; and *rude* and *crude* are used with much emphasis in the opposite direction, partly owing to the force of *r*. *Mother* would seem to use *u* flat, but the *ü* or *uh* is more evident,—and the dreamy monotony of *m* and the soft *th* fit the word to its use; but "*Ma*" is better. The devotional *o* flat in *father*, is becoming too strong for young America, and he nicks and reduces it by familiar *pa*, *pap*, and *dad*.

*Ou*, diphthong, is an upward curve: thus in *round*, *bough*, *mountain*, *bow down*, *mound*. Milton hits the rolling swagger of the gaudy cock who

"To the stack or the barn-door  
Stoutly struts his dames before."

"Three gaudy standards *flout* the pale blue skies."

*I*, *o*, *u*, in combination, make a fine curve, the true "line of beauty;" *a*, *o*, *u* make the same:

"And false the light on glory's plume."

"Of Love's and night's and ocean's solitude."

"The wide old wood from his majestic rest."

"In all that proud old world beyond the deep."

*Oi*, diphthong, strikes me forcibly in the word *coil*.

*D* is a solid, compact, heavy letter; thus in *wad*, *sod*, *clod*, *load*, *plod*, *dogged*, *rugged*, *lead*, *dead*. The report of a short and heavily-loaded pistol is well caught in *explode*.

"Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb."

"Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load."

The metals seem to me well named; *gold*, *silver*, *iron*, *lead*—especially *lead*. *Tin* is good, in thin shape as it is used.

*D*, initial, has strong philological connections in all the European languages, but its poetic force seems less to me. Some very efficient swearing can be done with *d* and *g* hard, which well

approves the character of *violence* given them by Dr. Murray.

*F*, *h*, and *t*, are ethereal and softening letters, and show their nature in such words as *breathe, soothe, feathery, warmth, far, faint, fading, forgetful, lethean, thoughtful, sabbath, muffled, smother, suffocate, stuff, muff*. Notice the difference between *fog* and *mist*: *fog* gives a softer, dryer, more definite volume than *mist*. So *froth* is kept dry and light by these sounds.

"The effusive South  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the vault of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers dis-  
tent.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether," &c.

"Lethæ the river of oblivion rolls  
Her watery labyrinth."

"Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in  
cream."

*S* is a wet letter; thus in *moist, misty, nasty, steam, slip, slop, slush, dash, swash, drizzle*, &c.; *luscious, delicious, nutritious*, suggest juicy substances—probably as onomatopoes of water in its various modes, as moisture, washing, sucking, and sibilation.

*Sh*, either initial or final in a word, suggests confusion; thus in *shatter, shiver, shake, shriek, shrink, shred, beset*; or in *dash, clash, swash, thrash, trash, crush, gush, rush, mush, slush*, &c.

"As when the sun new risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams."

*G*, *L*, and *R*, are the stronger consonants; and although each has a distinctive quality, it usually blends its force with that of one of the others. *G* is the hard letter, *r* is the rough letter, and *l* the chilling and polishing letter; thus *gr* makes a rough hardness, as in *grit, grate, grind, grained, gravel, grudge, grim*; while *gl* is effective in *glide, glow, glance, glary*, &c.

"Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway  
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone."

*R*, by itself, is effective in such words as *scour, writhe, wrinkle, crisp, fritter, fry, fragment, bur, blur, mar, scar, rude, broken, rugged*, "*hoarse rough verse*," *gnarled, burly, horrent, groan, growl, roar*, &c.

"The crisped brooks" of Eden.

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls."

"The salt fringe that daily licks the shore  
Is gross with sand."

The brackish wash—the grit of the sand in the brine, is well suggested here by *gross*. By the same instinct Tennyson speaks of the plashing brine as "the shrill salt." But how dry and deep-carved is the following:

"Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,  
All rich and rough with stories of the gods."

*L*, by itself, makes all cold, clear, lucid, lustrous, placid, liquid, sliding, glary; it is the polish of glow, gleam, glide, glitter, glance, glassy; *solid glass* is a strong expression; even so, "hard as iron;" so the *mellow* sound of a fine bell is well given. "The clangor of the bells, iron bells,"—"golden bells." For the little bells we have "the tintinnabulation that so musically swells," &c. So Tennyson reduces the effects of the fairy music; observe here the effects of *t, f, l*, and *i*:

"O hark, O hear—how thin and clear!  
The horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

"Soft-eyed and open-necked to the wild wind—  
In love with mine own motions—the smooth chill  
Of my own flowing fibre, ere my steps  
Forgot the barefoot feel of the clay world."

The stars come forth, through

"The cold, delicious meadows of the night."

*K* has fine effects in connection with *l*, in thin lights and sounds; thus in *twinkle, flicker, darkle, sparkle, sprinkle, blink, trickle*; so in *tinkle, clink, crackle, clank, link, chink*; and alone it always has a lightening effect—as in *skip, nick, click, skiff, skin, skim*, &c. Quarrymen call a thin sliver of stone a *splick*.

"The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake."

"How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a krystalline delight."

This is very plain work; but it is of the same genius as this in Tithonus, where the steeds arise

"And shake the darkness from their loosened  
manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire."

Swinburne, in a single line, confirms all that I have said of *k, i*, and *l*:

"Like scaled orrage of a keen thin fish."

The reader who has had patience to follow me so far will feel the indelicacy of parading these dainty touches for analytical examination; they require sudden glances and encounters. I might speak in a harsher key; I might say that these lucky words are stolen or borrowed year after year by authors who would scout the idea of an original property in their first use. How many times have we read of *crispéd* streams, since Milton first used the word! So Burns has a favorite word:

"Peggy dear, the evening's clear—  
Swift flies the *skimming* swallow."

Both Tennyson and Alexander Smith use the same *skimming* swallow. Take the word *clanging*; it is a metallic word, yet observe: first it appears in the *Odyssey*, applied to *geese*; then Shelley uses it twice in the *Revolt of Islam*:

"With clang of wings and scream the eagle past."  
"With clang of wings and scream the eagle flew."

Then Mr. Tennyson uses it three times; in *Locksley Hall* he "leads the clanging rookery home;" in the *Princess* he says, "The leader wild swan in among the stars would clang it;" and again in the same, "But I, an eagle clang an eagle to the sphere." Mr. Smith says,

"On midnights blue and cold  
Long strings of geese came clanging from the stars."

Later still, we have one

"Whose diapason whirls  
The clanging constellations 'round the heavens."

The poetry of these expressions seems

to lie less in what they philologically mean than in what they suggest. Shelley's eagle was fighting a mailed serpent in the air; the poet would have this brown eagle an *iron bird*; to this end *eagle* is itself a *hard* word, and the "clanging" of his wings gives the bird a metallic hardihood which makes him a fit antagonist for his golden-scaled foe. So "midnights blue and cold" gives polish to the stars, silvered by the metallic clanging of the geese, &c., &c. To such remote reflections does poetry owe somewhat of its splendor and its wealth.

Thus, leaving the remainder of the letters for the reader's private exemplification, I drop the subject just when its real interest would begin, if these assertions were admitted in a basis of criticism—which I shall not presume them to be. That they are trivial it cannot be denied; that they are fanciful is nothing against them. They would go but little way in the construction of a great poem; they indicate but the A B C of poetry, at the best; and the admission of one half of them might cause the whole of their little science to be discarded hereafter; (although rhyming is a much simpler science, and lives vigorously though cheaply notwithstanding.) But there is something in them, be it what it may, that has been a pleasant diversion and a curiosity to me: may it awaken the interest and become the study of more competent critics.

## THE FOUNDERS OF GLOBE CITY.

## II.

## CHAPTER IV.

WANT is a wolf, that haunts a pioneer lawyer more than any other animal known to natural history or mythology; for capital is cowardly, and clings to the close walls of cities. It does not like to go out on the frontiers without a heavy escort; and when it does venture, it asks extra inducements. At any rate, Chinny's money did, and he was the man to offer them, for every thing was fish that came to his net. If, by chance, they did not come to the net, he took the net to the fish. He had, that very morning, been preparing himself with some ground-bait, and he assumed a taking air as he sauntered down to the fishing-banks. His hat leaned over like the tower of Pisa, and was forced to brace itself against his ear to keep from engulfing his left eye. He seemed to have lost both hands off in his deep pockets, and to be feeling for them with his wrists, as he jingled the gold-pieces, and walked up the path to Richard's office, where he threw himself into a chair, without invitation or ceremony.

"Gettin' 'long pretty well?" he asked, looking over the tops of his toes at the oak that stood before the window.

"A little slow," said Richard, as he laid the book on the table.

"I like to see a man, that's come here to identify himself with the place, a gettin' 'long well; 'cause, don't you see, it hurts the town, and spoils the sale o' land, to have a man grumblin' about hard times. Grumblin' is the poorest use a man can put his breath to; for it don't help him any, and it injures other folks."

"I can't say that I ever tried it, and, therefore, I am unable to give you an opinion," said Richard.

"But I thought you had tried it,"

replied Chinny; "for I understood you said that times here was hard."

"I might have stated, as a fact, that times were hard, or that rogues were plenty here, without grumbling, or unjustly slandering the place either," said Richard.

"Yes, you might say so," replied Chinny; "but hard times, I take it, is when folks want somethin' to live on, and can't get it. But they can always get it here. As one poor cuss, who was raised down East, 'mongst the stones, and had to come out here lecturin' for a livin', said once; says he, 'These prairies are Nature's banks, stuffed chuck full of cash, which any man can draw out, if he'll only present his check. The funds,' says he, 'are deposited to the credit of the firm of Labor, Pluck & Co. It's the poor man's savin's bank. We've got these banks down our way,' he says; 'but there's been a run made on 'em, and there hain't on these.' Now, that Eastern chap was right. It may be a slow way to get rich, diggin' it out by day's work here; but it's a dead scald on hard times, in this country, where work counts. But speculatin' pays best though, I reckon, if you don't get catched in the cramps. I s'pose, now, that little speculation o' yours must have cramped you," continued Chinny, inquisitively.

"Yes, if I had escaped your Globe City swindle," said Richard, "I should have no trouble now."

"Don't give it an ugly name," said Chinny. "You've got books full of words here, and can pick out a better name than that, I know. Callin' it swindle don't sound bad to me, individually, but it might to strangers; and seein' they are our best customers, we must respect their feelin's."

"I'm not talking to strangers," said Richard.

"But you don't make any thing by talkin' it to me."

"I'm not trying to make any thing."

"But you can make somethin', if you want to," said Chinny.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I feel willin' to help you, considerin' every thing that's past," replied Chinny; "for I s'pose you want money, don't you?"

"Yes, I do want money," said Richard.

"Well, you can have it."

"On what terms?"

"Well, the common rates of interest, by givin' a good endorsed note, or a mortgage on somethin'."

"Will you take Globe City lots as collateral?" asked Richard. "They are something, ain't they?"

"No; I can't take them, unless you'll pay up the two hundred and twenty-five dollars you owe on that purchase. If you'll pay that and interest, I'll talk with you," said Chinny.

Richard clenched his fists, and rose to his feet; then, imprisoning both hands in his pockets, to make them keep the peace, he commenced pacing the room.

"Now, don't get riled at me," said Chinny, watching Richard closely; "for I didn't invent bad luck. It came into the world before I did, and will stay after I quit. You can't drive it out. All the blind alleys, all the jails, and all the poor-houses are full of it, and you can't get it out. Tain't no use tryin'. You must take things as they are. You owe two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and can't help yourself; that's all right. If I've a mind to lend you more, that's all right too. You can understand, if you please, that I do it as a partic'lar favor; 'cause we've had dealin's, and to help the place—sort o' business and friendship combined, or whatever you like, don't you see?"

"Yes, I think I see," Richard replied; "for I am quite willing to see any thing for a little money, though I don't want to borrow it."

"Yes, I understand," said Chinny. "I felt so once myself; but you'll get

over that, as I did, after you've been here a spell. You don't want to borrow, and I don't want to lend; but we are willin' to sacrifice our mutual feelin's a little, to accommodate. I always go armed and equipped, as the law directs," he continued, pulling some papers from his pockets. "Now, then, what are you goin' to give me as security?"

"I have nothing but my books."

"Books ain't o' much account, but they'll do," said Chinny; and he commenced filling the blanks and making inquiries as to the number and cost of the volumes.

After writing over the words, "all and singular, said books, and every part and parcel of said library, to wit: said fifty-seven volumes," with the usual legal variations, until, from mere repetition, they sounded strong and binding, he handed the paper to Richard.

"But I don't like this cut-throat mortgage, that allows you to take possession at any time," said Richard, reading it.

"No, of course not. That's what you Yankees always object to when you first come here; but it's our Western style. We don't like your down-east flint-lock concerns. We want somethin' that'll go off the first snap, and without havin' a lawyer or two pullin' at it, either; and we won't have any thing else. This is the regular blank used here. Now, then," he continued, putting five pieces on the table, "here's your cash."

If any form of money is ever invented which is found to be more fascinating than double-eagles, Government should prevent its circulation. Chinny's bait proved too tempting for Richard. He signed the mortgage, and sat there alone, dropping the pieces into the palm of his left hand, wishing them back in Chinny's pocket, when he saw the landlord coming up to his office. The presence of a creditor was a constant dun and rebuke to Richard, and before the landlord could speak, he paid him in full.

"Well, I didn't come to dun you," said he, pocketing the money. "The girls are goin' to have some doin's to-night, and told me to ask you, but I forgot it till now."

"What kind of doings?" asked Richard.

"Well, a little hand-round," replied the landlord.

"That's a dance, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, we do dance, of course; but a hand-round, out here, is where we don't set a table, but hand round the vittles. The table can't be set, you know, 'count of its clutterin' up the dancin'-room."

Richard went to the hotel rather late in the evening.

"Bin in?" asked the landlord, as he walked through the hall.

"No; who is there?"

"Chinny, for one, slick as a bottle. A fly couldn't light on his shirt-collar 'thout danger o' slippin' up and breakin' its neck. He's tendin' to Miss Plumb, or she is to him. She's a cute one—jest as smart as a school-marm. I'll bet a dollar," he added, lowering his voice, "that she can whistle 'Hail Columby,' and it takes a smart man, with a slick tongue and a good deal of practice, to do that without missin' a note or slurrin' of 'em over. That's none o' your cheap, easy tunes, 'Hail Columby' ain't. Mary Seabray is in there too. I never see her show so handsome before in my life. So fur as looks and action goes, she's ahead ef 'em all. She couldn't do a thing a'kward if she tried. No Morgan colt ever moved handsomer."

The girls were equal to the landlord's description. Miss Plumb was very much devoted to Chinny, which gave Richard a chance to talk to Mary.

"Mr. Chinny looks unusually well to-night," she said.

"He looks over this way a great deal, I notice," replied Richard.

"Yes; he takes an interest in me—he and father are such old friends."

Chinny certainly did take a great interest in her and her father and in the general welfare. He had been watching Miss Plumb closely for some time, and concluded, when he saw her looking over toward Richard so often, that she must be jealous of Mary. He quickly saw the possibility of using Miss Plumb to remove a dangerous rival from his

own path. He thought it a favorable time to throw out some hints for her to ponder on or use against Mary.

"Did you ever hear," he asked, "of a young man bein' killed at a gamblin'-table on a Mississippi River boat, a few years since, and of the man who shot him gettin' away?"

"Yes; it was young Meech who was killed," she replied.

"Must have been a single man who shot him; couldn't have had a family," said Chinny, looking at Mary. "A doctor like as any man," continued Chinny; "they are such fellows to get mad, and fly off the handle before they know it. The man who did it was stabbed through the left arm below the elbow, they say."

Miss Plumb looked at him, and tried to catch his eye, but it would not be caught.

"I can't see what this has to do with the subject we were talking about," said Miss Plumb.

"I was only thinkin' to myself," said Chinny, as if he had been unconsciously talking his thoughts aloud. "I was thinkin' that this world was made up of queerness. We can't tell what is in a man's heart by lookin' at his face, any more than we can tell whether an egg is an egg or a chicken by lookin' at its shell. A good many eggs *are* chickens that'll hatch out one o' these days."

"When they do, I shall probably be able to discover what you mean," said Miss Plumb.

In fact, she thought she had already discovered what he meant, and she was greatly troubled by the suspicions he had aroused in her mind. She tried to confirm her doubts while Chinny was escorting her to the Colonel's, but he adroitly avoided direct answers.

Richard accompanied Mary home; and it was an hour or two afterwards that he left the piazza, and returned to the hotel.

There was a light in Chinny's room, and he heard the clinking of glasses and loud conversation there. He could not well avoid overhearing what was said, for it was very late and still.

"I say, you might have been presi-

dent jest as well as not," said Chinny. "Then you could have talked folks into buyin' stock—*our* stock, you know—and that would have made us rich."

"I couldn't do that, for I had no capital to begin with."

"You've got enough, if you'd only use it," Chinny replied; "and what's the use of havin' a house, and things to get up a dinner-party, and a daughter to do things handsome for you, if you don't use 'em?"

"You know very well," said the Colonel, "that I want to go to Congress. When I get there, every thing else will come to me. I can get to be president of a road then, if I want to; but if I take the presidency of this railway now, and do what you want me to, I shall become so unpopular that I can't go anywhere by the votes of the people. What I want is a little money, and time enough to make a turn. If I can work over this sand-bar, it will be all fair sailing hereafter."

"Well, I might jest as well talk this thing plain. You can't have no more money of me, to hunt wild geese with. You know what I want, Colonel; now what are you goin' to do about it?"

"I can do no more," replied the Colonel.

"You can use your authority," said Chinny.

"I claim to have the instincts of a gentleman: I can do no more," said the Colonel, firmly.

"You'd get along better with less o' them instincts. Anyhow, you'd make more money by throwin' 'em away," said Chinny.

"I do throw them away when I come here," replied the Colonel, striking his cane on the floor; "and it is well for you that I do not throw them all away."

"If I lived in a glass-house, and had a mortgage on my property, and a scar on my arm, I'd be careful what I said and did, and I wouldn't throw stones much," said Chinny.

"See here," said the Colonel, dropping his voice, "you are playing this a little too brash. You've got a good hand, with a big card back; but I warn

you not to force the game, for I hold good cards too."

Then Richard heard the door open, and some one walked down-stairs. Looking out of his window, he saw the Colonel going up to his house. He puzzled himself a long time over what he had heard; so long, indeed, that he was fast asleep when some one rapped at his door next morning.

"Come in," said he, "if it's a man."

It was no less a man than the landlord.

"Miss Plumb is down in the parlor, waiting to see you," said he.

"Give her my compliments, and tell her I'll be there in five minutes. Stay a moment, though! What on earth can she want of me this time of day?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord; "she looks a little flustered."

"Good-morning, Mr. French," said Miss Plumb, when Richard presented himself. "I am on my way home, and thought I would call, to say that we shall be glad to see you at the lake soon."

"I'm surprised to hear that you are going this morning, for I some way got the impression that you would stay here a week longer. How do you get there?"

"I drive across the prairie," she said.

"Drive alone, eh?" said Richard. "Why, I've a mind to go with you, to see how you do it!"

"That will be delightful!" said she, brightening up instantly, with the slightest shade of a blush, as they went out and got into the buggy.

"It must be very pleasant for you to find such a good friend as Doctor Blodgett here," said Miss Plumb, looking directly at the horse's ears.

"Yes; I have known the Doctor a long time."

"I thought I had heard, somewhere, that he went South once," said Miss Plumb.

"I think he never went South," Richard replied.

"But didn't he own a steamboat on the Mississippi River?" she asked, still keeping her eyes pointed at the horse.

"I think not. I believe he has never been on the river much," replied Richard.

"Did he know any one here before he came?" she asked.

"I don't think he did. But it seems to me that you are much interested in him."

"Deeply, I assure you," she replied, as if a great weight had been taken from her mind. "You cannot think how very interesting such inquiries are to me. I intend to ask the Doctor twenty times more questions about you; nothing shall escape me. And he is so graphic in his descriptions! Just imagine how he will embellish and enlarge on the original."

"Peppered with a slight flavor of jealousy," said Richard.

"Not so slight, either," she replied.

"I hope he will not be splenetic," said Richard; "for such men are terrible. My respect for your ability is so great that I want to retain you in my defence."

"Very well, I will act," said she.

"You are not engaged, then—on the other side?"

"Not by any means. I am the champion of youth and innocence. Consider me as engaged for yourself, exclusively."

"But, then, you may be jesting," said Richard.

"Here's my pledge of honor," said she, pulling off her driving-glove, and holding out her hand, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

"It's good enough to put into marble, too, isn't it?" said Richard, looking down at it as he would have looked at a beautiful flower.

"You do not accept me as counsel," said she, with a deprecating pout, as she put on her glove again.

"Well," he replied, hesitating, "I don't think you fully understand the case. Suppose he should tell an absurd story about me: what would you do?"

"Deny it, of course, in regular lawyer style."

"But it might have some foundation," he replied.

"So much greater the necessity for denying it. A falsehood dies easily; the truth is what gives you lawyers the most trouble."

"But he might say that I am engaged."

"Oh, yes; he might, of course," said Miss Plumb, biting her lip.

"Well, I assure you, he *might*," said Richard, with emphasis.

Miss Plumb looked at him steadily, in silence.

"He may even be so absurd as to say that I ran away from a wife down east."

"That," said she, "I shall deny, in the first place; and, in the second place, if he proves it to be true, I shall show that you did it out of motives of pure benevolence; because you were not able to support her."

"I congratulate myself on having secured an advocate who is so ingenious; and I wish all men in the world could have such good luck. By-the-way," he said, after hesitating a little—for this was the question he had come so far to ask—"can you tell me what Colonel Seabray has ever done, that Chinny should have such an influence over him?"

"I cannot," she replied.

"I wanted to know," said Richard, "because I overheard a conversation between them last night. Chinny said, in retorting to some cutting remark of the Colonel's, that he, Chinny, wouldn't throw stones if he lived in a glass-house, and had all his property mortgaged, and a scar on his arm."

"What a rascal he is!" said Miss Plumb, grasping the lines tightly, and stopping the horse. "I congratulate you that this fellow has no mortgage on your property."

"Do you think he would annoy me, if he had?" asked Richard, with ill-concealed chagrin.

"I think he would destroy you," said she, "if he had the power."

"I expect," said Richard, jumping out into the grass, "that my breakfast must be ready. A pleasant journey, my dear counsellor."

"But you will come out and see us soon?" she said.

He nodded and smiled as she drove off.

It was all clear to her now. Colonel Seabray shot Meech, and Chinny knew it. This was the power he held over the Colonel. Mary knew nothing about it. But how to keep the knowledge of this secret from her, and foil Chinny, puzzled Miss Plumb until she reached the leafy precincts of Plumb's Wood.

#### CHAPTER V.

RICHARD walked back to New Bolton, that morning, in an unpleasant state of mind. There was one being in all the world that he had not been true to—one who looked to him, and depended on his strength for support. That being was Richard French himself.

He was weak enough to suppose that Miss Plumb might be in love with him—that she would take his jesting as a serious proposal. For this reason he had intimated that he was engaged to some one at the East. The more he thought of this the worse it seemed to him. He was afraid that Mary Seabray would hear of it, and think he had been guilty of double-dealing.

For this reason he called on her that evening, to make an explanation. But all his fears and doubts disappeared in the presence of her effulgent beauty.

It is a marvel how any man restrains himself from offering his hand to the first really beautiful woman who will have him. Therefore, it is no marvel that Richard was so in love with Mary. He was very happy in her presence, and in a wilderness of doubts and fears when alone. At such times trifles grew into mountains; while Mary spent most of her waking, and all of her sleeping-hours, in a vast Switzerland of these mountains—the haunting giant thereof being Chinny.

Meantime, Richard did not find much business, though people were kindly disposed. Old Bob was very friendly. He had "some idea of havin' his will drawn," he said; but he afterwards

concluded that it would not pay, because his property wasn't of much account, and he couldn't exactly make up his mind who to leave it to.

Men came to Richard who wanted some legal application to warm up a man's benevolence—or subdue his avarice—or excite filial affection—or thrill a torpid conscience. As they could not get what they wanted, Richard could not get what he wanted—money. The disappointed men generally left the office, with the cutting remark that they "thought common law was common sense."

But no one paid him for advice. So Richard found his pocket-book growing light.

Having plenty of leisure, he wrote to his friends, and, among others, Miss Plumb and Doctor Blodgett. This was unfortunate, because the Doctor was very jealous. He had heard too much of Richard already from Miss Plumb. They were talking about him when the tri-weekly U. S. Mail rode up to the door on a pony's back, and the carrier delivered the letters.

"He seems so devoted to Mary," said Miss Plumb, looking over at the Doctor.

"He's a fool! that's all about him," the Doctor replied.

"Please be careful; for I am retained as counsel in his defence."

"You?" said the Doctor, looking at her sharply.

"Yes."

"Well, I must say you have a poor client, and poor cause—totally indefensible. He has no business to be devoted to Mary Seabray—nor any one else," said he, directing the last words emphatically at his listener.

"Why, if you really think so, Doctor, I had better write Mary."

"You *had* better write her at once, on some good, honest fool's-cap paper, in a large round hand. It seems as if every girl became crazy the moment the boarding-school door is shut behind her, and especially mad on the subject of lawyers. They'll snap at one of these legal cubs quicker than a pike will snap

at a silver spoon. These young sprigs are just boobies enough to be flattered by it, too; and the next thing they know, there's a family to support, and the generous juices, that might have ripened them into fully-developed men, become dried up; they turn prematurely gray, sallow-faced, husky-voiced, and narrow-minded. They are picked too green. They spoil, like wind-fall apples, put into the cellar early, becoming wrinkled and worthless. A good lawyer, who is, also, a thoroughly-ripened, plump, mellow-hearted man, is hard to find."

"Shall I tell her what you say?" asked Miss Plumb.

"Tell her any thing you please," replied the Doctor. "I guess the truth won't hurt her much. Tell her to come out here and fish. That's the best thing she can do to take the boarding-school and Chicago nonsense out of her head."

"I will warn her of her danger," said Miss Plumb; and she wrote a long letter, containing the substance of what the Doctor had said, with a highly-colored account of the ride and conversation on the prairie. She closed by advising Mary, by all means, not to arouse Chinny's jealousy, and, if she could do so, to show him a little more attention. Miss Plumb thought that if Chinny got jealous, he might precipitate matters, and defeat all her plans.

Her letter affected Mary seriously. On reading it, the tears came, in spite of her efforts to suppress them; then she crumpled the letter in her hand; then straightened it out, and re-read it slowly, and declared, throwing it down, that there was no such thing as true friendship; furthermore, and generally, that there was no woman alive who would not rob her best friend of a lover, if she could: then she fairly cried; and in this condition the Colonel found her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She didn't know, exactly; "every thing, almost."

"Is it any thing about Chinny?"

"Not much."

"About French?"

"Yes; a great deal."

"I'll go down and wring his neck," said the Colonel. "He's nothing but a little fly-up-the-creek; and he don't care a fig for you—he's incapable of it—hasn't the taste to appreciate you;" and the Colonel would not listen to any explanation, but hurried down to the hotel, with his heart full of wrath.

"What seems to be the matter, Colonel?" asked Chinny, going up to him.

"I'm going to cashier Mr. French," said the Colonel.

"I don't understand what you're drivin' at," Chinny replied.

"Well, I do," said the Colonel, writing a note. "There, sir; now I want a boy to carry this up."

"Tain't a challenge, is it?" asked Chinny.

"Read it," replied the Colonel, handing it to him.

Chinny read:

"MR. RICHARD FRENCH: Your presence at my house, hereafter, will be very disagreeable to my daughter Mary, and particularly so to

"Your obedient servant,  
"A. SEABRAY."

"Look a-here, Colonel!" said Chinny, "wait a little while; for I've had a gad toughenin' in the ashes, a week or two, for this French. Jest let me send it up ahead o' your letter;" and he hurried out of the office.

Richard was wearing away the afternoon, pacing his office, when he saw a man approaching, whom he recognized as Duke, a coarse fellow, who hung about New Bolton, and furnished affidavits, for such as wanted them, in perfecting titles to their lands. He was a heavy, sullen-looking man, with coarse, black hair on the backs of his big hands, and his normal condition was a soggy state of quarrelsome drunkenness. He was an old settler, and claimed special privileges on that account, as old settlers sometimes do, it is said.

"I understand you don't like my style," said Duke, as he came staggering through the door-way, and dropped himself heavily into a chair.

"I must give you the credit of having a good understanding on that point," said Richard; "for I do not like your style."

"That's a pity, and I'm sorry about it; for you must be a judge of style," he replied, lurching heavily in his chair. "Ain't I an old settler? Didn't I make the affidavits that this town is laid out on, and never got any pay for it, either? I've sworn to more land than you ever see, my frien'. My affidavits would shingle Tophet more'n a mile, if ever you could find a hole in 'em to put your shingle-nails through—which you couldn't. They are tight enough to hold water, my frien'—they are. Never any lawyer could get the pint of his dymon'-pinted pen through 'em, either. I guess *that's* pretty tight, ain't it? I do a land-office business, when I set down to it."

"Well, I hope you will never sit down to it in my office," said Richard.

"Your'n! Now, that *is* good," said Duke. "It's my office," he continued, spitting on the floor, by way of taking possession, and standing up to shake his fist. "I've bought this land, my frien'; and I give you notice to quit, which I can put in writing, if you want."

"I'd like to see your deed," said Richard.

"Here you are," he replied, pulling them out, with a plug of tobacco. "Kingman to Chinny—Chinny to Duke; value received—two witnesses—duly acknowledged, and all right for that. In the next place, before you leave, I'd like to have you pay me this little mortgage on your books. It's mine, this mortgage is. I bought it off of my frien' Chinny; and if you can't pay, why, I'll have to take the books. It'll save you the trouble of movin' 'em, if I do; so *you* save something, don't you? Now, what do you think of my style, my frien'?" and he went down, heavily, into his chair again.

"I can think of nothing that would improve you or your style," said Richard, "except a halter, unless your friend Chinny had his neck in the same noose.

That would be the right man in the right place. You will oblige me by vacating that chair. I believe these are unencumbered personal property;" and, taking a chair in each hand, Richard walked out of the office, and smashed them to pieces on a tree, leaving Duke stupidly staring out of the window.

About half-way to the hotel he met a boy with the Colonel's note.

Richard looked surprised, and turned very pale when he read it; then hurried on to the hotel.

"Let me have an Indian pony, landlord," said he; "and I want to know what you'll charge for horse, saddle, and bridle, if I never return them."

"If you pay in cats and dogs and corner-lots, I charge two hundred and fifty dollars, and don't want to sell," he replied; "but if it's cash down, I'll throw off two hundred, seein' it's you."

"Bring him out."

"You ain't goin' off fur to-night, I hope?"

"Yes."

"But it'll rain."

"It looks like it," replied Richard.

"But I tell you it'll blow, and thunder, and lighten like everlastin' blazes, out on the prairie to-night."

"I shan't hinder it."

"But it may hender you," said the landlord. "You see, there ain't nothin' for lightnin' to strike out on these cussed bare prairies; and it'll jest be high fun for it to find you out there on a horse. The streaks of lightnin' 'll go for you from twenty miles 'round. I was out, one time, before I knew much about prairie-storms; and I thought they was orderin' things along pretty fast; so I stopped, and I hadn't more'n just slipped off my horse, when a big streak come along, and knocked him more'n forty rod. I tell you, it smelt brimstunny 'round there fur a minit or two! and when I come to look in the grass for my nag, there wasn't enough of him left to bait a fox-trap."

By this time he had buckled on the saddle; and Richard rode up to the house, where he stuffed the pockets with such clothing as he could get into them.

Five minutes after he was out on the prairie, leaning against a strong wind.

A black wall stretched across the western horizon, while overhead, along the edges of the clouds, were long, grayish wind-rows, writhing and changing, as the storm rolled swiftly along. The pony was wiser than his master. He sniffed the moist air, looking with wild eyes at the ominous sky, and would have wheeled about, had not Richard resolutely urged him on. The thunder increased, and the wind rose to a gale.

"Now, let us be friends to-night," said Richard, patting the pony's neck. The little horse lowered his head, as if he understood what was wanted of him; and, striking into a strong, steady, all-night gait, moved out to the storm like a soldier to battle. It was a solid wall of water now, or seemed so in the gloom. Sometimes the thunder appeared to crack the black walls from heaven to earth, and the blinding white-heat of the fire beyond shone through the zigzag fissures. Then sheets of flame blazed overhead, and the great waste, with its frothy pools, and tangled swaths of dripping grass, leaped up with dazzling distinctness, and sank into the abyss again.

"Where does all this water come from?" said Richard, dropping the reins on the pony's neck. "It must be Globe City, travelling down overland, to find its founders," he continued. Then he broke into shouts of laughter, thinking of the Doctor's encounter with Chinny. He was silent again for miles, till, from the regular tramp, tramp, of his pony, he knew that he must be on a beaten trail.

"Into each life some rain must fall," said the bareheaded horseman, grimly, as he rode, at last, out of the rosy east toward Plumb's Wood. He pulled up his pony, to watch a fawn that came shyly out and looked at him with great, wondering eyes. Prairie-chickens whirled over his head, leaving their cover, now that the storm had passed, and was muttering low down and far away in the eastern horizon.

Were the first days in Eden sweeter,

with incense from wild flowers, with sunshine, and dripping leaves, and birds' songs, than this morning in Plumb's Wood? Surely, here, too, was a daughter born of Chaos and old Night.

A silvery haze lay like a fairy island on the lake; and above the misty pillar that hung over the waterfall, some small white gulls, with long, tapering wings, were whirling and diving in the first rays of the morning-sun.

The cottage-door was open, and the boat gone; but out of the silvery haze floated a song, that lingered in the coves and around the wooded points, as it has lingered and echoed in Richard's memory so many times since:

"Or music pours on mortals  
Its beautiful disdain,"

said he slowly, as his eyes filled with tears. Then came the sound of oars, keeping time, and the singer sang on till her boat grazed the shore.

"Did you drop from the clouds?" she asked, with a pitying, perplexed look at his forlorn appearance.

"Out of the clouds into the sunshine," he replied.

"You were overtaken by the storm, and lost your way?"

"Swallowed by it and thrown out, like Jonah," he replied. "Where is the Doctor?"

"Hunting with father; but he will return to-day. You need breakfast and rest."

"How good and womanly she looks," said Richard, as his eyes followed her into the house. Her sympathy had touched his heart. At any other time he would have believed that to love this young Eve, and live with her there in the sylvan paradise, was the right thing to do.

The very birds seemed to believe it, and peered down from the leafy brackets and knotty cornices of Plumb's great front-room, and chirped approval. The sandpiper nodded "yes," as it ran along the margin of the lake.

Richard tried in vain to eat the delicate broiled fish—so fresh and flaky—and was glad to get into the little chamber overlooking the lake, and find his

silent friend, the bed, stretching out its soft white arms for him.

When he went down-stairs, at noon, Miss Plumb sat under the trees, with an open book before her.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"Bryant's Poems," she replied.

"A book to be bound in bark," said Richard, "fragrant bark, too, and tied up with wild grasses. It is of the woods, woody. I never knew," he continued, "the real worth of Bryant until I took him to the haunts of Nature with me. His beauties, like the virtues of a wife, shine in the shady places of life."

Richard talked thus to keep off the one unpleasant subject that oppressed his thoughts. But Miss Plumb was not to be trifled with.

"I'm surprised," said she, abruptly, "that you brought me no letters from New Bolton."

Richard was leaning on his hand, so as to conceal his face, and he said nothing in reply.

"You called on Mary, I suppose, before you left?"

Richard shook his head.

"Matters seem to have reached a climax," said Miss Plumb. "I want to be frank with you," she added, after some hesitation; "for I think I could tell you something you would like to hear."

Richard instantly turned his face, and looked at her inquiringly.

"But I ought to know," said Miss Plumb, "just what your relations are with the New Bolton people, and why you came here this morning."

"I believe," he replied, "that such an explanation is due; but you cannot imagine how hard it is for me to make it. Let me begin at the beginning—" then Richard suddenly colored deeply, and rose to his feet.

Doctor Blodgett and Plumb had just returned from hunting, and stood close to them. The Doctor's looks were decidedly menacing, and his jealousy was increased by Richard's confusion. He shook hands coldly, and treated Richard so much like an intruder, that he strolled off to the waterfall, and stretch-

ed himself on a grassy mound in the shade of an oak.

#### CHAPTER VI.

NEW BOLTON waked up, the morning after Richard's departure, conscious that it had lost a lawyer, but congratulating itself on having gained a land-office:

*Land-Office of Chinny & Co.*

Co. unknown, but senior member of the firm present, with his feet on the window-sill. Some disrespectful village-boy thought he sat in that way to let his brains settle, his head being considerably lower than his heels. The fact is, however, he was spreading himself out as much as possible, that he might enjoy, to his utmost capacity, his recent acquisition. Without this, the triumph over Richard would have been incomplete.

But Mr. Chinny did not waste himself in idleness; he was preparing his mind for another victory of still greater importance. He had cunningly chosen the time for his last attack, when the garrison was weakened by desertion.

From the left breast-pocket of his black broadcloth coat, Mr. Chinny pulled a pair of kid-gloves. He undoubtedly looked on these as evidences of his wealth and standing, and commenced putting them on. But they hung back, and could not have been more obstinate if they had been made up of mule-skin. Finally, after these were subdued, except the ugly wrinkles, that would rise up on the back, and could not be made to lie down, but became inflamed, and seemed to swell the more he rubbed them, he attacked his collar. This was a vicious case. There seemed to be some latent, aggravating force, located in his left ear, that attracted the front of his collar, in spite of all his efforts, until he took out the pins; and then the attraction was suddenly transferred to his right ear. Having overcome this last difficulty, by several spiteful jerks, and taken a few cloves in his mouth, for sweetness, he walked to Colonel Seabray's house, and

was shown into the parlor, where he found Mary alone.

"Is there any news this morning, Mr. Chinny?"

"No; nothin' particular. Every thing is going right, I believe. Nobody dead, and nobody run away, since I seen you last night."

There was a very deep flush on Mary's face, and an awkward pause here.

"There are a great many people coming into this country now, I am told," said she.

"Yes, business is brisk. We are fillin' up fast; and we're mighty bad off on account of not havin' railroads. Makes it bad for me, livin' as I do; for men leave their families here to go a prospectin', and the families must eat and sleep somewhere. So, of course, the hotel is crowded to death, and board is gettin' higher, too. It ain't the way to live," said he, looking about the room.

"Rather unpleasant, I should think," said Mary.

"Unpleasant, uncomfortable, and unprofitable," said he, secretly congratulating himself on having got together these long words, that sounded well to him; "and I ain't goin' to live so, much longer," he added.

There was another long pause, during which he took an exact inventory of the furniture, and gave his collar an admonitory jerk.

"I've talked to the Colonel about it before." Mary did not speak or look at him. "I s'pose the Colonel has told you what I proposed to do?" Chinny added.

Mary looked at him inquiringly.

"What my offer was to you," said he, changing his position in the chair, and dodging his eyes about to avoid hers.

"I could tell," said she, "if I knew the exact terms of the proposal, whether I have ever heard it before or not."

"A proposal of marriage from me to you," said he.

"He has never made any such proposal in your behalf," she replied, turning pale.

"But you must have known of it," said Chinny.

"I may have suspected it, because father, for some reason, considers your friendship very important—of enough importance to have you become a member of his family, should it be found possible and necessary."

"Is it possible for me to become a member of his family?" asked Chinny, turning as pale as a white-livered man could on so short a notice.

"Many things are possible that are not probable," she replied.

"Now, that means nothin' at all, if I understand it," said Chinny. "I reckon we are well enough acquainted to talk pretty plain about these things. I've got no secrets myself."

"Will you please tell me, then," said Mary, "what your relations are to father, and why you have such an influence over him?" She held her breath, and looked at Chinny eagerly.

"I mean, I hain't got any secrets o' my own," he replied, hesitating.

"You mean, you can *not* talk plainly," said Mary.

"It would be dishonorable to do it, unless your father let me. Why don't you ask him about it?"

"He will not tell me," she replied. "But I cannot see what there is to fear; for you refuse to reveal this secret, even to me, without his permission."

"But he's afraid I'll tell it," said Chinny.

"Then he must think you are not a man of honor," replied Mary.

"The Colonel knows well enough that I'll do as I agree to," said Chinny, "and that I won't do a thing when I say I won't."

"But must you agree not to do a dishonorable thing, before you can be relieved on not to do it?" asked Mary, in a tone that would have stung a gentleman.

"You talk like a lawyer," said he, trying to be facetious, and retreat under cover of a smile.

"I have thought like a lawyer on this subject," she replied; "and you have not."

"The long and short of it is," replied Chinny, turning at bay, "if any one is my friend, I'm his friend; and if he's

my enemy, I'm his enemy. Now, we are to be friends or enemies: which is it?"

"That depends on circumstances," she replied, rising, and going toward the door. There was a sinister expression on his face as she turned, and said, in a conciliatory tone, "What will come, will come; you must wait. When the pear is ripe it will fall to the ground, and all the forces of nature cannot hold it up."

"It is ripe enough, I reckon," said Chinny, doggedly. "The question is, who's goin' to be the lucky man to eat it?"

Her eyes flashed at this; and Chinny involuntarily shrank into his chair, as she walked toward him. But she checked the bitter words that were on her tongue, and said,

"When the pear falls we shall see."

"I reckon it's better for it to fall than to hold on till it pulls the tree over," he replied.

"I have respected you," said Mary, with dignity, "as father's friend; but I cannot respect a man who threatens me. If you intend to threaten me now, consider our friendship at an end."

"I don't make threats intentionally," said he. "I have been friendly to the Colonel, and always want to be. I've let him have money, too, whenever he wanted it, and took him into things to help him."

"I know you have a mortgage on this house," replied Mary; "but that is a business transaction, and should have no place in this conversation; therefore we will not trouble ourselves with such things. Let us be friends; for I can see no good reason for our being enemies. We must be patient, and leave these hard problems to the solution of time. Now, let us part while we agree so well," said she, presenting her hand to him frankly. "Good-day!"

Chinny went down the path grinding his teeth with rage. After all his preparation, and determination to get a positive answer that day, he had been cleverly foiled. Not only that, but Mary was farther off than before, being

protected now by a treaty of peace, which Chinny could not safely break at present.

His visit had confirmed Mary's resolution to return at once to Chicago. She told her father of her determination that night, and made preparations for the journey. He mildly remonstrated; but when he returned home the next evening, she was gone.

Great was Chinny's wrath when he learned that Mary had left New Bolton, and dire the vengeance he threatened. He immediately commenced the foreclosure of his mortgage on the Colonel's house. As, under the laws there, it takes from eighteen months to eighteen years to get a sheriff's deed, there will be some leisure left us to visit Plumb's Lake.

#### CHAPTER VII.

NEVER before, in that country, had so many wrinkles been smoothed out of clothing, nor so few hairs combed so many times, on one head, in one day, as that day at Plumb's; and the clothes, wrinkles, and hair belonged to the Doctor. Knowing him to be a physician and surgeon, one would have supposed, on seeing him come out of the cottage that afternoon, that, if he were not going to a wedding, he must certainly be on his way to amputate somebody's leg at least. His face was sombre, and his eyes severe, as he approached Miss Plumb.

"I have long entertained for you feelings of the highest esteem," said he, with business-like precision.

Here he came to a dead halt, for Miss Plumb had dropped her book, and was looking up to him with a beaming face. As he hesitated, the expression of his countenance softened, and he said, frankly,

"I offer you my hand."

"Which I accept," she replied, rising, and extending both of hers to him.

The Doctor grasped them, and looked into her eyes, hardly knowing what to say at this unexpected answer.

When he sat down, great drops of

perspiration stood on his forehead; and he found it necessary to turn down his collar, and wipe his head, up and down and crosswise, with his handkerchief, until his hair looked as if it had not been combed since he went to Sunday-school.

But every rub removed a wrinkle from his face, and a doubt from his mind, as Miss Plumb talked, and he found he had been unnecessarily jealous and hasty in proposing to her. She told him that French and Mary were in love; that the Colonel was opposed to Richard, because he was in the power of Chinny, who wanted to marry Mary.

"I am satisfied," said Miss Plumb, "that the Colonel used to go down the river to gamble, and that he is the man who shot young Meech at the gaming-table, on a Mississippi River boat, some years ago. I believe Chinny knows this, and threatens to expose him. I have tried, in various ways, to keep him from bringing this ruin on the Colonel. I wrote Mary not to be too friendly with Mr. French, and to give Chinny some slight encouragement; for I hoped, in that way, to keep him still, until we could gain time, and find means to silence him."

"This is most extraordinary!" said the Doctor; "because it is not true that Colonel Seabray shot Meech."

Miss Plumb stared now, and thought of Chinny's inquiring of her whether she had ever heard that the man who shot Meech was a doctor.

"Why, then, should the Colonel be afraid of Chinny?" she asked.

"That is the reason I am surprised," said the Doctor; "for, of course, the Colonel must know that he is not guilty. A man named Tyson, or Bryson, shot young Meech. He died, not long since, and I read his confession in a paper. Bryson said that he alone was guilty, and that he made the confession, because another man had been accused of the crime. I did not know until now that the Colonel had ever been suspected or arrested. I believe Meech was the son of a planter. He had a large amount of money with him, which he

gambed away, and then became desperate and insulting. It was about four o'clock in the morning, after they had all been drinking, that the shot was fired; and there was such a general wrangle going on about the table, that no one present could have had a very clear recollection of what occurred. The secret of Chinny's influence is this: the Colonel seeks political preferment, and thinks he would become very unpopular were the people to hear that he had been a gambler on a river-boat; and though he did not shoot Meech, the accusation would ruin his political prospects."

"What shall I do?" asked Miss Plumb.

"You had better write Miss Seabray, inviting her to visit you; then do what may seem best," he replied; "and I will deal with Chinny when it becomes necessary."

When the carrier arrived, Miss Plumb had a letter ready; but she received one from Mary, filled with reproaches. It was clear now, that her last letter to Mary had been misunderstood, and led to the difficulty ending in Richard's flight. Miss Plumb thought she had better not send the letter, but drive over to New Bolton, and make explanations to Mary, while the Doctor sought Richard for the same purpose.

He found that young man under an oak, reading Blithedale, which was a hopeful indication.

"I beg pardon," said the Doctor, "for my rudeness to-day. I did not fully understand matters then; but I do now, and it's all right. It was my duty, as a physician and friend, to inquire into your malady, and administer proper remedies. What is your present condition? What made you leave New Bolton?"

Richard briefly told the Doctor what had occurred, concealing nothing.

"So you see, that, after the Colonel had shut the door in my face, and Mary had discarded me, I could do nothing but get a pony, and start for tall timber—could I?" asked Richard.

"Of course, when a man concludes

not to fight, there is no way left but to run," said the Doctor; "and, so far as it may result in breaking off an attachment you have formed for Mary Seabray, it will be a good thing. This early love-making is to be classed with poetizing and other juvenile indiscretions. It is a hopeful indication, if not indulged in to excess; and as near as I can learn, you have had enough of it. Success in business is the foundation on which you must build; all else is sand. I advise you to go back to New Bolton as if nothing had happened, and open an office in the old place, if possible; at any rate, open an office. I will give you a letter to my deputy, who will furnish you money to buy books and pay all necessary expenses, until you can stand alone. I have a project, which, if carried out, will help you. There is to be a railroad from New Bolton to the Mississippi; and we must control the route and locate the stations. I am now a director, and want you appointed attorney, when the time comes; and it seems to be coming fast."

"This, now, my dear Doctor, is what I came West for," said Richard, throwing down the book; "and I am your man for the new enterprise. Tell me which way I shall first go."

"Well, you may get on your pony, and ride over to Wright's. He lives about five miles out of the way; and I suspect he is opposed to me. I want to know whether he is or not; and you can find out. Take a gun with you, for it is good chicken-shooting there. When you have found out all you want to, ride to New Bolton, and write me."

Richard found that Wright wanted the railroad to run past his house. To any one who would locate it there, he was friendly; and those who opposed his plans, he looked upon as natural enemies. That was all Richard could learn, except that Wright had a large family of girls, who advocated their father's views with uncommon zeal.

Richard rode into town the third day after leaving Plumb's, much to New Bolton's surprise. It was not exactly what N. B. had predicted, and had a

right to expect. N. B. thought that he went away to marry the daughter of an Indian-chief, who lived in the merry green woods by the great lake up north, and had offered a large fortune for a white son-in-law. Coming back to practice now, New Bolton considered very flat business on Richard's part.

Chinny was out of town. Some said he had gone to Chicago, where he was going to marry Mary Seabray; others thought he was off trading horses; but Old Bob declared that he had got disgusted, and gone to Turkey Bend to live. Duke was in charge of the land-office, with instructions to sell the books to the first buyer; and the Doctor's deputy got them for less than the face of the mortgage.

When New Bolton found Richard in a new office, with his old books on the shelves, and his old sign by the door, it stared a little, of course; but when it was found that he was an enthusiastic advocate of the pet railroad project, he immediately became popular.

What tended to increase admiration for him, was Chinny's course, in devoting himself to his own interests, and opposing the interests of the public. He wanted the railway-line surveyed, so as to terminate on his farm, lying about a mile from town; and insisted upon other changes, which would make the line inconvenient to New Bolton people. This made him unpopular there; and the New Bolton directors refused, not only to change the route to suit him, but insisted on leaving out Turkey Bend entirely. Whereupon there was a meeting called, and a struggle between Chinny's friends from the country, and Doctor Blodgett's friends, which resulted in the Doctor's election to the office of president. He was given power to appoint an attorney; and gave the place to Richard.

This completed the organization of the company; and a preliminary survey was ordered from New Bolton, by way of Plumb's Lake and Globe City, to the Mississippi.

Richard accompanied the party, with a note-book, field-glass, and gun. The

second day out, he rode ahead of the men into Plumb's Wood.

There was no one in the cottage; but he soon discovered the boat drawn up the shore of a little cove, and near it a group of idlers, sitting under the trees. The particular object that made Richard start was a red shawl.

"Just as sure as the world," said he, putting up his glass, "that is Mary Seabray, and I must face the music; for they are getting into the boat. Either she did not go to Chicago," he continued, "or she must have come back here in a balloon, without stopping at New Bolton. I wonder if my friend, the Doctor, has not been giving me all his fatherly advice, lately, for his own particular benefit. I see now why he likes Plumb's Lake."

The boat soon landed, and the red shawl blazed and danced before Richard's eyes so, that he could not keep them from getting moist, as Mary Seabray walked directly up to him—and never before so fascinating.

"Dang it," said Plumb, wiping his eyes, as he looked at the happy lovers, "I believe I'd like to whip Chinny."

Mary's presence at Plumb's Lake was briefly explained. Miss Plumb had driven over to New Bolton for her, arriving there after dark; and they rode back the same evening to a friend's house. Mary told no one where she was going, as she thought it best to let people think that she had gone to Chicago; and they did not arrive at Plumb's until Richard had started for Wright's.

At the Doctor's suggestion, nothing had been said or written to any one in New Bolton about Mary's presence, and Richard was as much surprised as he was delighted to find her there. They walked, and talked, and gathered wild-flowers together, and told the old story—always fresh and new to young hearts.

The Doctor, in the plenitude of his power, gave Richard a furlough for two weeks, during which time he and Mary built more air-castles than would cover the prairie from Plumb's to New Bolton.

On the day when his leave of absence expired, Richard found himself in that worldliest of all worldly bodies—a nominating convention—Colonel Seabray against Chinny, for the legislature, and the Colonel triumphant.

Chinny came out of the convention raving. The time had now arrived for him to strike; and he publicly denounced the Colonel as a gambler and murderer.

Many of the delegates were old settlers, of whom Chinny had "taken toll," in former years, for which they owed him a grudge; and before he could repeat the accusations, five or six great fellows gathered about, and, putting Chinny astride an oak-rail, they rode him to the beach, and gave him a "ducking" in the lake.

There was much loud talk and a great deal of fist-shaking between Duke and Old Bob, leaving the old man in possession of the field, however, because he could quote the Scripture, and Duke couldn't.

As Chinny threatened to "take the law" of his assailant, Colonel Seabray set a back-fire on him, by engaging Richard to commence an action against Chinny for slander. This resulted in a heavy judgment for damages, which stripped him of his New Bolton property.

The Colonel was triumphantly elected that fall; and on the succeeding New Year's Day there was a wedding at his house, then a ride across the prairie, and another wedding at Plumb's, celebrated with as great a variety of genuine fun as could be crowded into the cottage. In fact, Plumb's laugh was so uproarious, that it had to be turned out of doors occasionally for want of room.

From this time on, the shining angel of Happiness sat in Richard's house; and never came the track of wolf to his door.

Early in the spring following his marriage, he was visited by Plumb, who gave him a quit-claim deed of the tract at the outlet of the lake. He was so mysterious about it, that Richard tried to find out why he gave him the deed;

but he never learned. It remained one of those secret things for his mind to bother itself with, at listless intervals, like an unbroken marrow-bone in a bear's cage, which is gnawed and pawed when there is nothing else to gnaw.

Richard deeded it to Mary and Mrs. Blodgett, who laid out a town on it, while the Doctor and Richard ordered a new survey made of Globe City, by an engineer with geological tendencies.

He reported: "Two feet of water, three inches of pollywogs, four inches of clear mud-turtle, then grass-roots, and bottomless mud."

This mud was found to be peat of the finest quality, which could be made into fuel for locomotives. The only difficulty seemed to be, that it took ten pounds of coal to heat up and ignite one pound of peat. The engineer reported that some of the water could be pressed out of the peat by a machine; but as it would cost about a dollar a pound to do it, that scheme was abandoned, and attention turned to Plumb's Lake, where population began to increase.

Emigrant-wagons were arriving and emptying out great quantities of inefficient dogs, mixed up with greater quantities of white-headed children, from many states and kingdoms—the whitest head of all being Old Bob's.

After he and other founders had settled there, the great father of all modern founders himself came in, with a servant along, to ring his bell, while he startled, with his whistle, a silence which had brooded there since creation.

The laying of the rails galvanized Globe City into existence again. It began its new life with a water-tank, and a wind-mill to do the pumping, located on the hill where Chinny and the Doctor had their encounter.

The wind-mill took a personal interest in the place, and worked so diligently, night and day, that a platform was soon added to the city, and then a depot.

The next thing was a "saloon," con-

taining four hard-boiled eggs, covered with fly-specks; some candy; crackers; sour beer; apple-pies, ornamented like the eggs; a bottle of pepper-sauce, as strong as John Brown's soul; and the grim relic of a late engineer of a wheelbarrow, smoking a black pipe,

In widowly meditation, fancy free.

A grist-mill was the next accession. This was run by steam, which so confounded and overwhelmed the wind-mill, that it committed suicide, one stormy night, and was discovered, next morning, hanging lifeless, and head downward, from the top of the tank.

Dwelling-houses soon began to gather about the mill; and at last there was a public square and a court-house. Globe City is now a county-seat, and flourishing; an honor to its founders, although, according to the original map hanging in the register's office, the limits of the old city contain no structure but the water-tank aforesaid.

Old Bob wrestled with some pretty tough sinners, and threw them; but he took one gird that was too much for him. He married a woman who proved, on close acquaintance, to be an Episcopalian; and ever after that he led a melancholy life, until he took a gird at Death, and was thrown in his tracks. Poor old boy! He had a large funeral—that's one consolation.

Chinny lives at Turkey Bend—poor, unmarried, and unhappy. He receives a season-pass, every year, over the railway, signed by Blodgett, president, and countersigned by French, attorney. The pass is charged to the coal-account; because, as the Doctor says, it is a kindness which heaps coals of fire on the head of an enemy, and proves, also, that this corporation has a soul—lawyers, legislators, and stockjobbers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Colonel Seabray sleeps in the beautiful cemetery on Plumb's Lake, under a very large monument, with a brief epitaph, commemorating his virtues; wherein it is not written that he was one of *The Founders of Globe City*.

## A STUDY OF STILL-LIFE—PARIS.

THE traveller who, after painful climbing, has reached the summit of a hill, often forgets to enjoy the wide prospect whose anticipation had allured him thither. After one hasty glance over the far-reaching plains, and the valleys undulating to the distant horizon, he throws himself upon the ground, upon just such grass and mosses as might be found in the orchard by his father's door, and is presently absorbed in contemplation of ants hurrying back and forth to populous hillocks, of beetles rolling huge balls of clay, of ladybugs swinging on long timothy-blades, and of bees humming in the fragrant clover,—of all the infinitesimal, murmuring, multitudinous life, which, to the attentive eye and ear, dilates to roaring dimensions.

So the traveller to a great city, though he have resolved to study the whole with as much desperate energy as he once may have expended in mastering "Rollin's History," often ends by drifting into some side-eddy, drifting and lodging there, and taking all his observations from an area of life about as big as a nutshell. Happy if he learn to comprehend *that*; for however small the surface, the depth is infinite, and reaches to the very roots that sustain the whole big city itself.

In Paris is no lack of side-eddies to bear away the wandering observer. There is English Paris of the Rue Rivoli and St. Honoré, where English dowagers, in impossible bonnets, jostle the dainty Parisian dames, and meek, many-daughtered English families, meander on daily constitutions. There is American Paris of the Grand Hotel, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Boulevard Malesherbes, where dashing American belles prepare for foreign conquests, and light-bearded Westerners vote the Emperor an infernal humbug (and *pour cause*). There is Parisian Paris of the Boulevard

des Italiens, where dandies and *petits crevés* lounge before cafés from morning till night, getting shot, occasionally, at Torton's, when a *coup d'état* comes that way. And the Faubourg St. Germain, with its slim relics of a vanishing aristocracy, and its intrusion of a new, whose rank is guaranteed by no surer warrant than bits of red ribbon, indicating the Legion of Honor, and the favors of the Bonaparte dynasty. And the Faubourg St. Antoine, with its dreadful capacity for forty-eight hours' fighting on a stretch, as at the time when the bell of St. Germain Auxerrois tolled the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; or, later, when the last Bourbon was invited to retire from the palace of his ancestors. And there is the Quarter of the Batignolles, where fiery-tongued artisans congregate for the spread of terrible Socialistic ideas, and whence issue subscriptions for statues to Voltaire and other Iconoclasts. And the Place du Trône, also thronged by Baron Haussmann's laborers, but of a quieter species, and innocent of Socialism or Voltaire—who work patiently three hundred and sixty-three days in the year, and are satisfied with the compensation of Merry-Andrew shows on Easter Sunday and a special supply of fireworks at the Emperor's fête. But above all, older than all, dearer than all, more characteristic than all, there is the Latin Quarter, with the Pantheon and the Sorbonne, with the Odeon and the Luxembourg, with the École de Droit and the École de Médecine, with its charmingly narrow, tortuous streets and its one rakish-looking boulevard, with its students and grisettes, its cheap restaurants and second-hand bookstalls, its libraries and its reading-rooms, its flavor of youth and remoteness and independence, and all its gay, studious, *insouciant* existence. In the heart of the Latin Quarter, half-way between the

Louvre and the Luxembourg, between the Institute and the École de Médecine, lies a little street, that, in itself, is an epitome of the entire region. It is the Passage du Commerce, that runs from the Rue de l'École to the Rue St. André des Arts, parallel to the Ancienne Comédie, like a Mississippi cut-off, and invested with much the same charm as renders those satellites of the big river so delicious; and the main institution of the Passage is a famous Salon de Lecture, the Ancienne Maison Blossé, well known to several generations of students. Here they cram hopefully for the examinations; hither they retreat dolefully when they have been plucked, to prepare afresh for the ordeal. Here they dream day-dreams, in which visions of past balls and future *internats*, of coveted microscopes, and actual pawn-brokers' tickets, visions of fame and love and life, mingle in pleasant confusion, and dance airily over the ink-stained tables, before eyes that are supposed to be absorbed upon expositions of the *Droit des Gens*, or the knottiest problems of pneumonia.

Two long, low rooms, and a smaller intermediate for newspapers—all lined with old books, blackened by time and much service. Here are numerous shelves, occupied by Sirey's Jurisprudence—a perfectly exhaustive work, to judge by its mass, and calculated to make all lesser treatises blush at their own insignificance. Above, the Code Napoléon perpetuates the glory of its all-meddling creator, while opposite, in serene indifference to parvenue legislation, the Pandects of Justinian hold their own across a dozen centuries. Bound volumes of the *Journal des Tribunaux* fraternize in professional courtesy with the Archives de Médecine. Bouillaud's treatises continue to proclaim the lancet as the only salvation of man, with all the heroic truculence distinguishing the aged professor at La Charité. There are books that have created awful fame for their authors, the writings of Dessault and Dupuytren, of Louis and Broussais and Magendie, and the immortal *Anatomie* of Bichat. At

appropriate intervals a small current of modern volumes filters into the library, monographs written by newly-elected professors, upon whose theories, whoso would not be plucked, must absolutely take care to post himself. There are newspapers also, for the occasional relaxation of studious brains. But, after all, novelty is never very prominent, and never succeeds in overpowering the general air of well-seasoned age proper to the establishment.

A library that is not old, is not worth a Confederate bond. In the Rue Richelieu has just been built a gorgeous extension of the Bibliothèque Impériale, all spick and span new, with lofty skylights, and numbered desks, and much pink and blue and gilding, and the ubiquitous "*In regnum Napoleonis III. constructu*," etc., posted in conspicuous letters. The place is as handsome and intolerable as a new beaver, as unvitalized as a transplanted clothes-pole, as devoid of sanctity as a newly-created religion. It will not be fit to go into for about a century. But this dear, dark old Maison Blossé, with its open fireplaces for tickling the cold in winter, and its unshaded windows through which the sun streams unmercifully in summer, its assortment of all the books you have ever read, and absence of all those you ever want to read, its odd, big-nosed *garçon*, fifteen hundred times as accommodating and efficient as the liveried officials in the other place,—why, for comfort and cosiness, and ease and dreamy delight, the Bibliothèque Impériale cannot hold a candle to the Maison Blossé, Passage du Commerce.

The *habitués* of the Maison are as much at home there as if in their own libraries,—supposing that those prospective institutions were already in existence. They are at liberty to ransack all the shelves; to leave their note-books in all the cupboards; to smoke up-stairs in a room reserved for the purpose; to talk, though in subdued voices; to fall asleep on the baize-tables; to pull off their coats and sit in their shirt-sleeves; to go and come when they choose; to make appointments and receive letters; to

carry on, in short, the principal business of their lives at this favorite headquarters. They live here from eight in the morning till eleven at night, with occasional intermissions. But there is a marked difference in the students who come on week-days, and those reserved for Sundays only. From Monday to Saturday the salon is thronged by the well-to-do youth, possessed of reliable governors at home in the provinces, who send up yearly allowances of three thousand francs, and ask no questions, so long as the *Interne Concours* and the examinations are safely pulled through. On Sundays these happy fellows hie them to the Bois de Boulogne or other less wholesome places of amusement. Their seats are occupied by their poorer comrades, who have more at stake in their work, and therefore work harder; and by certain others who only come on Sundays. These last probably work all the week at some distasteful employment; they are school-ushers, book-keepers, who have sought a humble situation in which to keep body and soul together, while engaged in scraping up some divine morsels of knowledge; and have found that the daily drudgery absorbs so much time as to defeat the purpose for which it was undertaken.

Hard it is when life leaves no margin beyond the dull task of getting a living!—hard for these thirsty souls, continually in the presence of books, which are as food and drink to them, and from which remorseless labor and poverty shut them out! One day they have, one glimpse of Paradise, from week to week. They come to the reading-room at eight in the morning; they seize their books with famished eagerness, and never relax their grasp till the salon closes at night. One of these Sunday students I have especially noticed, he is so absorbed, so forlorn. Tall, pale, and gaunt, with hollow chest, hollow cheeks, and unwholesome earthy complexion; hair worn away prematurely by the ceaseless plodding of an unsatisfied brain; reddened eyes, betraying many hours uselessly stolen from sleep,

after the long day's worry of the *pension* was over, now so faded and weak that they can scarcely sustain the work of the one priceless day; a face to which childhood and youth seem always to have been unfamiliar, and which will never ripen into the serenity of age; for he will die, the poor seeker, at the very moment that his feet seem to touch the rainbow of promise. The will-o'-the-wisp that now cheers and lures on his desperate hope is the flickering flame of his own life, about to be extinguished. It seems to advance towards heaven, because it is escaping from earth; it leads the way boldly towards a delicious mirage, formed by exhalations rising from an open grave.

Another among these weekly visitors is a limp, elderly, unshaven man, with cheeks flabby and hairy like an over-ripe gooseberry, with helpless mouth and chin supported by a chaotic cravat, and coat and beaver in the last spasms of shabby gentility. This old gentleman has outlived all feverish anxiety, for he has long ago given up the attempt to succeed in any thing. Hence, he is no longer tormented by the dreadful sense of hurry that pursues his younger companions. He calculates his leisure, not from the time that lies before him, but from that which is behind, and feels that he has more than enough to accomplish the little nucleus of real business that slips about loosely in the folds of his skinny existence, like a shrivelled kernel in a shell. So he sits and writes with a calm, disengaged air, holding himself bolt upright and a good way from the paper. And this gradually covers itself with characters like copper-plate, fine, precise, and graceful, of which each letter seems to disown the limp fingers that formed it, and the soiled shirt-sleeve that menaced the first moments of its existence. To students like these, the *Passage du Commerce* has no other interest,—what do I say?—Paris has no other boundary than that belonging to the twelve square inches of table before them. But the others, more at their ease, have leisure to survey the world out of doors, as it defiles

by the low, broad windows of the Salon de Lecture.

The Passage du Commerce is invested with historical interest, and mentioned in guide-books, on account of a remnant of the famous wall built by Philip Augustus, which is said to be still standing within its precincts. This relic of the twelfth century now supports the terrace of a garden belonging to an Institution pour Demoiselles, and to the uninstructed eye bears no traces of its dignified antiquity. To the eyes, however, brought expressly to the spot, in obedience to the instructions of Galignani and Baeddeker, the stones and mortar become as the jasper and amethyst of celestial cities. I confess, myself, to have always regarded the relic with chilling scepticism, until I one day happened to witness the rapt devotion of a tourist, *posed*, with open mouth and guide-book, before the inspiring masonry. I was immediately converted. Great is the potency of human faith! Rather than admit that so much fervor has been thrown away, we offer ourselves as believers—convinced, not by the doctrine, but by the disciples! Butchers, and bakers, and drygoods-stores, all establishments suggestive of the grosser necessities of the flesh, are carefully excluded from the Passage. There is a fruit-stall, where peaches and apricots repose luxuriously in their lined boxes, like the bare shoulders of beautiful women nestling among cushions. Next door may be obtained *café noir* for ten centimes; and a diet of coffee and peaches is all that the inhabitants of this enchanted region are supposed to require. Or, if they will lust after the flesh-pots of Egypt, in the shape of *bouillon et bœuf* and *pommes frites*, they must go elsewhere to seek them, and leave unprofaned a locality consecrated to science and art.

There is a chemical instrument store, with its airy stock of retorts and beakers and funnels, and all dainty baubles in glass and porcelain, and great masses of crystals, red and yellow and blue, like elements of very solid rainbows waiting to be combined; there is also a forge, set

up, not for common blacksmith's work, but for the manufacture of surgical instruments, bistouries, lancets, probes,—an entire arsenal of torture, presently to be directed against quivering limbs. Pain, seated like a nightmare on the breast of humanity, can only be exorcised by Pain. It is Beelzebub fighting against Beelzebub; and yet his kingdom continues to stand in wonderful security. Thus considered, the glowing fire at the forge might be supposed to be borrowed from the bottomless pit, to give a fitting temper to the steel! But whoso pauses to lean on the blackened window-sill, to peer into the ruddy heart of the flame, and watch the brilliant showers fly from the smitten anvil, is presently carried far away from Paris and Beelzebub; especially, if he be a stranger, and an American, may he easily persuade himself that this is the very forge he knew twenty years ago, that stood in a green country-lane, round a sudden corner fenced with hawthorne, in the shade of a great elm whose branches swept the shed, and sheltered champing horses, and wide-eyed loitering school-children. There, the honest forge only yielded simple horse-shoes, suitable, and much needed in ploughing and in sleighing times; *here* are fashioned dreadful probes, sharp and terrible as two-edged swords, dividing body and spirit asunder. In another street, perhaps, a similar smithy is working at knives, destined to be wielded by the hand of an assassin. With the same fire, and out of the same steel, are wrought instruments of life and death, of pleasure and pain, of beneficence and crime. The same eternal substance shapes itself into endless varying forms, and chaos passes ceaselessly into creation, like the ocean upheaving into successive waves. "I make light, and create darkness; I make good, and create evil," says Esaias.

I am the slayer and the slain,  
And I the song that Brahms sings.

The weapons welded at the forge go out into the world to make the fortune of some eminent surgeon, descend to a spendthrift son, sojourn for a while at

the Mont de Piété, and finally, after many adventures, return to their original starting-place, like dilapidated Greek chiefs coming home from Troy; or almost so, for they lodge in the windows of a variety-shop neighboring the forge, and consecrated to the sale of *Marchandises provenant du Mont de Piété*. This is a rare wilderness of heterogeneity, a perfect shrine of medley. Underneath the saws and some intruding stethoscopes, is a collection of compasses, rules, and quadrants, and of mysterious-looking triangles, that seem more suited to the expositions of a Hindoo theologian than to those of a mathematical professor at the École Normale,—associated with mathematics, perhaps because equally touching upon the clouds, perhaps on account of ancient community of ownership. Numerous meerschams brood dreamfully in blue-velvet cases—meerschams of all colors and shapes, from small and delicate white bowls, just tinting into golden brown, to gigantic heads of grinning prophets, and diabolical fantasies, contorted into such shapes as might have clung to Dante's boat in the lake of the Inferno. But a pensive charm invests each well-seasoned pipe, for it is steeped, not only in smoke, but in reveries, incrustated with innumerable fancies, that have floated from its depths upon fragrant vapor, and died, clinging to the embrowning stem.

Among the meerschams are also dainty amber mouthpieces and lumps of crude amber, tawny as the thick sea-foam, and strings of amber-beads, and necklaces of coral and onyx and cornelian, and unset stones of varying colors and various degrees of veracity. A complete assortment of optical instruments, spectacles, pocket-telescopes, opera-glasses,—every thing but microscopes, of which a second-hand store never possesses a specimen. Perhaps the owner of so precious a treasure would always sooner starve than part with it. On the other hand, watches abound, being indeed the standard article of deposit *chez ma tante*. I know one ingenious youth who pawns his regularly every month, for thirty francs, and as regu-

larly redeems it as soon as his next allowance comes in. The transaction doubtless offers diversions to the imagination, which compensate the doubtfulness of its financial advantages. But every one has not been equally fortunate in the redemption of his pledges; and that is the reason that these latter have been swept off from their temporary lodging-place, into the engulfing hoards of the second-hand variety shop. It is curious to study these whilom pledges, these baits that the unlucky have flung out, from time to time, to furious ill-fortune, as Russian travellers abandon their horses to appease the hunger of pursuing wolves. At what turn in the road did the case become so desperate, and the enemy gain so frightful an advantage? What ravening beast howled when *this* sacrifice was resolved upon? And what has been its result? Why have the travellers never come back in the day-time, to pick up their treasures strewn by the road? Did they escape, did they reach their destination; or, after all, were they overpowered, and do their bones now lie bleaching beneath wintry snows?

Vain questions, to which the unransomed baubles return but mute, unsatisfactory response. Some of them have been awaiting their ransom a century or two, to judge by the old-fashioned quaintness of their make, thick and bulky, with sweet-pea tinted pictures on the back, representing gallant tars firing off cannon, Lubin and Fanny in greenest groves, Sibyls awaiting Numa Pompilius, or else, *faute de mieux*, Louis Napoleon; finally, several whimsical "timebugs," in the shape of hearts, more or less lacerated, as is the manner of hearts destined for public inspection.

Then there are snuff-boxes, bearing medallions of royal families, and legends to inform the same that their respective countries regard them as their only hope of salvation—a fact of which the families seem already complacently conscious; swords, daggers, enamelled sabres, tarnished epaulettes, silver pencil-cases and bodkins; an astonishing number of remarkable bronze images

and amphibious mantelpiece ornaments, which have a scared look, as if guilty of an escape from the antediluvian collection at the Exposition; brooches, ear-rings, bracelets, and more mysterious brass triangles: such miscellaneous treasure fills up the well-stocked windows of this bewildering establishment.

After the second-hand variety shop comes a second-hand bookstore, one of those charming haunts that are as much superior to Hachette's and Harper's, as is the *Maison Blossé* to the *Bibliothèque Impériale*. Here linger poor scholars (scholars should always be a little poor, as libraries a little dingy), and peer over the stands through their spectacles, seeking occasional pearls amidst much rubbish. Here long-robed priests, threading the streets in unnatural isolation, pause to throw a glance into the only world they possess in common with the rest of mankind—the world of books. Yet even that is not quite in common, but fenced off into compartments by many impassable air-lines, into tracts of forbidden ground, guarded by many an *Index Expurgatorium*, haunted by many whimsical terrors and holy horrors. Hence the priest seldom tarries long in the *Passage du Commerce*, where the very air is revolutionary, and inquiring, and irreverent. On the bookshelves are too much Bernard and Longet, too little St. François de Sales and St. Theresa, to suit the ecclesiastical taste. So he presently glides away in his long frock, like a black ghost, and seeks elsewhere the nutriment appropriate to his cramped life and twisted intellect.

Besides the customers who come to buy exceedingly cheap, are the other class, who venture across the threshold more timidly, in the hopes of selling exceedingly dear. These are frequently fast students, who, having outrun their allowance, and pawned both watch and sleeve-buttons, repair to the second-hand bookstore with a portion of their libraries, to raise funds, not so much for the sake of paying the blanchisseuse, as of purchasing tickets for the next ball at

the opera. Sometimes, however, the vendor arrives at this extremity through severer straits. Not the student whose claims upon the paternal purse are only limited by the temporary gruffness of the paternal temper, but the fatherless boy, sent to Paris out of the savings of mother and sisters, and knowing that there are no francs to replace those that have been lost or wasted or even honestly spent. He comes, perhaps in the fresh remorse of a first dissipation, preferring the bookstall to the *Mont de Piété*, as the more dignified resource; or perhaps, suffering more keenly, because his failure to make both ends meet arises from no fault of his own, and therefore he cannot hope to do any better in the future. The prospect of breaking down, of leaving Paris with his course unfinished, of defeating all the high hopes that are as bread and wine to the loving women at home in the provinces,—this dreary prospect draws nearer. To put off the evil day, he dares a sacrilege; he takes down from its shelf one of the few handsome volumes left by a dead father, and offers it,—atlas, steel-plates, and all,—to the *marchand des livres*. But a rough old fellow is this *marchand des livres*, grown callous, like all second-hand businessmen, by many speculations in the reverses of other people. His range of prices is as elastic as the rents of an Irish estate, and similarly regulated by the necessities of his customers. Every volume he possesses represents somebody's ill-luck or vexation or overwhelming disaster,—misfortunes which are all brilliant advantages to him. So he takes his advantage, and pays insignificant prices for the atlas and steel-plates; and their former owner returns home heavy-hearted, feeling that the evil day has been shoved back but a very little, after all.

Directly opposite the *Salon de Lecture* is a quilting establishment, dating, like Caswell & Mack's, from 1790, and entitled to all that involuntary respect which the well-balanced mind always accords to assured prosperity: assured, but modest, for the proprietors are three

sisters, each with such a remarkable squint, that her two eyes seem to be reduced to two halves, and the consciousness of this organic defect has evidently repressed all unseemly aspirations after ostentatious worldly success. They remind the classical reader of the Three Sisters of Grecian legend, who shared a single eye between them, and hence caught but imperfect glimpses of the world, as people who look at the sun through smoked glasses. Or, in their formal gray dresses, and gray, precise faces, arranged carefully like the back-stitching on a quilt, they resemble three spikes of lavender, growing straitly against a wall, in resolute oblivion of the flaunting poppies and hollyhocks that straggle loosely on the garden-borders. However—owing, I suppose, to the modest prosperity—the three sisters have been married, individually I mean, not collectively, although I should judge it were the only act of their mutual lives that *had* been separately performed. But the husbands have already faded into some yet more shadowy background, or perhaps strayed away among the flaunting hollyhocks, and never been heard of since. They have left solid traces of themselves in three tow-headed children, that embrace the knees of respective, but scarcely distinguishable mothers; and the quiet hearts of their wives probably embalm their memory, after the fashion of lavender; but otherwise the place is as if it had never known them, and the quilting-establishment, unmindful of their absence, continues its business with all the noiseless tranquillity for which it has been remarkable since 1790.

Another sort of a woman than these demure, gray sisters, is the comely dame who assists her son in the management of a store for artists' materials, and who stands all day long at the door to receive customers, with the various attention befitting their varying importance. First of all, are the well-to-do middle-aged men, whose pictures now receive habitual praise at the annual exhibitions, or have even been promoted

to the apotheosis of the Luxembourg. To him that hath shall be given, and honor waits upon honor like the king's brother on the king. And it is pleasant to see these gray-haired artists, and know that their talent has made itself good in hard coin, and that their fine unearthly fancies have won for them earth as well as heaven. But somehow, it not unfrequently happens that the original lustre shows a little dim beside that which has been acquired, and the delicate golden aureole which encircled youthful brows, is eclipsed by the glare of real gold. Who fails may remain unworldly to the end of his life; but that is scarcely possible for him who succeeds. And genius has lost much of its original fire by the time that the heat has been expended in burning for itself appreciation upon the hard clay of the world. "Ah, me," sighed Alexander Humboldt, "to think that glory only comes with imbecility!"

It is the bearded, swaggering young artists, with plush coats and slouched hats, who are yet oscillating between the Desert of Sahara and the Slough of Despond, upon whom the glow of promise is still bright and unfaded. Youth is divine, because the direction of its upward flight is so indefinite as to seem infinite. Once the highest point gained, the curve turned, the parabola, however vast its sweep, tends steadfastly to earth; its form is definite, complete, harmonious, but the lovely illusion of infinite possibilities has vanished forever.

Probably this is not the reason that the comely dame secretly prefers the struggling young artists to the sleek and prosperous princes of the profession. But she takes a woman's delight in swagger and rowdiness, and all the recklessness that seems so grand to feminine helplessness. It is the same sentiment which often makes pious mothers secretly lavish more affection upon their dare-devil sons, than upon those whose meek lives, from Sunday-school upwards, has pursued a tenor as even as their own. "The running brook is na thirsty after the rain," says Elsie Bede. And, all Genesis to the contrary,

experience would lead us to suppose that the heart of Rebecca had yearned over the wild Esau with tenfold the tenderness that it had to spare for docile, girlish Jacob.

So our dame places chairs for her middle-aged callers, but she carries on long and animated conversations with the disreputable-looking young ones; and when they leave, with rolls of canvas or tinted paper under their arm, she watches them from the door, till the plush coats have disappeared from the alley,—a comely woman, probably the wife of an artist, who, having failed to sell his pictures, succeeded in selling the brushes; but around whose more plebeian profession always lingered a certain glamour derived from the earlier and more imaginative part of his career,—the glamour and the friends,—some of whom, perhaps, admired the fine figure of the wife, and even gained permission to model from it an Eve or a Venus, such as delighteth the Parisian heart. One among them, with more curly beard and darker eyes than the rest—but we have no business to pry into these old reminiscences, over which the matron herself draws a discreet veil, as she turns away from the door, and places her shapely hand on the shoulder of her fair-haired son, as if to recall herself to modern duties and proprieties.

After the prosperous and the interesting artists come the women, who are never prosperous, and seldom interesting. They work the hardest of all, poor things; never loiter in the Passage; rarely stop to buy apricots at the fruit-stall, but rush hurriedly on the way from the Louvre to the Luxembourg, always laden with an unsightly bag, generally with a troublesome bundle in addition.—Women are never seen near the forge, nor in the reading-room, nor at the bookstore. Notwithstanding the orthodoxy of the tradition that represents the first woman as risking even Paradise in the pursuit after knowledge, the world continues to preserve a respectable prejudice, to the effect that the less women have to do with knowledge the better. Perhaps

this prejudice arises from spite—really a more rational origin than can generally be assigned to it.

But Art, divorced from Science, and consequently a little forlorn, like all *divorcées*, is quite at the service of feminine aspirants for fame, also a little forlorn. Poor creatures! They have a hard time; and perhaps the worst of all is, that the hardship tells so roughly upon them, and kills in them the grace and beauty which they profess especially to serve,—and the enjoyment too; for women-students are always afflicted with a preternatural gravity, strikingly in contrast with the light-hearted jollity of men in pursuit of art or science. Far from indicating more profound and effective devotion to the cause, this seriousness seems rather the evidence of uncertainty and self-distrust. It is like the preoccupation of a person, walking stiffly to avoid creaking his new shoes. Now, no one is really master of a position until he is able to laugh at it; and an intellect totally deficient in wit is rarely equal to the exigencies of the occasion, but inwardly weakened by some secret flaw. A brusque, unforeseen movement might shiver it to atoms. Hence, some infer, just from the desperate earnestness with which women strive to keep themselves up to the level of intellectual pursuits, that they were radically unfit for them, and that all this standing on tiptoe can only result in strained nerves and over-tasked brains. But others, less precipitate, shall only argue that women are not at ease in their careers, because these are as yet too exceptional, perched in high, bleak, and lonely situations. When two or three generations more shall have woven thick traditions, like vines, over these bare lodging-places, the inmates will begin to feel more at home. Then their ideals, lofty, but meagre as moonshine, shall be warmed by a little live blood, and become powerful and joyous realities; and the subtle self-contempt which now often underlies vociferous vanity, shall be pierced to its windy heart, like many another lean dweller of the threshold.

In the meantime, the malicious moralist cannot fail to find other arguments, in the fact that intellectual occupations seem to distort the primeval instinct of women—their love for dress. The instinct is perverted to a theory, and becomes liable to all the aberrations of theory. Moreover, heart-breaking difficulties arise, when the riot of fancy is compelled to reconcile itself with the restrictions of a very limited purse. The compromise is as vicious as compromises usually are, and results in abundance of cheap ornamentation,—flounces, ruffles, imitation-lace; elaborate gauntlets to gloves worn threadbare at the fingers; scarfs, concealing a plentiful lack of white collars, and also poor throats grown skinny in the hard struggle of their owners for a living; bonnets made out of old scraps, relieved by bright new flowers of a remarkably juvenile order of architecture, daisies and blue forget-me-nots and sprays of very green grass; dresses constructed by piecing together two remnants of different patterns, but modelled after the latest fashion; wearisome old mantles with long fringes, that have evidently seen service for years, with occasional renovations—of the fringe, not the silk: the whole toilette huddled and musty, bearing a strong family-resemblance to the windows of the second-hand variety-shop. Poor, serious, struggling women! resorting to art, in three cases out of five, not from any real vocation, but from a vague desire for relief from the monotony of ordinary, ill-paid drudgery; with feeble and spasmodic attempts at intellectual greatness, and wide, windy aspirations for social reform, alternating with cold chills at the terrors of possible destitution, and intermittent longings after some impossible married existence, which, according to moralists, should be the remedy for all woes: of a truth, of all the personages who dramatize the *Passage du Commerce*, I am not sure that you are not the most to be pitied. And this very pity that we so liberally accord you, is your crowning misfortune, and, more than your poverty or loneliness or hard work,

tends to make you forlorn. Of two things, one: either the State should adopt the views of certain French philanthropists, and provide a pension for all unmarried women destitute of male relatives; or their education should be made sufficiently effective and self-reliant to fortify their lives up to the actual exigencies of existence, and enable them to repel this contemptuous compassion of the world, that now freezes their inmost consciousness, wrapping them, as it were, in a mantle of sleet.

That all arts may be represented in the *Passage du Commerce*, a dancing-master hangs out his sign conspicuously over a cobbler's shop, and a music-store occupies the next building to the artists' establishment, and lullabies the public sensibilities with ballads, sentimental and satirical. "*Vieux Quartier Latin*," "*Chansonnette de la Vivandière*," "*Polka à la Grisette*," "*Pompiers de Nanterre*," "*Garde Mobile*," "*Je suis ici pour tout faire*," etc., with innumerable short-skirted, well-shod females displayed in bright colors on the covers. These impassioned strains are occasionally "interpreted" by some of the strolling musicians who appear from time to time, playing (so to speak) on the harp, dulcimer, and psalter, and making all manner of music, more or less sweet, according to their several ability; for carriages rarely pass in the street, and its quiet seclusion affords a favorable opportunity for musical exhibitions. Moreover, the pensive influences of the place seem to soften the hearts of wayfarers, who bestow coppers with a liberality of which they would hardly be guilty in the open street. For these solid reasons the modern representatives of the ancient Minnesingers greatly affect the *Passage du Commerce*, and, by some tacit understanding, contrive to divide the day and week between them, returning at regular fixed intervals, like comets, after excursions into the mysterious regions of Elsewhere. The tormented students at the *Salon de Lecture* learn to calculate time, by the advent of the singer of the hour. Thus,

at nine o'clock comes along a little urchin with an indifferent fiddle, upon which he plays very indifferently. He is a lazy little rascal too, and never troubles himself to play an entire air, but breaks off in the middle, like a bobolink, to send beseeching glances up to a certain balcony overhanging the court. On this balcony is growing a vigorous young tree, the only bit of green visible in the vicinity. And the owner seems to be a genial elderly lady, who keeps fresh and succulent the juices of her own fading life, by much converse with young and green things; for the lazy little fiddler never fails to receive a two-sous piece, carefully wrapped in paper, and flung from the balcony. Upon that he touches his ragged hat to the unseen beneficence, and goes off, having made more by his incapacity than many others by their talents. Indeed, incapacity seems to be the most profitable kind of capital to invest in the musical business.

At ten o'clock, seats herself on the curb-stone a forlorn old dame, with a very tiny hand-organ, whose inarticulate wailing is imperceptible to the naked ear except in moments of perfect silence. A prosperous harmonium, that also includes the *Passage du Commerce* in its rounds, buries this poor little confrère three fathoms deep below consciousness; but the old dame grinds on just the same, in a sort of serene faith that the less people hear her the more they will be inclined to have pity upon her—as indeed seems to be the case. Towards noon,—as if the early morning heat were insufficient to warm to activity their torpid limbs,—two other aged creatures creep into the alley, a bent old wife leading her bent old husband, who is just a grain more helpless than she, because he is blind as well as old. He sings, however, in a faint, quavering treble, like the voice of Tithonus bemoaning his immortality; and by means of this slender wisp of song, as by a piece of straw, the two tottering lives are bound on, a little longer, to the slippery earth. I do not know why, but this pitiful old couple always whimsi-

cally suggest to me a certain brilliant antithesis of their own condition, of which they seem to be nothing but the parody: fairy-stories of young lovers going forth, hand in hand, into the green forest, singing as they go, and charming wild beasts into complaisance, and timid fawns into friendship. Pictures like these rise in my mind whenever I see the aged singers approaching; and so slow is their pace, that I have time to dream over the entire idyll: the freshness of the forest, the morning breeze kissing the lovers' brows, and blowing back their bright hair; their radiant eyes happy with visions of the past night and the coming day; the moss dimpling under their elastic tread; the glad song ringing through the covert like the hymn chanted by Adam in Paradise. For all this I have time before the actual lovers have reached the further corner of the window, and, in disappearing from view, cut my consciousness again with the sharp edge of the reality: for youth, decrepit age; for dimpling moss, hard paving-stones; for love and Paradise, Paris and—starvation.

Out of so many misfortunes, however, the only one for which the venerable musicians seem to directly claim compassion, is the evident decay of their musical talents. But others, who have gone earlier into the business, speculate more boldly, and invest every calamity at ten per cent. interest. One woman, who sings duets with her little boy, ekes out the effect of her accomplishments by an ingenious sling on the right arm, which has stayed there long enough for the cure of a compound fracture extending from the elbow to the fingertips. Another, with a wooden leg, but every appearance of robust health, brings with her an interesting family of three children, well-dressed and well-fed, who play contentedly in the gutter, while their mother sings woful ballads in a stentorian brass voice. Sisterly devotion goes into the market as well as maternal, and a girl of fourteen heads a troop of brothers and sisters, of whom one is a baby in arms, and two others

assist in the concert, which is so terribly shrill, that the agonized sympathizer feels inclined to empty his purse to sisterly devotion, on the condition that he might have it pure, unalloyed by such harrowing music.

It occasionally happens, also, that partnerships are formed between people unconnected by family ties, who have put their misfortunes into a mutual stock-concern, like greenbacks. Thus, one of the organ-grinders is accompanied by a one-armed friend, whose crippled condition seems intended to act upon the public sensibilities as a preliminary emollient, like the poultices sometimes applied by surgeons before an operation. The organ-grinder lends his arms, the friend his want of arms, and fortune seems to smile upon the combination.

I have noticed a still more original association, and been for some time quite imposed upon by it. At three o'clock, on stated afternoons, appears a neatly-dressed, middle-aged woman, leading another, also middle-aged, but not so well dressed, with a vacant face and helpless hands. No pretence is made of amusing the public; but the protecting partner appeals boldly and directly to the passers-by, calling upon them in a set, monotonous voice, "to have pity on the paralyzed mother of a family, in the impossibility of gaining her living." No mention is made of herself in this appeal, and the benevolent, well-to-do air of the claimant would leave the public to infer that she was a disinterested philanthropist, who made it her business to wander through the world with paralyzed mothers of families. More wary reflection, however, suggests the suspicion that the philanthropist shares the profits of the paralyzed, and counts the dividends carefully every night.

Sympathy lavished from such motive, however well it may be concealed, is infected with a fatal taint of egotism,—almost a Yankee look-out for profit, that destroys much of its blessing and all its charm. To be perfect and lovely, sympathy should spring from a great over-

flow of happiness, come down like the sunlight or a god from heaven, bending over a prostrate woe, and raising it up by a touch thrilling with energetic vitality.

Only, alas! the miserable ones are not now overburdened with efficient sympathy; and if none but the happy were allowed to minister to them, the work of binding up wounds, that now is often sufficiently slack, might stop entirely for want of laborers!

After the musicians who earn their living by means of their ignorance of art, are a few with a real vocation, who enjoy their work, and offer genuine music in exchange for coppers. There is a woman, with a voice like lilies of the valley, who comes alone at dusk, and sings sweet shadowy songs, as if thinking them out loud; another, travelling with a company, whose tones, clear, fresh, and powerful, break forth among the arid noises of the city, like the torrent of an Alpine brook welling up amidst stones and snows; a band of Italian boys, with harp, violin, and flute, who pass their life not unpleasantly, wandering from city to city, in adventurous freedom, through the beautiful vine-clad lands of Italy and France and Spain; and a little seven-years-old girl, fantastically dressed in scarlet, who dances and rattles on a tambourine to accompany her sister's guitar, and hops hither and thither on her mendicant errands, with bright black eyes, and scarlet-hatted head cocked on one side, like a little bird of brilliant plumage astray from some South American forest, and just lighted on the deck of a vessel bound for a foreign port. Perhaps it is bearing her towards the fame—and the grave—of Rachel; who knows?

The feet of other travellers wear the stones of the Passage du Commerce, on their daily rounds,—all sorts of minor merchants, that sprout upon the rugged edges of civilization like chickweed among the loose stones of battlements, selling bird-cakes and cuttlefish bones, dog-chains and crayon-pencils, tape and pins; people to mend chairs, or unite

scattered fragments of china, with a skill worthy of the resurrection in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; herbarists, fruiters, knife-grinders, chimney-sweeps; lowest of all, chiffonniers and *balayeurs des rues*,—each, in his turn and place, defiles in the long procession. Sometimes a flock of white-robed girls, going to their first communion at St. Sulpice, flutter through the Passage like a covey of white birds; sometimes a school of boys, in rigid uniform, as suits a generation brought up on the magnificent system of unity, centralization, and monotony, which all Europe is supposed to envy; or a troop of apple-cheeked little fellows, still in their blouses, led by a patient German usher. In his hand is always a volume, probably of Schiller or Uhland, intended for a few moments' precious perusal, while the noisy children are at play in the Luxembourg. And I doubt me not that the blessed poets work their work, and touch into vivid brilliancy the dreams of Gretchen, that the usher's own pale imagination had always left a little faint and lifeless. Ah, have a care, Hans, how you dream too fondly about Gretchen, there in the stately garden of the Luxembourg! There are more students in Hesse-Cassel than grisettes in Paris; and the time is long to wait, and Gretchen's fingers are less deft at letter-writing than knitting. But he dreams, the patient master, none the less fondly because of the possible awakening. And he is wise. For is not the whole of earthly life but a dream, of which the one certainty is the future awakening? Yet it may be lived none the less enjoyably while it last.

There is also the girls' school, supported by a relic of antiquity in the shape of Philip Augustus' wall. The scholars take airings in the Luxembourg, under the protection of a sub-institutrice; but she looks less patient than the German usher, and never carries a volume of Schiller. Perhaps it is because she has not yet found Gretchen or her suitable masculine equivalent.

There are the carefully-guarded daughters of the bourgeoisie, walking proper-

ly by the side of dowager mammas, delicate, dependent, and ignorant as infants, brought up "sur les genoux de l'Eglise," as M. Dupanloup wills it; and their brothers and future husbands, with lives as different as if lived by the inhabitants of another planet, full of adventure and effort, of strife and conquest; now success sweetened by previous failure, and now failure disemittered by previous success. This burly fellow has just carried off the *Prix des Hôpitaux*; that lily-browed youth has been nominated First Interne at the last concours, and now walks the streets in happy consciousness of the admiring envy of his fellows. His path is hung about with rainbows of promise; unending vistas of future triumphs meet his longing eye on every side. Once Interne, and *First Interne*, why not lauréat, chef, agrégé, professeur? Why, in that elastic and illimitable future, should not his name be quoted as authority, and his books be translated into German? Oh, for something to discover, were it only a new parasite,—discovery which has already made several fortunes; some lucky post-mortem, upon which he should vault at once to fame! some adroit persecution for philosophical opinions, that should bestow the martyr's crown pleasantly disengaged from the martyr's cross! So he aspires, until, slow-pacing through the court, he spies a group of professors, in solid possession of the glory for which his soul is panting; and in their presence he returns to the consciousness of actual insignificance, that had been left far behind in the bold flights of anticipating fancy.

Of all who pass through the street, the professors are the most honorable and most honored. After some hours' poring over thick volumes, ponderous with erudition and brilliant with thought, it is almost awful to suddenly encounter the live authors, walking as easily under that weight of fame and learning as ordinary mortals with unburdened shoulders. There is L—, whose slight body seems unable to sustain the great head and towering brow

that looms above it; R——, whose one glass-eye is maliciously accused of deciding the question in all investigations that have proved too difficult for its living fellow; B——, with capacious forehead and smooth epicurean face, ripe and marbly, as if more often wreathed in pleasure than wrinkled by the toil of acquiring the comprehensive and multitudinous knowledge for which the professor is famous; and W—— and S——, suspected of loving the glory of science more than science, and with an enjoyment of popularity that persuades them to condescend to much "chaff" in lectures, thereby delighting the heart of the lazy listener; and V——, with cold, chiselled face, as fine and keen as his own surgeon's blade; and V——, with stooping shoulders and shaggy head, and sweetest boyish blue eyes, a cherished nursling in the lap of Nature, who whispers to him many secrets, of which he is sometimes permitted to repeat a few.

When these men walk past the Salon de Lecture, the students rush to the windows to see them, and to reverently watch their high converse with one another, as they move graciously through the common ways. Happy the youth who meets the master's eye in the street, and may pull off his cap in delicious recognition of the presence of his superior! Such enthusiasm of youth for greatness! dear, once-known delight of self-abandon in admiration for another's intellect! So quickly chilled these enthusiasms, so soon modified this self-surrender, by criticism and doubt, if not by carping and cavil; by dissidence, if not by jealousy. But the time comes once, like childhood and Paradise, and I am not sure that it is not the most blissful time of the soul's entire existence. And it is because this time is so largely spent in the Passage du Commerce and at the Ancienne Maison Blossé, that both become so endeared to their friends and *habitués*. These come back even when they have written their theses, when their own libraries have outgrown the modest proportions of the Salon de Lecture. The

*Figaro* reads better there, the *Charivari* is more witty; the old books may be consulted together with their modern refutations; the big-nosed *garçon* still affords material for gentle caricature. They come back in success, for it is here they enjoyed its anticipation; they come back in failure, for it is here they projected success. And when the years have grown much older and stiffer, and "glory has come with imbecility," hither they send their sons, to inherit their places at the ink-stained tables.

And now the cloud which has lately darkened the Passage and the reading-room, grows darker, heavier, and breaks in a sudden summer-flood of straight-descending rain, which chases all wayfarers under the shelter of the Porte Cochère. There the little scarlet singer nestles against the white-robed communicants, and the Italian vagabonds jostle the Dean of the Faculty and the Member of the Institute. The student steals glances at the shy maidens clinging to their mothers, or throws bolder looks at some motherless girls, who answer, Ah me! with looks more bold. The vendor of chickweed squabbles with the patentee from the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The prosperous harmonium edges off a little, to afford space to the voiceless hand-organ. Hans, still musing of Gretchen, meets the eye of the sub-institutrice, musing of nobody, and—have a care, Gretchen! German lovers are constant, but French institutrices are guileful! The cool surgeon bites his fine lips in exasperation, as his watch marks the hour for an appointment, and the third sister from the quilting-establishment, with market-basket on arm, ponders over the unpunctual dinner,—until the propriety and tranquillity of the demeanor are almost worn threadbare by the unusual impatience fretting underneath. A dripping horseman rides like Sir Launcelot under the Porte Cochère; but from the windows of the court look down no Elaines, but only unsusceptible French *bonnes*, whose web remains unravelled and their mirrors unbroken. A family procession, carrying a baby to baptism, skurry

in affrighted; a priest finds a place by an atheist; and the last inch of standing-room is full. Five, ten, fifteen minutes the thunder-storm binds together this heterogeneous company by the pressure of a common necessity; and the thoughts from so many diverse brains, and feelings from so many hearts, concentrate into one common desire and impatience. So the whirling eddy of a stream sweeps against snag, driftwood, and shavings, valuable timber and worn-out trees, bits of chips, fragments, and here and there some precious waif lost long ago up the river. For one moment they revolve together in the circle of the pool, the next the snag gives way to the current, and every thing that floats is carried over, and presently slips away in its separate direction to its separate destiny. So the

rain is over and done; the life that has revolved in common for the space of a single beating of the heart, breaks up divergently; the fellow-prisoners, released from their temporary association, float away from each other on their separate ways, as easily as if the loosest ties had never united them. And to my perfidious memory, not only the *Porte Cochère*, but the individuality of the entire *Passage du Commerce* begins to fade and dissolve into unmeaning elements. Bound together by the spell of an attentive fancy idling a summer's afternoon, these elements break the slight girdle of unity, and float off into separate insignificance, as the idler leaves behind him the secluded street, the *Quartier Latin*, and mingles in the undistinguishable roar, rising from *Baron Haussmann's* new *Boulevards*.

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## TWO LETTERS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

### II.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: You say to me, in reply to my last, that the case, for the present and the future, does look very much as I have stated it, but that the whole past history of woman seems to contradict the idea that she was intended by God to take that place in the management of affairs which reason and common-sense now suggest; at least, that your mind demands some solution of the problem of her nonentity during past ages, before you can step resolutely forward in the newer way now pointed out to her.

To this I reply, that it is true, certainly, that women have been not only greatly dependent upon men during all these years, but subject to them, and in nowise the master-minds of the world, *so far as appears*; but it is difficult to see how this could have been otherwise during a period of physical supremacy. Considering the disabilities she was under, by reason of the pains and cares incident to her motherhood, it is not

surprising that she should call for protection, in days of violence, and that man should best express his regard for her by assuming the office of protector. If he had been a perfect man, he would have accepted and used this office as a privilege, rather than a right, and have seen to it that these mothers were well cared for, in every respect, while abiding in their nests, just as the father-bird, with cheerful assiduity, ministers to his mate during her periods of confinement and seclusion from the leafy world. And since these human mothers had mental needs as well as physical, the fathers, had they been the perfect men we have supposed, would have brought to them all the means of culture that came to themselves, and cheerfully shared with them their soul's food as well as their crust of daily bread; and by degrees this culture would have taught women that there were many ways by which they themselves could add to the family wealth, without neg-

lecting in the least any family duty. The two thus brought together as partners and fellow-workers, as well as parents, would have had a common motive for making the most judicious expenditure of their united gains for the comfort of the whole household. But these men were not only imperfect themselves, but they ministered to equally imperfect women; and while they, by reason of their strong arms and broad use of the world at large, were tempted to become headstrong and domineering, their wives and mothers were equally tempted to make their need of protection a ground for unthinking dependence; and since the acquisition of knowledge required serious exertion, and man was best pleased with woman without it, she easily surrendered to him the fresh springs of knowledge which his industry was from time to time discovering.

This is a dark picture for woman, certainly, and unattractive; because we all instinctively admire strength, wherever we find it—whether in a strong right-arm or an active brain. The conqueror has usually carried the day over the conquered, in all past history, let the virtues of the vanquished be what they may. But there are several modifications of the above picture, which are generally overlooked, and which go far toward restoring our respect for these apparently feeble creatures, who seem to have resigned both their bodies and their souls to the control of man. In the first place, they have had no written history as yet; the trumpet being in the hands of man, he has naturally enough used it to sound his own conquests; and these have filled the pages of history. To the eye of God and overwatching angels, no doubt, there has ever been a supplemental page to these many-volumed records; and therein are noted heart-triumphs and victories of spirit among women, which rank them high among the great ones of the earth, and make them mates indeed of their wedded ones, however exalted in name or station. And by reason of this moral growth, gained through sorrow and submission, they have really made great-

er intellectual progress than is at first apparent; since the activities of the heart not only lead the way to knowledge, but are, to some extent, knowledge itself. Many a poor slave has found his way to a deeper insight of God's own truths than his most instructed master; and these are the high things, which, to know, is life eternal; and we have the assurance of one of the wisest men of ancient times, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

And, once more, this servitude has not, after all, been so complete and so debasing as at first sight might appear; because these women have been, all along, the mothers of these men, and their power over them, through their mutual affections, and quite aside from that of *endowment*, has been very great and very elevating to both parties. This power of motherhood has not been sufficient, as we have seen, to stem the tide of man's selfishness, and compel him to share his advantages with woman, whose disabilities of body have prevented her seeking them for herself; nor to save him from a love of domination, that brought to him as great injury as to her; but it has always been a real power, nevertheless; and when the true history of mankind lies before our eyes, either in this world or the next, we shall recognize it as the great civilizer of the human race—the divinest agency, indeed, by which it has been preserved from utter destruction. All this is dimly foreshadowed in that solemn word of prophecy, uttered in the infancy of a race to whom sin was an experiment and its curse a blessing in disguise. "Cursed be the ground for thy sake, O man—in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, O woman, and he shall rule over thee." What are these but epitomized history, as it lay spread out before Him with whom there is neither beginning nor ending, and whose great heart of love had already conceived that grand restoration implied in the bruising of the serpent's head by "the seed of the woman?"

Toil to man and subjection to woman; bitter experiences these—curses truly, but regenerative, nevertheless; and at last a Deliverer, the Son of a Virgin Mother, whose exulting song, "From henceforth all nations shall call me blessed," was but a vibration of the chord touched in Paradise itself.

Welcome, then, blessed privilege of motherhood, with all thy anguish, care, and sorrow; in thee, at last, lies the purification of our race, and abundant compensation for ages of suffering and subjection and an unwritten history; not only because of thy Son, "who taketh away the sins of the world," but because of thine own innermost power of sympathy by which thou subduest all hearts to thyself. Let no man fear, then, to trust to woman the guidance of her own life in all the ages to come. He who condescended to be born of her, knew well the sanctuary of her heart, wrought by His own word of power, and into which He also must enter, and that it would be to His human nature, as to all the race of man, the Holy of Holies, out of which sanctifying influences must forever flow. Accordingly, we find that the child Jesus, while "increasing in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man," was still subject unto his parents, and that his anxious but reverent mother "kept all his sayings, and pondered them in her heart,"—wherein she but led the way by which all mothers, in all times, may hope to come to the knowledge of all truth, both that which pertains to this life and also to that which is to come.

Following, then, the history of Christian civilization, which, by every showing, had its beginning in the advent of our Lord, inasmuch that the years themselves are called by His name, I come to this conclusion: that a national government, whose legislative and executive functions are performed by men alone, has not yet fully emerged from the barbarism of ancient times, and has before it a work of regeneration as serious as any that has marked its progress since the organization of nationalities.

Let me illustrate. Families governed by fathers alone, or mothers alone, are less likely to be well governed than those where their joint authority controls. Boys need the mental and moral influence of mothers, and girls of fathers, that their respective natures may be developed to a full and harmonious completeness. Just so a nation needs a governing power which shall represent the thought and feeling of both men and women; and the same infelicities must attend a national government, by one sex alone, that would attend such a family government. Is it not after the slow but sure fashion of the family, that God is training the world to a right understanding of true national glory and happiness? Christianity first introduced to man the doctrine of individual *liberty* and individual *responsibility*; and the two are indissolubly connected; so that a woman who has come to desire the fullest freedom of thought and action for herself, must, whether she will or not, accept the divinely-appointed and correlative responsibilities of a free moral agent; and no man can attempt to limit her activities in any direction, without assuming a prerogative of Deity itself. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

How vital and integral a part of early Christian teaching this idea of personal freedom was, is remarkably illustrated to my mind by the direct results of it, in ameliorating the condition of women during these eighteen hundred years now past. Missionaries in heathen lands are never weary of calling upon the women of all Christian countries to rejoice over their emancipation from bondage, and are full of narrations of the degrading customs still prevailing among the peoples they are trying to Christianize. But every step in this onward way has been one of hesitation on the part of woman, and the subject of ridicule and opposition on the part of man; and I now suppose that this sense of modesty, which is to keep a woman from going to the polls, or performing any public duty, is the same thing that led her to shrink from ap-

pearing unveiled in the presence of any man save her own lord and master, in the sanctuary of his harem! But the years will be few now before she shall have learned wiser discriminations and come to more ennobling judgments.

It is not, however, by reason of her virtues alone that woman should desire to take part in political government: she is a wrong-doer as well as man; there are few crimes which she may and does not commit; and by every principle of justice and right feeling she ought to be tried by her peers—by a jury, one half of whom shall be of her own sex; and I have no hesitation in affirming that our court-rooms will find themselves honored rather than disgraced by the presence of women there, in the character of judges, counsel, and jurors, so long as women are liable to be brought there as culprits and litigants, or even as witnesses. Indeed, it is one of my chief hopes for the future that the day will come when men will choose to associate with themselves, in the performance of all the more perilous duties that have heretofore been assigned to them alone, their wives and mothers, who, by nature, are less tempted than themselves to serious defections from virtue. To mothers as well as fathers should be intrusted the management of those numberless cases of wrong-doing which call for moral legislation and penalty; and nothing will do more to hasten the day of moral purity than a general conviction that boys and young men should be taught to avoid as carefully sights and sounds of contamination as their young sisters, and that modesty is by no means an exclusively feminine virtue.

Once more you say to me that there does seem to be some force in the assertion, that if women would vote they should also fight; and I reply, once more, that in nothing is the dominance of the physical over the mental more shown than by that very argument, which, as you say, is usually the first that comes from the lips of all young men. And the force of it is this: one of the chief duties of man, and of

governments made by men, is *war-making*—all things would go to ruin if that were not attended to; therefore women, who are not fighters by nature, should not aspire to government. No doubt this has been the case hitherto, and therefore women have been, of necessity, less influential in upholding the hands of government than they are preparing to be in the future; because this power of force is rapidly giving way to the power of the spirit, wherein all have ever been equal before God, and are destined so to become in the sight and judgment of man.

But the true answer to those who think that a government has a right to withhold suffrage from women because they are not inclined to be soldiers, is this, that the duties belonging to the citizen are many and various, and should be required and fulfilled according to his or her superior capacity for the one or the other; and as certain classes of men are considered more valuable to the community in the capacity of clergymen, physicians, judges, etc., than in that of soldiers, and others are considered incapable of military duty by reason of age or infirmity, so, if the whole class of women are really thus disabled, or are needed in other capacities, the state is no sufferer by such apportionment, but shows its wisdom the rather by calling upon each child of the state to serve wherever he is most valuable.

It is to be said, moreover, that in these days of humanity, the sanitary department of war-making is scarcely less important than the fighting; and there can be no possible objection to committing the practical management of this to woman. Indeed, this has been done during our late war; and few would urge that she should not be enfranchised because of any failure in the performance of the very arduous duties there committed to her.

I seem to see much farther than this, however, and am prepared to say, that the day of unjust wars will never cease until women have a voice in deciding when war shall be undertaken and for what cause. It is a monstrous mistake

to suppose that the burdens of men as soldiers will be increased when such power of decision has been placed in their hands. Every one of these women is daughter of some father, to say the least, and has, pretty surely, husband, brother, or lover, besides, to whom the call may come to arm himself for deadly fight; and this call brings greater anguish to her than to the hero who girds himself for battle. We all know how much easier it is to endure pain and encounter danger for ourselves alone, than to sit down quietly and see one, to whom our hearts cleave, going out into the darkness alone; and one of two things will certainly happen in the days to come in this land—either wars will be fewer, or women will insist on sharing the dangers and privations of them, more than ever they have done before, with those they love.

If you should suggest that many most unjust wars have had the sympathy of woman, and have even been greatly sustained by her, I reply that, upon examination, it will be found, I think, that in all these cases there was great ignorance of the true state of public affairs among the women, such as could never have existed had they been responsible law-makers themselves, or practically interested in questions pertaining to government and the general welfare of the state. Without some such stimulus and education as this implies, they have been and must forever be, so far as I can see, children of *passion* rather than of *reason*, and the appeal to arms will always strike such minds with less of dread and more of welcome than any other; just as uncultured nations have always rushed eagerly to battle, and disclaimed any other arbitrament than that of the sword. It is one of the boasts of modern civilization that wars are becoming less frequent under the influence of education and increased intelligence; and we read of the period when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, with the accompanying conviction that it is the enlightened mind of universal man, led by the Spirit of

God, which is to usher in that glorious day.

But you will not, I trust, my child, conclude from all that I have said, that it is my opinion that when the right of suffrage is granted to women there will be an end to political troubles. So far from this being the case, I look with anxiety to the immediate results of such an experiment, and have only hope in the long future. And my hope is based on moral grounds purely, viz., the, to me, immutable doctrine, that personal responsibility is the best educatory scheme that God himself has been able to devise for erring man. Starting with this, and allowing, as I think we must, that women constitute a large branch of the human family, I urge that they should be put upon their responsibilities anywhere and everywhere that human activities come in; and I see no place where a limitation could be made without relieving them by so much of an obligation that they owe to themselves, their families, and their God.

Look at the popular objection, that if women were voters this moment, the state of parties would remain the same, the numbers in them only being doubled. This might be so at first, perhaps, but soon that party most nearly representing justice and morality would certainly be the gainer. But suppose it were not so. What I affirm is, that both parties and all parties, when made up of active men and women, will represent a higher grade of thought, feeling, and action than they now do. Granted that the men and women of a family will always vote alike, now and forever: the *men* will not vote precisely as they would have done had there not been an intelligent discussion of the principles of political and moral economy in the family; and thereby we have made the great gain of which I speak.

If you say, let the women *influence* the men in the right way and by the methods suggested, without actually becoming voters themselves, I reply, you call upon them to perform an impossibility. No human being ever goes thoughtfully,

earnestly, into any investigation, out of which there is not to come either a *pleasure* or a *duty*. Look at men themselves, in this country, where the whole burden of government has lain upon them for near one hundred years—and of such a government, so founded, so maintained, and of such overwhelming importance to the interests of mankind—and how many of them are able to persuade themselves to give, on an average, one day in a month to the study of the principles of government, or even to active political duties? Not only so, but I have noticed, during the late war, when our election-days have seemed to me, at times, like judgment-days themselves, the fate of a nation hanging in the balance, as it were, that good and honest and well-meaning men went about their business with a calm forgetfulness that was enough to make one's blood boil; and were only in season to drop a ballot by virtue of the alertness of some more earnest brother. What I say, then, is this: if a man, who knows that the sole responsibility for active work rests upon him, cannot bring himself to much study of politics, nor even to a remembrance of his most obvious duties as a voter, how can you expect a woman, who has *nothing whatever to do with politics*, to keep herself posted on public affairs, and full of intelligent opinions upon them, simply because she may possibly have some influence over this absorbed and very indifferent man? But let her once understand that, when election-day comes, she has got to drop a ballot, for this cause or that, and this man or that, and she will at least ask some questions of father, husband, or brother, which he may find it difficult to answer; and so they may both be put on the search for the truth. If, by this asking, family dissension, even, introduced, God be thanked; for out of this may come a purification of this foul mire of politics, of which we hear so much, and which is driving from the field of action so many of our best men. "I came not to send peace," said our Master, "but a

sword;" and there never was a great moral advance made by any less incisive method since the world began.

You will perceive that all my hope, thus far, has been predicated upon the mere fact that a sense of individual responsibility will beget thoughtfulness and comparison of views; but I wish to add, that women will bring into politics, it seems to me, a certain experience of their own, which is fundamental in the art of governing, viz., a habit of *calculating possibilities in the management of human beings*. Every young mother starts, I suppose, with the determination that *her* children shall never do this and that thing which she has seen other children do, and that they shall certainly be made to walk in ways that do not seem to be followed very generally in the families of her acquaintance. But by-and-by she finds, to her dismay, that she has to deal, not so much with a little plastic boy, as with his grandfather before him, whose image he bears, and whose resolute will, not a whit abated by reason of skipping a whole generation, continually thwarts her most wise and motherly designs. And leaving all ancestors out of the question, she finds herself brought face to face, day by day, with this everlasting problem, "*How and how much shall I try to govern my children, and when may I safely let them alone, and leave nature and outside influences to work upon them?*" Now, so far as I can see, this is the first question that a politician (I use the word, of course, in its primary and legitimate sense) must decide before he can take an intelligent part in the management of public affairs. National government, like that of the family, is a question of possibilities, of adaptation of means to ends, taking into account the inexorable law of free-agency and the selfish tendencies of our race.

Sometimes we see a father wise and thoughtful and full of expedients in the management of children and servants—more often a mother; and blessed is that family, indeed, where both parents are thus given to the well-being of their whole household. But a nation is made

up of grown boys and girls, of masters, mistresses, and servants, of just such material, in short, as makes up a household; and I am unable to see how it can afford to commit its highest interests to the wisdom and faithfulness of either sex alone.

You will perceive, by this, that I am not in the least of the opinion that if women alone bore the responsibilities of government, there would be greater faithfulness or higher patriotism than now; but, rather that each sex needs the stimulus of the other to the right performance of every duty; and that such duties are far less likely to become burdens when shared, both in preparation and performance, by one's nearest and most congenial friends.

You will notice, also, that I am far more impressed with a sense of a woman's duty, in this matter, than of her rights merely. One may patiently suffer injustice, up to a certain point, and only make steady gain in moral purity thereby. This is true of a people as well as of an individual; but a period always arrives at last wherein quiet submission becomes pusillanimity, and the duty of resistance, by pen or sword, becomes manifest. Years ago I began to give this subject the gravest consideration; but the fundamental and inherent difficulties of it, involving, as it does, more practically than theology itself perhaps, an investigation of the whole nature of man, of his relations to God, and of his own great future, have kept me silent; and, like Mary of old, I have simply pondered these things in my heart. I have even gone so far as to doubt the wisdom of those pioneer women of this country who, eighteen years ago (which was about the time when my convictions of right were settled, but those of duty yet in embryo), began to speak and write upon the subject; and not long since I ventured to refer to Mr. Stuart Mill's admirable speech on "Suffrage for Woman," as evidence that the progress of the age, in the discussion of the principles of individual liberty, would have brought about the desired result without much intervention

on the part of women themselves. But to my astonishment, I will confess, I have lately found that *Mrs. Stuart Mill* was the author of the first tract on this subject ever published in England, and that her husband acknowledges himself greatly indebted to her leadership in this matter, as in nearly every other effort of his life. I found, also, that she was moved to the writing of that most remarkable essay by the accounts which she received from this country, in the columns of the *New York Tribune* for October 29, 1850, of an organized effort here in favor of suffrage, irrespective of sex. Until you have read this tract, which is republished by the Equal Rights Association of New York City, you can have but little idea of the truthfulness of Mr. Mill's tribute to his wife, in the dedication to her of his magnificent essay "On Liberty." Lest you should fail to see this dedication, let me copy it for you here:

To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and, in part, the author of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume.

Like all that I have written, for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now destined never to receive.

Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from any thing that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.

A more comprehensive, logical, and unanswerable argument than hers was never made on any subject, so far as I know; and if I could only persuade all men and women to read it with any thing like impartiality, I should consider all further argument unnecessary, and should only propose that we resolve ourselves, one and all, into a committee of ways and means, to devise expedients for carrying out this new gospel of indi-

vidual responsibility. I trust you will read all these essays for yourself, and think and act for yourself; and, so far as these pioneer women of our country have enunciated great truths, let us thank them in our hearts and fraternize them in our lives, while, at the same time, we admit the occasional mistaken and infelicitous methods by which they have sought to gain the attention of an unwilling public. All human progress, so far, has been marked by human imperfection in the great organizers of reform; and I greatly fear that the immediate future will fare no better than the past in this respect. Therefore it becomes us, one and all, to take by the hand every honest worker in the vineyard, whether we quite approve his system of culture or not.

The question of what is suitable education and work for woman, grows inevitably out of your first question, and my ideas on this are perhaps sufficiently indicated by my general course of thought. I can see no reason for closing any avenue of thought, study, or action to her, and every reason in the world why she should be not only permitted, but encouraged to address herself to any pursuit which commends itself to her judgment and taste. That every young woman should limit her expectation of happiness and her ideas of duty by her possible wifehood and motherhood, is as absurd as that a young man should limit himself after the same fashion, especially since the duties of a citizen, when far more faithfully performed than they now are by a majority of men, are neither engrossing nor exhaustive. At the same time, should she be called, in her happy maturity, to this blessed privilege, she will, by a previous life of independent thought and action, under the guidance of wise parents, perhaps, have prepared herself for the performance of those matronly duties, than which none require more wisdom and culture. There is no training, either mental, moral, or physical, which is good for a boy, that is not, with some slight modifications, good for a girl also; and it is because girls, in accordance with a true spirit of

progress, have been invited to a higher mental culture, while still under old-time limitations as to physical exercise, out-door sports, and games, that they seem in some cases to break down under hard study. So long as boys and girls, in our country-schools, are considered young enough to play and romp together in the open air, they are equally uninjured by studious application; it is only when the exactions of young ladyhood come in, that there is evidence of over-brainwork; and the comparative frequency of this is much exaggerated, I think. There are many district-schools and high-schools of our cities where the average scholarship and the average health is as high among the girls as among the boys.

And as to laborious occupations: it seems desirable, certainly, that men should reserve these for themselves, and that women should be relieved of them, so far as they make excessive demand upon bone and muscle. Children born of overworked mothers are liable to be a dwarfed and puny race. I am inclined to think, however, that their chances are better than those of the children of inactive, dependent, indolent mothers, who have neither brain nor muscle to transmit to either son or daughter. The truth seems to be, that excessive labor, with either body or mind, is alike injurious to both man and woman; and herein lies the sting of that old curse. If sweat of the brow had been the best possible thing for primitive man, and pain and subjection the best thing for woman, those memorable words would never have been the sad ones they were in the day of their utterance. And now, the one thing that we may hope to do, each in our small way, is to abate that unfriendliness of selfishness, out of which has come this worldful of toil, privation, and suffering.

That men are to become less thoughtful toward women, less considerate of their real needs, and undemonstrative in ways of gallantry, when these have become more thoughtful of their country and active in labors on her behalf, or in behalf of any independent and

honorable calling, is not a thing to be feared for a moment. It has frequently happened that men, whose tastes and habits and ways of thinking have drawn them toward each other, have fallen into most congenial friendships. This is true of women also; and nothing is more beautiful in life than such friendships, nor more tender than the manifestations flowing from them. How is it possible, then, that all gentle graces will depart from either sex, when each is at liberty to pursue its laborious work of self-development after the plan most agreeable to itself and most in harmony with the designs of nature? In my judgment, the day is close at hand when pure friendships between the sexes will be far more possible and frequent than they now are. This will be brought about in various ways, of which the equal enjoyment of political privileges will be one; but the chiefest will be the associating the sexes in all educational institutions, so that tastes and modes of thought and action will be similar, and on the broadest scale possible to human beings. There is no reason in nature why boys and girls should be trained together in the family and in primary-schools up to a certain age, and ever after kept sedulously apart in colleges, seminaries, and scientific schools, and the like. They need each other just as truly in the one case as in the other; in fact, there is no period when young people so much need to be closely associated as during that restless, curious, eager one, when the instincts of manhood and womanhood are first awakening, and young hearts are irresistibly drawn to each other by that most subtle and delicate passion which is altogether more primeval than any other man knows. Nothing seems to be more tending to barbarism than the cutting this fine chord of civilization, by which every boy and girl is instinctively drawn to the practice of those gentle amenities which have gone far to make mother-earth tolerable to us, ever since wrong-doing called forth from her bosom the thorns and thistles we all so much dread.

It is not necessary, of course, that homes for students of both sexes should always be provided within the college-buildings; though that experiment has been found to work admirably in several institutions of decided excellence in this country. In every university-town there will grow up private homes, where students can secure such comforts and luxuries as their respective means will warrant. And what a hopeful method of stimulating a young man to the maintenance of gentlemanly habits, if only his sister might accompany him to the lecture-room as a fellow-pupil, or should he uniformly meet there young ladies of intelligence and culture of his own social standing. What a blessed exchange, too, for old-time convivialities, the social gatherings over which these young ladies might preside, adding to them dignity, piquancy, and grace, and taking from them only those unwarrantable excesses which none should fear to lose.

It is to be considered, moreover, in favor of this plan, that no institution of large range and well endowed in every department, can be maintained except at great cost to the state or to private benefactors, or to both; and it would be inconvenient, not to say impossible, to provide such institutions in abundance for women alone. Those that have grown with the centuries are full of enriching memories and tender associations, such as daughters can appreciate and enjoy, no less than sons; and why should *Alma Mater* close her doors to any hungry child? Surely, her heart is large enough for all!

You remember the testimony of Dr. D—, years ago, to the beneficent influence, upon the medical students of his class in Demonstrative Anatomy, of Miss B—, who, having been denied, everywhere else, opportunities of perfecting her medical education, was received by him to this most delicate branch, on his sole responsibility. I shall never forget his tribute to her, and to the young men, her fellow-students, who gave no sign, throughout the whole course, by jest or innuendo, that there was a woman in the

room, and recognized her presence only by uncommon quietness and gentlemanly behavior. My own mind settled then upon the conclusion that there was no possible activity which did not belong to a woman as well as to a man, if she felt called to exercise it. The personal call is the one thing to be sure of, it seems to me, and results will take care of themselves.

As to the fact that low and uneducated women will be brought into power by the ballot, as well as the really noble ones, I can only say that they need the education of personal responsibility quite as much as any, and that they peculiarly need the protection in their own households, which such power of equal choice would furnish. No men come so near to being absolute domestic tyrants, in these days, as the ignorant foreigners with whom our land is filled, and who are the representatives of an old-time civilization; and I can conceive no more effective way of crippling their power over their own families than by putting a ballot in the hands of mothers and daughters, so long as it has been irrecoverably given to fathers and sons. In fact, I have a good deal of hope that some time, in the cheerful future, our election-days may come to have the appearance of our best holidays—our Sundays even; and that every man, knowing that he is probably to accompany to the polls or meet there his mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart in her best attire, will be driven to wash clean his own hands, and array himself in his best also, as is meet when all are going to the performance of a duty as sacred as any the world knows.

And here is just my conception of my own interest and duty in this matter. I have often felt that I might just as well have called upon my husband to profess my allegiance to my Saviour as to my country. His heart and mine are as truly one in this case as in the other, and my privilege to speak for myself is as clear to me in one case as in the other. In fact, so far as uniting with the members of a particular church in maintaining the worship of God in

the earth, and celebrating the ordinances of religion is concerned, I have but little choice, comparatively, where my lot may be cast. Wherever faithful souls, believing that love to God and man is the spring of all goodness and happiness, seek to express their belief in ceremonial and worship, there can I join with all my heart, whether the form of church-government suit me or not; but there is but one form of government for nations that seems to me adapted to their highest development; and I am deeply desirous to express my thought and feeling on this subject, not only *through* my husband, but *with* him, and long after he has gone to his rest, if so be I should outlive him. And if I had never been so fortunate as to meet with this man of my choice, your beloved father, I feel that it would have been still more a necessity to me to seal my devotion to my country by a life of faithful service in her behalf.

The idea that women are going to desert their babies and their homes, and rush for political offices, the moment they become responsible for a ballot, is simply preposterous. When the Great Father desired to express the infinite depths of His own faithfulness towards His human children, He found no better words than these, "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" and we may safely leave all her personal matters, as He has ever done, to her truly divine instincts. There is every reason to hope and believe that these will not only prevent her from an unconscientious acceptance of offices whose duties she cannot perform without sacrificing higher duties at home, but that in case of her acceptance they will enable her to regulate both her actions and speech according to the true standard of womanly excellence. That this is not an unreasonable hope appears from the fact that, in the denomination of Friends, there has been always the most entire freedom as to public speaking among the women; and it frequently happens, I am told, that they chiefly make public exhortations, and deliver the words of the Spirit; yet who, among

all women, have higher reputation for modesty, and gentleness of speech, and all womanly virtues, than these same Quaker ladies?

I cannot forbear noticing, too, the official responsibility put upon women, in that venerable church, which is, in some sort, the mother of us all, and whose vitality has been a subject of wonder and speculation up to the present moment. No less a person than Lord Macaulay has made the suggestion that the Roman Church may have owed its success largely to the opportunities it has always opened to women, for honorable work and the attainment of authoritative positions. In his review of "Ranke's History of the Popes," occurs the following passage, which all Christian denominations would do well to ponder:

For female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is that, though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism.

If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison, to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the Ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntington would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first Superior of the Blessed Order of Sisters of the Gaols.

In fact, Christian churches everywhere should, it seems to me, lead the way in this reform, as in all others, where the moral elevation of mankind is proposed. And were not authority and tradition arrayed against it, they would hardly be so far behind their privilege in this matter as they are. Let us, then, hope for increased grace and knowledge; and, just so far as they are able to make wise interpretations of Scripture, following the spirit rather than the letter of apostolic teaching, and entering fully into the mind of Christ in these matters, they will come to an increase of power and to the realization of that old prom-

ise given to the prophet Joel, in the days of his seership, so many years ago: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

Is it not the duty, then, of the women of this day, as a part of their contribution to human progress, to maintain this doctrine of individual freedom and responsibility, even at some cost to their personal comfort? At first glance this may seem to imply a greater sacrifice of feeling than the case requires; but you will agree with me when I say that nothing could be much more trying to a woman of delicacy and sensibility than such assertions of herself as are commonly stigmatized as immodest, unfeminine, unnatural, and the like; especially if she be the mother of sensitive children, on whom the recoil of rebuke may fall so heavily as to more than double her own pain. And does not this become the best of reasons why men should prepare the way for her in these matters, rather than call upon her to make a way for herself? Of course they must do this, so far as mere legislation is concerned, they only having the power; but in all departments of life, how easily can they invite her companionship, without incurring any loss or bringing any odium to themselves; whereas, she must suffer in various ways, if left to claim and actually enforce her rights and privileges, as a free, responsible being, owing, like man, allegiance to God and her own conscience alone. It is on this account that I would call upon man, rather than because he seems to me to be, *par excellence*, a wrong-doer, or even the wilful cause of his own present acknowledged supremacy.

There are many important considerations affecting this subject practically, which I should be glad to present to you; but these must wait your leisure and mine. Meantime, I subscribe myself, once more, Your affectionate

MOTHER.

## A PINCH OF SALT.

"Salt is good."—*S. Mark* ix. 50.

THE servant of the great chemist Berzelius was once approached by one of his countrymen with the question, "What is that chemistry, by which they say your master has made himself so famous?" "I will tell you," was the ready answer. "First, I have to fetch all manner of things in large vessels; then he pours them into bottles, and at last into quite small phials; when he has done that, he pours them all once more into two big buckets, which I carry out and empty into the river. That is chemistry."

The popular idea of the science is not much clearer in our day. The name conjures up, in many minds, a large laboratory, with quaint retorts and vile smells, or at best a huge factory sending forth clouds of disgusting smoke. In many a lively imagination the chemist is still surrounded by stuffed monsters and bottled infants, after the manner of Hogarth's admirable etching, and his labors are looked upon with timid admiration and doubtful wonder; for the alchemist has not yet entirely faded away into a myth, and the Black Art has still its votaries in our midst. Few among us are really aware how deeply and practically the chemist's science affects our daily life and contributes to our happiness upon earth.

And yet he has a duty to perform which ranks but little below the very highest that falls to the lot of man here below. He is the self-appointed guardian of the indestructible part of our globe. Man glories in his absolute sway over all Nature, whose gifts he employs for his pleasure, and whose creatures he treats as his vassals. But his dominion is of short duration, and soon Nature resumes her own sway again, unimpeded by his hand. He wrests massive rocks from her bosom, and tears gigantic trees from their ancient homes, and changes them into houses and palaces and ships;

he digs into the bowels of the earth, and fashions the hidden treasures into bright ornaments and useful tools, or he transforms even the worthless sand and the shapeless clay into costly wares of brilliant splendor. But a few years pass away, and his beautiful handiwork changes in shape and in color; a century more, and they crumble into dust. His magnificent temples, his lofty walls, his graceful bridges, his proud monuments that were to give immortality to his name and his deeds—they all succumb, sooner or later, to the silent but unflinching efforts of Nature to reclaim her own children. What the waters of the ocean and the winds of heaven have left undestroyed, falls under the unseen attacks of frost and rain and heat. As worms feed under the green turf on his body, fearfully and wonderfully made though it was, so tiny lichens and minute mosses consume, little by little, his obelisks and his pyramids. Diminutive seeds, flying unseen through the air, come and nestle in the cracks and crevices of his castles and palaces, and strike their frail roots in the rents of his massive walls, while treacherous ivy sends its tendrils into every cleft of the ruin. Insects, creeping about by night, undermine the foundations of colossal structures, and animal-life teems ere long among the *débris* of his loftiest edifices. The trees he has planted and the animals he has raised, return to the dust from whence they sprang; the wood he has carved with cunning craft, decays into impalpable powder; the metals he has wrought into shapes of wondrous beauty, are eaten up by rust, and the very stones he has piled up in lofty structures, are consumed by wind and weather.

And whither go all these fading, fleeting elements, which thus continually pass from his sight, and return, as he calls it, to the bosom of their mother

Nature? The chemist alone can answer the question; for he alone watches them forever, and never for a moment fails to trace them to their new home, though they assume, with Protean power, a thousand new forms, and defy him, for a time, by their incessant and marvellous changes.

But his power is greater yet. For this knowledge of the eternal duration of the elements in nature endows him with a power that might almost be called creative; for though he may not absolutely produce them out of naught, like the one great Creator above us, he can at least make them assume the form which he wishes. He can take the dust, that seems worthless, and endow it with priceless value; he can gather impalpable powder and hardly perceptible vapor, and bid them combine in a form that shall rejoice our eye by its beauty, and prove itself a blessing like few others to all mankind. One of the most striking instances of this power is the manner in which his science transforms an unsightly gift of nature into the most precious boon that man receives at her hands—a little gray substance into a priceless crystal, far more valuable than all the most costly jewels he possesses, and indispensable to his very existence upon earth.

This precious treasure is a little square-fashioned grain, of gray color, born far down in the darkest recesses of the earth, in times when fierce fires raged below; and there it has lain for thousands of years, along with countless little grains of like shape, never seeing a beautiful flower by its side or hearing the sweet notes of a bird as it sings of spring and budding love. Its ancestors were two strange beings, that have but quite lately become known to us: a metal with a silver sheen and a gas of yellowish-green color. The former is perhaps the oddest of its kind. Other metals are heavy and hard; this is so light that it swims on the water, and so soft that it can be cut with a knife and kneaded with the hand. Other metals resist all impressions from without; this is so yielding that if exposed for a little

while to damp air, it oxydizes quickly and changes into a white powder! While its near cousins, gold and silver, sink quickly to the bottom of a vessel filled with water, Sodium, on the contrary, floats like a very gnome of the mountains, and the little silvery globes, in which it is ordinarily seen, swim merrily for a while on the surface. But after a few moments, they begin to glow and to shine like liquid fire, and now perform a dance so weird and wild that it startles us by its strange, fantastic figures. The smooth surface of the water becomes the well-polished floor of a ball-room, on which the bright pearls of shining metal perform their quaint dance like enchanted princesses dressed in silver robes. If you attempt to hold the lovely little dames by force, they know at once how to escape from your violence and to regain their liberty. A beautiful bluish flame begins to surround the little globules, and a few moments after the metal has vanished. No trace is left, and only the peculiar smell of the water betrays their secret: they have sought refuge in the friendly element, and water, the stanch enemy of fire from of old and ever ready to conquer it by its own power, has been forced by the little magicians to burn, for a little while, in a bright, flickering flame, before it could afford them a new home and safe shelter.

Nor is the other ancestor of the tiny grain less odd in its nature. While every other substance on earth has some shape and form of its own, by which it may be known, and even water, though ever changing and restless, never fails to fashion itself in lovely globules, Chlorine has no form or substance of its own. Like a prince of the air, it passes unheeded through the atmosphere, visible only as a faint, yellowish-green vapor. You catch it and imprison it in a glass, you compress it by all the means at your disposal with terrible force, and at last it comes down, reluctantly, in the shape of a bubbling liquid. But relieve it for a moment of the enormous pressure, and it rises instantly again as a vapor, and escapes from your grasp.

Unfit to be breathed by man or beast, whom it would smother in a few moments, it yet is not merely fatal to life, but has its good use in the wonderful household of nature, where every atom finds its noble vocation, and serves its great though often unseen purpose to the glory of the Most High. Chlorine has been endowed with a truly wonderful power of combining with all other elements without exception, and hence becomes of vast importance to the chemist and the manufacturer. But it serves us most faithfully where danger threatens us most nearly, and carries off, with unflinching fidelity, the death-bringing gases of wells and neglected cellars, and purifies our sick-rooms and hospitals.

These two strange beings, the flitting gas with its repulsive color and fatal breath, and the quaint metal whose merry dance forces water to turn into fire, seek each other, throughout nature, with unceasing longing. And yet, whenever they meet, they embrace each other only for a moment, and for their own destruction. The bright silvery substance has no sooner been breathed upon by the foul gas, than it vanishes as if by magic, and all that remains of the two is a tiny crystal of white color and silvery sheen. You examine it closely, and you find that it resembles a hollow cube; every minute particle of the grain is clear and transparent, like the most perfect of crystals, and it is only when many are lying close to each other that the broken rays of light give them a pure, white hue. The poisonous power of chlorine and the fiery nature of sodium have utterly disappeared, and in their stead man is presented by his beneficent mother Nature with a little grain of salt, without which his life would be a burden and happiness upon earth forever out of question!

Fortunately, Nature is as bountiful as she is wise, and hence the indispensable grain of salt is provided by her with such a lavish hand, that it may be found in immense quantities all over the earth. The land hides it in its dark caves, and holds it forth in large shining masses on

the surface; and the sea is filled with it, from the topmost wave to the bottomless abyss. For the unsightly grain, little noticed by careless man, and taken as a matter of course by most of us, is the great guardian of health throughout our world; without it the waters of the earth would soon stink with corruption and all flesh would be foul with decay; without it the plants would no longer deck the land with their beauty, and man would die a death of misery and unspeakable horror. Hence, the mercy of the Creator has scattered it broadcast over our domain, and we have but to stretch out our hand to gather the precious gift from on high.

Far away, in Eastern Europe, the traveller comes upon a long, low range of hills, stretching from east to west, which enclose, with their soft outlines and well-wooded slopes, a lovely valley, dotted here and there with smaller hills and little knolls. A cluster of low but well-kept houses lies towards the opening, from which he approaches the plain, and the eye wanders freely beyond them into distant lowlands. It is a busy scene to which he comes, and men are moving briskly about through the narrow streets and the countless paths that lead over the common. They wear a strange costume of sombre black, and have thick leather aprons tied on behind instead of in front; but they look cheerful and happy, and many a merry song and sweet carol is heard far and near. The traveller engages one of these men, who all greet him with a pious wish for his soul's welfare, to show him the way into the mysterious world below, of which he has heard much; and soon he finds himself arrayed in a white blouse and black velvet cap, such as are kept ready for visitors, at the mouth of a shaft which seems to lead down to the very bowels of the earth. When his eye has become somewhat better accustomed to the dim light of the candle stuck in his hat, he notices that wooden rails are laid all the way down the gently-inclined plane; and he is invited to mount a wooden contrivance, wondrously like the hobby-horse of our happy

childhood. The miner sits down before him; the horse—a sausage, it is called in local parlance—starts with alarming swiftness on the smooth, oiled rails, and his right hand, armed with a stout, leathern gauntlet, grasps frantically the rope that runs along the wall, to check the painful velocity. At last the two horsemen are stopped, by reaching a piece of level ground, and the traveller finds himself in a vast, subterranean corridor, cut out of the live salt. Huge blocks of the precious material are lying about, some colorless, some shining in beautiful though subdued blue; the roof rises high above him, and looks gray and grim in the dim light, and on his right the vaulted ceiling rests on gigantic pillars, in which each tiny grain shines brightly and sparkles as the light falls upon it; and yet they all hold so firmly to each other that there is no danger of their ever giving way and proving faithless to their trust. A little further on the miners are hard at work; they attack the mountain-side by cutting out immense blocks in the shape of huge casks; then water is poured down the furrows, and allowed to remain standing there a few days, so as to soften the rock; at the proper time wedges are driven in, which soon swell in the water and blast out, as it were, without further help from human hands, the great blocks in the desired form. As the traveller wanders on through the long dark passages, with statues in niches and holy images at the corners, he passes large vaulted rooms, dark caves, and huge recesses, that seem to have no end, and at times he comes upon stairs, cut in the rock, which he has to descend cautiously, so smooth and slippery is the material of which they are formed. Every now and then he sees, at a distance, a bell-shaped shaft, from the top of which hangs a frail ladder, free in the air, swaying and swinging to and fro with the cold currents that blow here perpetually; and he looks with wonder and fear at the poor miner, who trembles and crosses himself piously, as he sets foot on the slim rounds and descends slowly into

the apparently unfathomable darkness below. All of a sudden he sees bright lights before him, and, dazzled and surprised, he enters a vast cathedral, the walls of which shine and shimmer all around in fanciful, flitting lights, as the light of torches and candles fall upon the bright masses of salt; there is the altar with its colossal cross, and at the side the organ and choir; here also statues and images abound on all sides, and even human worshippers, kneeling down in silent adoration, are cut out in the yielding material. He has little relish, perhaps, for the vast ball-room, with its orchestra on high and its brilliant chandeliers, glittering and glistening like the fairest of crystals, and bed-chambers with mocking couches; for the whole upper world is repeated here below in grotesque caricature.

Gradually the passages become lower; the ceiling sinks more and more on the left, and at last the traveller is forced to bend, until he fairly creeps along on all fours. But suddenly he sees before him a fairy scene: dark waters, sparkling bright in the light of torches fastened to the glistening walls. Like a vast black mirror, the subterranean lake, silent and motionless, stretches far into the endless darkness. Never has wing of bird dipped its feathers into the mysterious water; never has a breath of air ruffled its placid, patient surface. Like walls of iron, the rocks of salt rise all around in grim solemnity, and hold the restless element bound in eternal silence and peace. The scene is beautiful, and yet fearful in its utter loneliness and death-like stillness.

A few shells and *débris* of marine-plants are found on the banks of the black tarn, but they belong to generations as old as the Deluge. No life has ever been known to grace the lake. Only ages and ages ago, when the waters that now rest deep below the world of men, were purling merrily down the mountain-side, they bore with them the tiny houses of friendly animals; and in their wanderings through the hidden depths of the earth, carried them with them to their silent home. At the fur-

ther end, to which the traveller is rowed in a crazy punt, a little chapel rises, unpretending and unhonored, and yet of great import. It is devoted to the memory of the pious wife of one of Poland's early kings, to whom Heaven vouchsafed, in 1252, the boon of bestowing the knowledge of these wondrous treasures on her impoverished subjects. She was afar off in Hungary, the legend says, and hearing there of the fearful suffering of her native land, she was ordered, by her patron-saint, to cast a precious ring, which she most valued of all her trinkets, into a deep well. She did it in simple faith, and, when she returned to her home at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, some peasants brought her a piece of rock-salt, believing it to be a costly jewel. It was of no value in itself, but, oh wonder! in the heart of the transparent mass her ring lay imbedded. She understood the revelation from on high—ordered search to be made for more of the shining substance, and thus were discovered the great mines of Wieliczka, which have ever since been a source of greater wealth than the richest mines of gold or of diamonds.

Beyond the little chapel the work begins once more, and miners are seen busy loosening vast lumps of salt from the parent mass, blasting the less pure material with powder, and cutting out the more valuable blocks carefully with chisel and chipping-knife. Others harness the twelve horses, that are kept below and have never seen the light of heaven, to rude sledges, on which the blocks are drawn to the foot of the shafts, that lead up to the world above; while still others are opening new passages or propping up dangerous places with large wooden pillars. With a feeling of pity for their hard work and thankfulness for the boon they bestow upon mankind, the traveller passes them, returning their friendly greeting, and gladly beholds once more, as he rises to the top of the shaft, the bright light of day and the fresh air of the earth above.

Thus the salt is found crystallized in

large beds and boulders, stowed away between layers of clay and limestone, in more or less regular shapes, and then called rock-salt. Nearly every part of our globe is endowed with vast deposits of the kind. Bergen in Norway, and Cardona in Spain, vie with each other in the abundance of their supply. In the latter place, a huge mountain of almost pure salt rises clear and sheer from the plain, the whole mass shining brilliantly like a glacier in the sunlight, or glittering in a thousand hues and shades, when day fades away. The salt here is so hard that it has to be blasted, like real rock, with gunpowder, and the chips are worked up by skilful hands into snuffboxes, crosses, and rings. Norwich, in England, boasts of a field of salt more than seventy-five miles long; Salzburg proudly bears the name of its staple product; and Mexico and Persia, the East and the West, are all full of ample supplies, which, by God's providence, have been laid up in store for many generations to come.

Not in all parts of the world, however, is salt found so pure as to be fit for immediate consumption. Generally it is mixed up with clay and sand, and then has to be purified by the aid of water. Man leads the purifying element down to the beds of rock-salt, allows it to dissolve as much as it is capable of holding, and then raises it, by vast pump-works, once more to the surface of the earth. In vast kettles and pans, beneath which huge fires burn day and night, the brine is then evaporated, and white crystals of salt remain, pure and unadulterated, at the bottom and on the sides of the vessels.

In other regions Nature is even more liberal, and saves man the necessity of leading the water down to the depths in which salt is hidden. Large rivers beneath the ground are led, by the hand that holds the earth in its grasp, over extensive deposits of salt, and then break forth as saline springs at the side of the mountain. Thus there is near Minden, in Prussia, a well nearly two thousand feet deep, which holds a water, the temperature of which exceeds

25° Réaumur, and which is, below, continually dissolving large blocks of salt, in order to gush forth above and bring the precious gift up to the surface. Germany boasts of not less than eighty such valuable springs; and our own country is most richly endowed in like manner, so that the two States of New York and Virginia could supply, if need be, the whole of the Union with the salt they require.

Brilliant as it appears in the shape of rock-salt, and pleasing as are the waters of saline springs to the eye, salt yet presents itself, at times, under an aspect much less inviting. No words can describe the horror of the vast salt-plains, which here and there interrupt the beautiful carpet that covers the surface of our earth. Thus there is a vast district in South America, extending over more than twenty thousand square miles, which forms one enormous group of desolate mountains, intersected with vast deserts, saline swamps, and dried-up salt-lakes. Currents of hot air meet here from all parts of the compass, and with such vehemence and persistent fury, as they rise incessantly from the heated, steaming soil, that no clouds can be formed and no rain can fall from the ever-serene sky.

Even more fearful yet is an endless, lifeless plain in the heart of Persia, so sterile and accursed that even saline plants do not thrive here; but the salt itself, as if in bitter mockery, fashions its crystals in the form of stems and stalks, and covers the steppe with a carpet of unique vegetation, glittering and glistening like an enchanted prairie in the dazzling light of the Eastern sun. In the rare places, where the thick crust is broken and vegetation is favored by night-dews, a few straggling herbs and grasses appear; but they are saturated with salt and soda, the sap tastes bitter and salty, and stalks and leaves alike are covered with a thick incrustation of salt, as if with impalpable powder. They afford no nutriment to the herds, and soon give way again to the genuine salt-desert, where shepherd and flock alike find their death. For here a light,

loose sand rules supreme, now treacherously quiet, but sure to engulf the heedless herdsman who puts his foot on the glistening surface, and is swiftly sucked in by the tricky soil; and now rising in large, deep-red clouds, which fill the valleys and level the ridges, till every landmark is effaced, and the whole vast region resembles a petrified ocean of blood-red waters.

Who can describe the bitter, mournful disappointment of the thirsty traveler, who sees, at last, afar off, the welcome glittering of waters, and hastens, with renewed vigor and high hopes, towards the enchanted spot? Enchanted, indeed! For as he approaches, the fairy spectacle strikes him with wonder and sad misgivings. In the midst of the brown, desolate plain, a vast level sheet of pure white stretches far and near; he draws nearer, with faltering, doubtful step, and sees, at last, to his horror and dismay, that what he fancied a basin of cool, refreshing water, is nothing more than a white crust of salt. Or, it may be, he descends, with eager expectation, the steps hewn in the precipitous walls of an ancient crater in South America, of which Darwin tells us, in order to reach the little circular lake, embosomed among rugged fields of lava, and fringed with a border of bright-green, succulent plants. As he looks down from the immense tuft crater, he sees the water clearly, and fancies his ear even discerns the pleasant splash against the modest beach; but when he reaches the lake and dips his parched lips into the liquid, he draws back with dismay; for it is bitter and brackish, and unfit for the use of man. Other travellers tell us of the sad fate of black slaves who work in the salt-plains of the Sahara, collecting the salt from the surface, hundreds of miles away from the nearest oasis, and sure to perish by hunger and thirst, if the caravan that is to bring them food and water should lose its way in the desert or fall into the hands of merciless robbers.

Even Europe is not free from these unfortunate places, which seem to bear the curse of Sodom and Gomorrah, and

have become what Zephaniah threatens, "a breeding of nettles, and salt-pits, and a perpetual desolation." Here nothing grows but impoverished looking plants, with pale, bluish-green color and faded blossoms, which give to the region an air of overwhelming monotony and ghastly sterility. The burning rays of the sun are mercilessly reflected from the white crust of salt, which covers the soil, with such fierceness, that the eyes are unable to bear the unearthly splendor, and the soil opens here and there in huge cracks and crevices, burned, as it is, to the core, and but rarely refreshed by scanty rain or nightly dew.

How did these desolate lakes originate, and whence come the bubbling springs, which so industriously bring up to their master the salt he needs for his life? The question, for a long time, defied the wisest among men; but modern science has solved the riddle, at least with regard to the latter. We know now that the water that comes in the shape of snows and rains from the skies and of the dew distilled near the surface, slowly but surely finds its way, through the porous crust of the earth, down to the interior of mountains and far below the level of plains. It stops not till it meets with a layer of firm rock, which prevents it from sinking still lower; and here, on the unyielding stone, it forms, gradually, subterranean lakes; the waters are not at rest yet, but silently and steadily keep on, dissolving all that they can reach around them, and thus they become saturated, now with sulphur or salt, and now with minerals of every kind. When man discovers such a spot, he sinks a shaft to the basin below, and at once the waters, relieved of the pressure, leap up in wild joy at their return to the bright light from which they came, and rise as high, once more, as the place where they first entered the earth. Science tells us, of course, that there must ever be found, near such springs, large beds of salt; and this has led, of late, to most valuable discoveries of immense deposits in Germany and in France.

The origin of extensive surface-beds

of salt, such as are found in the vast steppes near the Caspian Sea and the Aral, high above the surrounding country and far beyond the reach of supplies from a distance, is less clearly understood. Some believe that they are the beds of ancient oceans, from which the water has gradually evaporated, leaving nothing but the bare bright crystal behind. This explanation may apply to the Siberian salt-plains, which, like the Sahara, were no doubt once the bottoms of great oceans, drained by some fearful upheaving of the ground or the breaking down of gigantic walls, which formerly held in the waters of the enormous inland lakes. But with regard to others,

None can reply—all seems eternal now.  
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue,  
Which teaches awful doubt.

Others think that the salt, which now glistens on the surface, once lay buried far below, and was raised, by volcanic upheavings and fiery eruptions, in the shape of boiling brine; the waters then evaporated, or were carried by rivers into the sea, and the salt remained spread out on the low bottom of the steppes. But this theory would hardly account for the strange fact, that the salt on these immense plains actually grows there; it is no sooner removed by the hand of man, than it begins to reappear, and ere long the crust is close and compact once more. This is the case with the terrible Desert of Dankali in Abyssinia, where, for four days' journey, nothing is seen but a rank vegetation of apparent plants, with their stems and leaf-stalks, all of salt, and where no effort to clear the soil ever makes the slightest impression. The same has been observed near the Salt Lake of Utah and on the banks of the Mingo Lake in Texas, where the crust of salt is so thick that it can be removed in large blocks, and yet no diminution is ever observed.

Where neither masses of rock-salt, nor waters holding large quantities of salt, provide for the wants of man, he knows how to force the very plants that delight, like him, in the precious boon

of nature, to furnish him all he desires. For it is not the miner alone who goes down into the deep of the earth to search for salt, but plants also send down their roots, draw up the salt-water, and deposit the proceeds in beautiful crystals in their cells. There are few plants, altogether, which do not contain in their delicate tissues a certain quantity of salt, especially in the stems and the branches, and leave it behind in their ashes, when they are burned. Some cereals require it, therefore, for their satisfactory growth, and much salt is sown on the broad lands of England and the fields of China; others, like asparagus and flax, do not thrive at all without such aid. But the growth which surrounds salt-springs and the plants that love to dwell on the seashore, delight in the little grains; even the lofty cocos-palm sends its large oval fruit adrift, to seek some briny strand, where it may find a rich soil and abundance of salt; and the careful husbandman of those regions, when planting the nut that is to give him his daily bread, drops a handful of salt into the hole, to which he confides the gigantic seed-corn.

Here and there, in favored lands, you see a vast, marshy meadow, spread out in beautiful luxuriance before your eye, dotted with pretty copses of elders and willows. Close by one of these groups of low, spreading trees, where the soil almost imperceptibly rises into a little knoll, there gushes forth a clear, powerful spring, and forms, at its very birth, a large, circular basin, filled with transparent water. A rivulet runs from it slowly but steadily, wanders, as if enjoying the luxury of leisure, through level meadows, saturating the porous soil on the right and the left, and at last falls, at the edge of the high tableland, with merry laughter, into the lower plain, to bring its modest tribute to the large river below.

There are other meadows scattered over the plateau, but not one of them can boast of the bright flowers and waving grasses which here bud and blossom forth in unwonted richness.

Thousands of purple asters peep out with their bright eyes, set in golden yellow, from the midst of dense clumps of reeds; luxuriant plantains overshadow a host of minor plants of strange and uncouth appearance, and a variety of glaux spreads all around a deep-green carpet, strewn with an abundance of small white flowers. Further on, a quaint salicornia appears, in large patches; its long-linked stem looks as if it would burst, filled, as it seems, to overflowing with exuberant sap, and in the axes between the branches, lurk countless diminutive blossoms of bright yellow. Even the grasses and reeds which cover the marshy ground, when more closely examined, prove to be entirely different from all that grow on adjoining lands.

The flocks of birds who have left their homes in the far north, and now, with swift wings, move southward to more genial climes, might fancy they beheld here, once more, the shores on which they last sought rest and repose. For here are the same flowers which they saw there, near the downs; the same lowly herbs that love to be bathed daily in the briny waters, and the same reeds that grow there within reach of the unfailing tides. For it is a salt-spring which here wells up, and unable, at once, to reach the lowlands by any other outlet, has here formed a lake, and furnished food to an exuberant vegetation.

It is from these saline plants, growing now near the shores of the ocean, and now far inland around merry springs, that large provisions of salt are won by the aid of fire. The soda, or barile of commerce, comes almost exclusively from the ashes of the saltwort, a plant of grayish green color, with stems a foot long, thickly set with prickly hair, and with uncouth, swollen-looking leaves, ending in sharp, pointed thorns. The Arabs hardly knew what a blessing they bestowed upon mankind, when, upon settling in Spain, they brought with them not only their merino sheep, their cotton and sugar-cane, but also the unsightly saltwort, from which they already

knew how to obtain the soda of our day.

Another salt-plant, the leafless glasswort, is eaten as a salad in England and the whole north of Europe; but the most curious of them all is perhaps the variety known to our green-houses as the ice-plant. This strange-looking plant is a treasure to the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, who raise it in large fields, pull it up when ready for use, burn it, and drive a most profitable trade with the soda they obtain from the ashes.

It is, however, not the water only which gives us salt, but we owe it also, at times, to the benevolence of fire. For, although the beautiful crystals do not become volatile till they are heated to a white glow, they are still not unfrequently found among the strange medley of substances thrown out by volcanoes. After an eruption, the cracks and crevices of Mount Vesuvius are often covered with a thick crust of salt, and the surface of petrified streams of lava appears, at times, from the same cause, as if thickly strewn with white powder. In 1822, the salt cropped out in such very large masses, that the greedy Government of Naples laid an embargo on the treasure, and obtained, through its own workmen, blocks of twenty-four feet square from the vicinity of the crater. The same takes place occasionally at the foot of Mount Hecla, in Iceland, and the industrious peasants carry whole wagon-loads to their fields and their houses.

Such is the history and the home of the precious little grain, which the world, from the beginning, has looked upon with a feeling akin to awe and reverence. For while deeply grateful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the tiny crystal, on which life itself is dependent, men have ever felt that it was endowed also with a dread power of final destruction. The ancients had no doubt that salt was a direct gift of the gods, and hence they joined it, symbolically, to every sacrifice offered on holy altars; and Moses ordained that "every oblation of thy

meat shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from the meat-offering: with all thine offering thou shalt offer salt." The Aztecs of Mexico had a special goddess presiding over the use of the indispensable condiment; the Chinese celebrate, to this day, an annual feast in honor of him who first introduced it into general use; and the old Egyptians, when they performed the rites of their great festival in honor of Neith, the mother of life, filled the lamps of their temples with salt as well as with oil.

Miraculous powers, also, seem to have been attributed to salt, from olden times; for the Hebrews used to rub new-born children with it, partly from a belief, sanctioned by Galen, that this hardened and strengthened their skin, and partly from faith in its special blessing. Hence the prophet Ezekiel reproaches the stubborn people, by saying: "Thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all;" and even the early Christians adhered to the old usage, for they initiated young converts into the mysteries of their faith by placing salt in their mouth, as they did with infants at the time of their baptism.

It was but natural, therefore, that the semi-sacred character of salt should lead soon to its being used in connection with treaties and compacts to render them more binding. The Old Testament is full of allusions to this ancient usage, and Moses already speaks of "a salt-covenant forever before the Lord unto thee and unto thy seed with thee." Its power to protect against corruption lent its symbolic force to stipulations even among infidels, and few such compacts were made without a plate of salt being placed ready at hand, from which each of the contracting parties eat a few grains, instead of swearing an oath. The Arabs of our day still enter into the most sacred treaty of friendship with each other by pushing a piece of bread, strewn with salt, into each other's mouth, and then call it a "salt-treaty." The ancestral salt-cellar, that played so prominent a part in the household of

ancient Romans, was, in like manner, the great symbol of the union, that bound the members of a family to each other.

Scarcely less general is, however, the dread which salt inspired by its strange power of destroying the productiveness of the soil; and thus it became, very early, already the symbol of sterility also. Jeremiah cursed Judah, by condemning it "to inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt-land, and not inhabited;" and the terrible fate of Lot's wife has left the curse vivid in the memory of men. For the same reason, when Abimelech had destroyed the city of Sichem, and rased its walls to the ground, the place where it had stood was sown with salt, not in order to make it sterile, but as a sign that it should remain waste forever. Even the Middle Ages employed the dread symbol; and the great Barbarossa, after taking rebellious Milan, and destroying its beautiful buildings, ordered the plough to be passed over the city, and then salt to be strewn on the spot, leaving only the churches unharmed, "for the greater glory of God."

On the other hand, salt makes "unsavory things" palatable again, as Job already mentions; and hence it soon became usual to speak of it as a symbol of that sagacity which uses apparently worthless matters for a good purpose, and employs words of trifling import in themselves with great effect. This was the first meaning of Attic salt; hence, also, St. Paul writes, "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how to answer every man;" and the Saviour Himself calls His disciples "the salt of the earth," as men by whose instruction and example their brethren are to be taught and saved from condemnation.

All this worship of salt as a divine gift, this veneration of its sacred character, and this dread of its destructive powers, centre, however, in the simple fact, taught by modern chemistry, that salt is the great regulator of the health of the world. Without it, the seas would be impure and the land a desolate scene

of destruction; man would not be able to live, and the beasts of the field, with the plants that feed them, would no longer be seen. The little grain of salt, at which we hardly glance, is thus of vital importance in the great household of nature. But it shares the fate of all indispensable things by which we are surrounded: habit makes dull the sensibility of our senses, and with it the activity of thought that depends on such impressions. Only what is rare and unusual attracts our attention, though it have but an outside brilliancy and useless beauty. The sparkling diamond is sure of admiration; set in bright gold, it is esteemed above all things, and serves to enhance beauty, to display our wealth, or to symbolize supreme power. The unattractive twin-sister, black coal, has to do hard work in the kitchen, the workshop, and the factory, like a true Cinderella; and yet on coal, and not on the diamond, rests the true wealth of a nation, the foundation of happiness for countless millions. Thus it is with the tiny grain of salt; rich and poor see it, day by day, on their table, and enjoy it with every thing they eat and drink, but few ever inquire whence it came, and what accident or what necessity brought it there. And yet, let it be missing but for a single day, and how we would suffer!

We all know that the ocean is salt, and that without it neither animal nor plant could live in the vast basins of the earth. But it is less generally known that the amount of salt in different seas is not the same, but steadily decreases in the direction from the equator to the poles. Scoresby tells us that, of European seas, the Mediterranean holds most, the Baltic least; so that the fishermen of the north have to send for the salt they need in preserving their fish, to the more favored regions of the south, and salt becomes a patron of active trade. The Atlantic Ocean, again, has more salt than the Pacific, and the Polar Sea least of all. With the amount of salt, which makes the water denser, and thus better able to bear heavy ves-

sels on its broad shoulders, changes, of course, also the degree of density; and as water is naturally desirous to restore the equilibrium, there follows a constant flow to and fro; so that salt here appears as the great motive-power, which causes the currents of the sea! These again, in their turn, bestow warmth on Western Europe, mix the differently heated waters of the ocean so as to protect the life that teems in them against cold, and favor the sailing of trade-ships. Thus climate and temperature, winds and currents, navigation and the fertility of coast-lands, all depend on the presence of the little pinch of salt!

Far better known is the fact that man, like all animal life, cannot exist without salt, but must miserably perish, so that among the most terrible punishments, entailing certain death with fearful suffering, that of feeding criminals with saltless food was not uncommon in barbarous times, and prevailed, to our disgrace, until quite recently, in one of the northern countries of Europe. Animals, deprived of salt, lose their hair, become lean and hideous to look at, and die a death of unspeakable suffering. The reason is simple. A man, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, carries in him at least one pound of salt; it constitutes five per cent. of the solid matter of his blood, and an almost equal proportion of all the cartilages of the body, and the bile contains soda as a special and indispensable element in the process of digestion. If the salt, then, be withdrawn, or the ounce which every one of use daily loses, by perspiration and other means, be not replaced, digestion is arrested, the bony part of our frame is, not rebuilt, the eye loses its brilliancy, and the whole system breaks down.

Hence the craving of man and beast alike for the precious grain. Pliny but expressed the necessity of its use for life, when he said that all the loveliness and joyousness of life could not be better expressed than by the name of salt, and the rulers of the world were not slow in taking advantage of this fact, by taxing the indispensable gift of na-

ture. Five hundred years before Christ, already, the mythical king, Ancus Marcius, established, at the mouth of the Tiber, a saline, under the control of the state; and at a later period the censor Livius earned the name of Salinator, by raising the duty on salt. From distant China to the west of Europe, every Government learned to treat salt as one of the regalia; and not many years ago, poor French peasants were still cruelly punished if they dared draw a bucket of water from the great ocean, in order to secure the few grains of salt it contained!

As vegetable food is both unpalatable and little nutritious unless accompanied by salt, herbivorous animals everywhere delight in its use. The wild buffalo and the deer, as well as our domestic cattle, enjoy it with evident relish; and the Alpine herdsman, like the Gaucho of the Pampas, trains his half-wild herds to meet him at certain places, by depositing small quantities of salt at regular intervals. When the eager huntsman, in Southern Africa, is in search of rare sport, he hides himself at a favorite salt-lick, and is sure to be amply rewarded; and the cunning chamois-hunter of the Alps prepares his way, years ahead, by cautiously placing a handful of salt in accessible spots, until even those sagacious animals are beguiled, by their greediness, and finally fall into the hands of their enemy.

Even here, however, man shows his strange superiority over lower beings; for while animals, without exception, love salt with equal fondness, the desire among men differs essentially. Nations who live largely on animal food, value it naturally less than those who prefer a vegetable diet. Thus Mungo Park speaks of certain tribes in Southwestern Africa, who never take salt by any chance, and adds that even Europeans, travelling in their country, never feel the want of it. The same disregard prevails in the colds of Siberia, where the peoples of whole districts eat their food without a particle of salt. On the other hand, there are Indian tribes, true vegetarians, who consume it in large

quantities, so that the children are seen sucking pieces of salt like sugar. In certain portions of Africa, he is deemed a rich man who can afford eating salt with his food; in the mountains of the South, small pieces of it circulate as money, and on the Gold Coast a handful of salt will purchase two servicable slaves!

A nicer distinction, yet, is the well-established fact, that the active races require salt more imperatively than the passive races; and this, in connection with the refined instincts of the body, explains, no doubt, the startling difference between the Gaucho of South America, who hardly knows what salt is, and the intelligent son of European

racés, who could not live a fortnight without his accustomed supply.

How wonderful, then, that the presence of a "pinch of salt," a thing of no value and hardly noticed by millions of us, should be the condition of animal and vegetable life on our earth! Truly, not only is man fearfully and wonderfully made, that his physical life and the activity of his heaven-born mind should depend on the little white crystal, but great are the works and wondrous is the wisdom of Him, who, from His throne on high, orders alike the heavenly bodies in their unmeasured space, and the invisible grain of salt in the bowels of the earth and the deep of the sea!

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### ONE YEAR MORE.

Thou, in whose garden I have grown apace,  
Plant of no grace,  
Filling a good tree's place,  
Spreading no shade, nor showing any fruit—  
Thankless from crown to root!

Thou who, these twenty years, hast come and found,  
On tree or ground,  
Sound, be it, or unsound,  
No fruit, to praise Thee for Thy patient care—  
Stubborn, and hard, and bare!

"One Year More, Master!—one year for My own!  
Let him alone:  
With shame, and sob, and groan,  
I'll dig around his heart-roots—graft and prune.  
Then, if, for all, he bear not! \* \* \* Ah! so soon?  
Ah! give me *one year more!*"

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## PLANCHETTE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

WE too have a Planchette, and a Planchette with this signal merit: it disclaims all pretensions to supermundane inspirations; it operates freely—indeed, with extraordinary freedom; it goes at the tap of the drum. The first touch of the operators, no matter under what circumstances it is brought out to reveal its knowledge, sets it in motion. But it brings no communications from any celestial or spiritual sources. Its chiromancy is generally good, and frequently excellent. Its remarks evince an intelligence often above that of the operators, and its talent at answering or evading difficult questions is admirable. We have no theories about it.

Mr. Buckle's statement that the philosophical comprehension of history is only to be attained by the digestion of myriads of historic facts, must be applied before any definite conclusion with regard to this mysterious agent can even be hinted at; and it is precisely these facts that are wanting to the man of science.

Accepting this view, we shall certainly be excused for not attempting an explanation of the methods by which this simplest of machinery works, or suggesting the sources of its power. We take its own word that it appropriates the combined intelligence of the company in which it operates, and that this constitutes its working-capital, its entire stock-in-trade.

We feel that we can accept this modest estimate of its power without danger to our faith or morals; and we cannot see that, after such a bland limitation upon the authority of its communications, any body need feel shaky or in danger of being undermined in any favorite particular, by what such a gobetween can say. The chief curiosity about our modest friend is, that it is able to say any thing at all. Our record is to the point that it does say a

great many things very intelligibly, and this without trick, collusion, or imposture of any kind. We present the subject in the light merely of a very curious study. What mental, electric, magnetic, odic, or other forces are lying *perdu*s about us, which may be utilized by inanimate agents, seems to become a legitimate object, or at least a curious subject of inquiry, under the phenomena disclosed by the agile motions of our three-legged agent. This is equally true whether the practical results promise to come to something or to nothing.

The Ghostology of the world, which seems to have accompanied every phase of its historical development, is a nebula which must, some day, be resolved into scientific facts. Planchettism seems to occupy a dim corner in this vague and extensive realm.

We make no pretensions to the possession of a mental telescope which is capable of bringing this dimness to light. We but offer the simple results of our observations. All we claim is, that those observations are absolutely authentic. We at least have not "forced" nor "doctored" them, as some more scientific observers are said sometimes to do.

The era which began with Mesmer, proceeding through the various stages of biology, spirit-rapping, table-tipping, clairvoyance, and other modern mystic developments, has evolved a new phase in Planchette. Such vague indications as raps, such ponderous machinery as heavy tables, might be delusive. This little heart-shaped board certainly contains no trick of spring, or wire, which may impose upon the confiding. A shingle and a pair of common castors, with a Faber's pencil No. 2, furnish you with the required mechanism. You know you are honest yourself. Some of you have friends in whose probity

you can confide as thoroughly as in your own.

In the instances which we propose to give, exactly as they occurred, we could have no doubt of the good faith of the operators. With my own hands on the instrument, it would have been impossible not to detect any guidance of the machine by the muscular force, either voluntary or involuntary, of the *vis-à-vis*. Some of the writing was effected with the hands of three people upon the instrument, each with a definite thought in his mind, which was not in the least the communication written by the pencil.

We give the strange statements of the magnetic agent, not for the mere purpose of astonishing the public, but to furnish those who, like ourselves, are really desirous of penetrating the mystery, with some few of the wonderful facts which must abound.

We are all conscious of the existence of involuntary muscular and nervous action, and we are likewise cognizant of an activity of the brain, undirected by will, such as is shown in the ravings of delirium and the curious phenomena of dreams; therefore, leaving altogether aside the supernatural theory, we would wish to see the subject grappled with on purely scientific grounds.

The clever article, republished in *Every Saturday*, entitled, "A Three-Legged Impostor," furnished only a few statements. "My Experience with Planchette," in the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, shows grave errors, in underrating the capabilities of the machine. The latter states, for instance, with great positiveness, that Planchette "must always write a running hand," and could, consequently, never have made a cross, as described in the novel, "Who Breaks, Pays."

This is a mistake; our Planchette frequently separates words completely, goes back, and dots an *i* with precision, writes figures, and returns to put the mark \$ before them; and on one occasion, being requested to do something beyond its ability, wrote, "I am not = to that."

Besides this, it invariably makes a period when it has done writing a sentence, occasionally employs commas, and frequently has been known to insert an apostrophe, and to put the proper accent over a French vowel, all unexpectedly to the people whose hands were upon the board, they being unaware of what it was writing, and even engaged in conversation upon a different topic, at the same time.

I have seen it draw rough caricatures of people, making the eyes and ears in the right places, without any guidance, and in one case adding a hat to one head after the outline was completed. In contradiction to the other theory of the *Lippincott* writer, that it is always controlled by the strongest intelligence in the room, I will state that we have known it to give a conundrum that had never been heard by any one of the party; then give the answer, and finally, in the teeth of our united asseverations to the contrary, to affirm that it could "never give any but stale ones," and that the question and answer were in all our minds, which they emphatically were not.

On one occasion, being asked to write poetry, Planchette wrote the first lines of "Thanatopsis," which were not consciously in the minds of any of those present; and what was more peculiar, wrote the word *natural* instead of *visible* in the second line, a mistake patent to all who knew the poem—a second time controverting the theory of the *Lippincott* writer, that its errors are those of the minds employed, which contradiction is confirmed in the fact that, when asked to write its name, it invariably responds "Planchet," though we have never recognized it as other than of the feminine gender. Again, on being remonstrated with for illiteracy, it defended itself by saying, "I always was a bad speler (*sic*);" an orthographical blunder that no one in the room was capable of making.

But, on the whole, our Planchette is a cultivated, and scientific intelligence, of more than average order, though it may be, at times, slightly inaccurate in

orthography, and occasionally quote incorrectly: I must even confess that there are moments when its usual elegance of diction lapses into slang terms and abrupt contradictions. But, after all, though we flatter ourselves that, as a family, we contain rather more than ordinary intelligence, still it is more than a match for us; and if our wisdom is the true source of its cleverness, it is not the intellect of one from which it draws its sustenance, but from the combined wit and talent of the company.

Our Planchette came to us about a month ago. It is one of the simplest description, an unpolished heart-shaped board of black walnut, with brass pen-graph-wheels. It was purchased at a bookstore, in a neighboring town, and began to work immediately for a young girl of nineteen, called, systematically, "the Flirt," by this incorrigible giver of sobriquets; and myself, upon whom it at once bestowed the nickname of "Clarkey," a facetious rendering of my patronymic Clarke, to which it has constantly adhered. One of the party, a calm, dignified lady of the Society of Friends, for whom it condescends to work, is distinguished, habitually, as "the Angel." The head of the house is only known to it as "Hon. Clarke," while one of the younger members of the family, for whom it writes singularly well, is always called "the Boy of Eighteen," to the supreme annoyance of his budding manhood.

Upon one of our guests it has bestowed the uncomplimentary epithet of "Sassiness," which, being often repeated, induced a petition from the young lady so characterized to be only indicated by an initial *S*, which the impertinent scribbler accorded only so far as omitting all the letters except the five *S*'s; so that now she is always recognized as "SSSSS," with the full force of the sibilant maintained.

It is always respectful to "Hon. Clarke," and when pressed to state what it thought of him, answered that he "was a good skipper," a reputation fairly earned by his capacity for managing a fleet of small boats. But we

were not contented with so vague an answer, and our urgent demands for an analysis of his character produced the reply, "A native crab-apple, but spicy and even sweet when ripe." I should rather not say whether this was a good description, for fear he might read my opinion in this periodical. When asked to go on, it wrote, "Ask me Hon. Clarke's character again, and I will flee to realms of imperishable woe; or, as Tabitha is here, say I'll pull your nose;" and on being taunted with its incapacity to fulfil the threat, it wrote, "Metaphorically speaking, of course." Not satisfied with this rebuff, on another occasion the subject was again pursued, and the answer elicited as follows, "Yes; but you can't fool me. I said nay once, and when I says nay I means nay." More than once it has lapsed into the same misuse of the verb; as, "I not only believes it, but I knows it;" and again, "You asks, and I answers, because I'm here."

For certain people, such as the Flirt or the Angel, it will always answer, though it is sometimes sharp, and frequently refuses to repeat an illegible word. On being twice interrogated with regard to a subject, it replied, tartly, "I hate to be asked if I am sure of a fact." And once, when it desired Hon. Clarke to lay his hands upon it, and there was a misunderstanding to whom it required, it wrote, frantically, in huge letters, "CLARKE!!!"

It will occasionally write for three people, when it refuses to work for two, "on the principle," to quote its own explanation of the fact, "that three heads are better than two, even if one is a sheep's head."

It is remarkably ready at a definition, far exceeding any one of us in the terseness and clearness of its ideas.

Homœopathy it calls "sugared sweetness, which pampers the taste, and satisfies the constant desire of men to be doing something for each small ailment." Dreams, it says, are "a prolongation and confusion of the ideas and actions of the day;" or, "of what happened in a past state."

Some one, desiring to pose this ready writer, asked for its theory of the Gulf-Stream; which it announced, without hesitation, to be "Turmoil in the water, produced by conglomeration of icebergs." Objection was made that the warmth of the waters of the natural phenomenon rather contradicted this original view of the subject; to which Planchette tritely responded, "Friction produces heat." "But how does friction produce heat in this case?" pursued the questioner. "Light a match," was the inconsequent answer—Planchette evidently believing that the pupil was ignorant of first principles. "But the Gulf-Stream flows north; how, then, can the icebergs accumulate at its source?" was the next interrogation, which elicited the contemptuous reply, "There is as much ice and snow at the South Pole as at the North, ignorant Clarke." "But it flows from the Gulf of Mexico," pursued the undismayed. "You've got me there, unless it flows underground," was the cool and unexpected retort; and it wound up with declaring, sensibly, that, after all, "it is a meeting of the North and South Atlantic currents, which collide, and the eddie (*sic*) runs northward."

On being asked what had interfered with the arrival of a certain telegram, it replied, Yankee fashion, with another question, "What generally stops a telegram?" This being beyond the power of the company to answer, it gave its own idea—"The operators turn tipsy."

It said, of a certain Senator, that he was "a traitor to his country," because "he went for Johnson;" and on being asked what induced him to give his vote against impeachment, wrote,

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

It has something to say on every subject—is familiar with Shakespeare, and the glacial scratches, and even claims to know Xogkloprt; and Xogkloprt was a being evolved from the depths of our inner consciousness, through the medium of table-tipping; and we rather flatter ourselves that the name at least is uncommon. Planchette tells us that

the history of this gentleman of complex consonants "was terrible, so mysterious," that "he died for the sins of others." When asked where he lived, it answered, ambiguously, "Among the vines;" but on being pressed to know whether he was a vine-dresser, answered, with great emphasis, "Certainly not." Further questioning elicited that he resided in "an ancient country, far beyond the sea," "up among the mountains," at a place called "Aulean, in Greece." The city has long been dead. There was a woman in the case; "but she drove him wild; for he loved her, but she hated him." Some awful crime was committed, but what, Planchette says, "I dare not tell." Further communication elicited that this interesting character is now a resident of "a realm of imperishable woe." And Planchette, having once written the word "positivism," defended itself by saying, "Xogkloprt joggled my elbow; I meant 'positivism.'"

I have said that our Planchette is poetical. One day it suddenly broke out as follows:

"Wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,  
That no delight can find us,  
We'll take our flight to heaven to-night,  
And leave delight (*sic*) behind us."

These lines were unknown to either of the operators; but a lady in the room at once gave them correctly, substituting "dull earth" for "delight," in the last line; and when Planchette was asked where it learned the verses, it declared, "Miss T. had them in her mind," which the lady affirmed, positively, that she had not; at least, consciously.

It has given us several poems of its own composition; short, to be sure, and not always perfectly rhythmical; but it is fond of asserting its authorship, by writing after them, "This is perfectly original"—a fact that no one who reads them would ever doubt. The following is an instance:

"A maid sat on y<sup>e</sup> shore,  
Watching the ocean's roar,  
She thought of him who, far away,  
Would come to her one joyous day,  
And say, we part no more."

This was written off without hesitation or stoppage of any kind, with the Flirt's hands and my own upon the board. The former never made a rhyme in her life, and I am positive that my brain had no connection with this remarkable production; so that we do not quarrel with Planchette for the honor of its creation; neither does it seem proud of its poetical talent, for of some other lines of its own, it wrote, "Any person, with half an idea, could write such supreme ridiculous nonsense."

These are some few of the facts of which we are cognizant. Other people have probably many, that are equally curious and amusing, if they could only be made known.

That some strange influence, of a perfectly natural character, produces these results, we have no doubt; and at this point I would wish to make a suggestion of a theory, which I cannot do better than state, in Planchette's own words, on being asked for a title for this paper and an opening sentence; to which it replied, "I will give one sentence, but that is all;" and, after a reflective pause, it produced, with unusual deliberation, the following:

"Say, I am an impostor; but I am not. People do not understand how to use me. I act through the aid of magnetic principles, with the aid of positive and negative magnetism."

Now, I propose to give a statement, according to Planchette itself, of its manner of action, and the different elements required to give its communications clearness and point. It declares that certain people possess positive magnetism; others, negative magnetism; still others, negative electricity. Positive electricity exists only in the atmosphere. In order to produce writing, the combination is required of a person possessing positive magnetism with another endowed either with negative magnetism or negative electricity. Every such combination is not, however, successful; a certain balance of qualities must be preserved. Some are deficient in the positive or negative character; in which case, the board

either does not move, or tips violently in every direction, or makes wild marks and scratches, or possibly writes nonsense. Sometimes the addition of a third person will supply the required power; but it is impossible to tell, from any previous knowledge, what character will influence the machine; and it is not easy to know in what proportions the positive and negative effect a perfect combination. The Flirt is positive magnetic; the Boy of Eighteen is positive magnetic; the Angel is negative magnetic; Clarkey is negative electric; Sassiness is "an unpleasant mixture of magnetic and electric;" Hon. Clarkey is positive magnetic; and his wife has such strong positive magnetism, that no negative has yet been found powerful enough to unite with her, though the instrument tips and moves under her hands. Combinations of the Boy of Eighteen and the Angel; the Boy of Eighteen and Clarkey; the Flirt and the Angel; the Flirt and Clarkey; Sassiness, the Flirt, and Hon. Clarkey, will produce manifestations equally good; that is, answers equally sensible and to the point.

The broad portion of the board and the point represent the two poles of the magnet; and Planchette requires a different adjustment of hands with reference to the combinations. When the Flirt writes with Clarkey, the point must be under the hands of the latter, else the instrument refuses to move. When the Flirt writes with the Angel, the position is reversed. If this is not done, the instrument will still write, but write backwards, and produces the effect of the impression on blotting-paper; that is, in order to decipher the words, it is necessary to hold the paper before a looking-glass. With Clarkey and the Boy of Eighteen the broad part of the machine must be on Clarkey's side, so that any suspicion of foul play is averted from the operators—who are, indeed, above suspicion; even if such proof of their innocence were wanting, as is given by the impossibility of their having coined certain of the responses, on account of their ignorance of the

subjects discussed. The contrary elements of electricity and magnetism are succinctly defined by Planchette, as "quickenings" and "quietings;" and it evidently reaches its highest activity when one nature is the complement of the other.

The answers to any question asked, mentally, have generally been imperfect, even with the questioner's hands upon the board; and we have not cared to ask them, believing, as we do, that the effect is produced by an unconscious and unexplained though not inexplicable combination of intellectual power working under strictly natural laws.

The evening of Monday, August 1st, was very cold and clear, and we spent it in-doors with Planchette, who was so very satisfactory, that I can scarcely do better than give our questions and its answers as they came, stating, first, that the Flirt and I had our hands upon the board, and that the questions were asked by a third person. There was no delay nor hesitation in the answers, the moving-power worked instantly, and the writing was perfectly legible. The conversation began in this wise:

*Questioner.* Mention three of the most marked characteristics of positive magnetic individuals.

*Planchette.* Sympathetic, cold, and nervous.

*Q.* These qualities are inconsistent, Planchette. One may sympathize warmly, but be physically incapable of expression. They are not parts of the same temperament.

*P.* I said they could be united in the same person.

*Q.* Is any such person present?

*P.* You.

*Q.* Who?

*P.* She.

*Q.* Who is she?

*P.* I don't like to say.

*Q.* Why?

*P.* Because she don't like it.

*Q.* Never mind that; say on.

*P.* All right. Sassiness.

*Q.* What are the characteristics of electric people?

*P.* Intensely nervous, also immense capability. Clarke is an instance.

*Q.* What is your own theory of your motion?

*P.* I calls (*sic*) it nothing but reproductive principle.

*Q.* Give some other instance of the same reproducing principle.

*P.* Insanity.

*Q.* Is idiocy the same?

*P.* No; because the mind, there, is dead.

*Q.* What is the difference between the two states?

*P.* Insanity is a confusion of previous ideas and actions.

*Q.* What, then, is delirium?

*P.* That is disease.

*Q.* What is the moving principle of thought?

*P.* Who? Where, Sassiness?

*Q.* How does thought originate?

*P.* I don't know; ask Socrates.

*Q.* How is that possible?

*P.* Refer to his works.

*Q.* Are your writings the result of involuntary mental action on our part?

*P.* There is no involuntary working of the mind. Each thought is depe<sup>nt</sup> (*sic*), unknowingly, on an antecedent.

*Q.* What shall we state as the theory of your motion?

*P.* There is no special theory; you have only the facts to judge by.

*Q.* Whence do you derive your ideas?

*P.* From all the company. I generally receive the impression of the strongest mind.

*Q.* Whose is the strongest mind among us?

*P.* Yours is the strongest mind awake; the other is sleeping.

At this point we turned, and discovered that the Hon. Clarke had fallen into a doze on the sofa; of which fact we, entirely absorbed in the questions and answers, were completely ignorant. The lady to whom the compliment had been addressed, continued the conversation, by asking,

*Q.* How was it possible that you should be equally clever before I came?

To which Planchette promptly and rebukingly answered,

*P.* There were other strong minds, strong as yours, Sassiness—

*Q.* Whose?

*P.* The Senator's, and Hon. Clarke's, who is not always asleep.

At this point Sassiness, overcome with the point and vigor of the repartees, and declaring that she had finally met with her ideal, said, solemnly,

"Planchette, I here offer you my heart and hand."

There being no response, some one said,

"Did you hear, Planchette?"

"Yes, I heard her," was the response.

"And have you nothing to say?"

There was another short pause; and then the pencil wrote rapidly,

"If the union were possible, I should accept; but we might find our minds incompatible. Besides, I am not so much devoted to you as I might be, Sassiness."

Of course this brought forth a burst of merriment from the company, the operators being as much astonished as any one at this unexpected turn to the serious conversation.

Then the Angel sat down to the board with the Flirt; and, having first reversed the machine, I asked Planchette to tell us which of its communications it preferred to have us publish in the article I was writing; to which it replied, at length,

"That touching little allusion to the devil and the preachers, also the pet names I have for my friends; such as, Devilless, Sassiness, Clarke, and the rest. Also, you may throw in the poems, for they would please the public. I advise you not to throw in the description of characters. I could go on indefinitely, but this squeak" (referring to the noise of the pencil) "affects my head. But I will write more if you desire it." It then wrote,

"I want SSSSS to ask, and Clarke to answer."

The required change having been made, the conversation was pursued, as follows:

*Q.* Are you the same power as the medium in Carver-street?\*

*P.* I scorn such an inquiry. One is the result of matter; the other, mind.

*Q.* Is it the same power possessed by Mrs. —?

This lady professes to be able to discern character from a letter, simply held in the hand. Both the Flirt and myself were ignorant of the facts alluded to in the two last questions; but it did not at all affect the clearness of Planchette's response.

*P.* Mrs. — is a deluded humbug. It is easy enough to state generalities, and make random applications.

*Q.* Is this the same power as clairvoyance?

*P.* Yes, in some respects. Don't ever suppose, however, that this process trenches on the supernatural.

*Q.* Is it the same as mesmerism?

*P.* I think it is magnetism.

*Q.* Explain the difference between the two.

*P.* There is no essential difference. Mesmerism is more an animal fluid; magnetism, more of an intellectual power.

*Q.* Is it the same as odic force?

*P.* No.

*Q.* What is odic force?

*P.* You could not understand my explanation. Besides, I do not understand it myself well.

*Q.* Can any unexplained historical phenomena be accounted for by this principle?

*P.* No; it is a new development.

*Q.* When was it discovered?

*P.* It has been used, unconsciously, for the last generation.

*Q.* How?

*P.* In magnetizing some minds, as you have often heard. It also is of use in pulling people.

*Q.* Why is it more apparent at present than formerly?

*P.* The animal magnetism is strong in some people, though it has never been thoroughly developed. A generation

\* This is an ordinary professional medium, who tips tables in the dark.

from now this science will have attained a remarkable growth. It will have much to do then with the historic events of the world. Man, and all his actions, will be governed, more or less, by this wonderful magnetic power. It has been always latent; but all sciences are dependent on previous ones. This will be a natural outgrowth of various sciences. This follows electricity and astronomy.

*Q.* Have you any thing to do with the magnetic pole?

*P.* Yes, I am dependent on it.

At this point we were called out, to look at the Aurora Borealis, which was irradiating the northern sky with lambent light. Some one suggested that the activity of Planchette might be accounted for by the electrical influences abroad; so that, on our return to the parlor, we interrogated it on this subject, asking whether it was affected by the Aurora.

*P.* Yes; it affects the minds of all here. The peculiar condition of the atmosphere engenders clearness and a connection of all intellectual power.

*Q.* Would you be affected by a magnet in the room?

*P.* A magnet would not affect the minds of men. It is only the condition of the atmosphere that affects the intellectual magnetism.

*Q.* Has it any connection with the demoniac possession?

*P.* No; there is no connection whatever. Besides, I don't believe in the demoniacal theory.

*Q.* What do you think of it?

*P.* Nothing but insanity. It was an extraordinary case, made to influence the superstitious mind.

*Q.* What of the devils of Moozine?

*P.* Only an extreme case of insanity.

*Q.* Is insanity, then, contagious?

*P.* Rarely. In this case, however, it was; for the minds of many people were predisposed for that condition.

At this point the *seance* broke up, the Flirt having become exhausted.

We have found, as a general thing, that the positive magnetic agent feels the physical effects of the operation

sometimes in a prickling sensation in the fingers and arms, sometimes in headache, and again in general exhaustion. The effect passes off rapidly when the hands are removed from the machine. The negative temperament experiences no sensation when working with a corresponding positive agent; but if the positive quality in the other is not sufficiently powerful, or if he be likewise a negative, fatigue ensues in the strongest negative magnet. I am always overcome with extreme drowsiness when working in this way, though I can continue the practice for hours, without sensation, when the balance of the two magnetisms is perfect.

It is much to be regretted that we have not had more opportunities for trying the effect of different combinations upon the machine; as, upon one occasion, curious results were produced by a stranger, who, after watching Planchette's evolutions for some time, placed his hands upon her with the Flirt. A remarkable perturbation at once took place. The instrument dashed violently backward and forward across the paper, and wrote, with impetuous vehemence, in letters of great size, "It is too strong; leave off, off, off!" and became completely uncontrollable, not only for the moment, but for three days after, though the gentleman departed at once; refusing to write any thing but nonsense, even with those for whom it had previously responded; and covering the paper with scrawls, and the words, "Hall, Hall, Hall," the name of the gentleman who had bewitched it. It tore holes in the paper with the point of the pencil, jumped up and down on one leg, and even ran off the table several times. It had, during this attack, which it called its "sickness," moments that it called its "lucid intervals," during which it explained that it must be left on the table, that the false magnetism might "run off through the legs."

At the end of three days it responded to our questions about its health, with the words, "Well, well, well!" and a huge exclamation-point at the

end, to give emphasis to the declaration. It then explained that the power of Mr. Hall was rather mesmerism than magnetism; and that such an influence was fatal to its organization. Upon inquiry, we learned that the gentleman in question had formerly possessed mesmeric power, and had occasionally exercised it upon various individuals.

These are but a few of the curious phenomena of which we have been witnesses; but I have no doubt that, when it is generally known that intelligent answers can be obtained to sensible questions, others who, until now, have treated this curious little toy with contempt, will be induced to give it attention, as perhaps capable of throwing light upon many of the manifestations which the superstitious mind has ascribed to spiritual agency, and the scientific observer scouted as imposture. Intelligent minds may find subject for experiment and investigation in this simple bit of machinery, and amusement may at least be afforded by its curious readiness and marvellous aptitude; while the philosopher may find a new topic of thought, in the consideration of this problem of a floating and combined intelligence brought to bear upon an inanimate agent, which our magnetic friend seems inclined to suggest.

Are we, then, all Planchettes, worked upon by the active intellectual principle afloat in the "circumambient" air, and are our grades of mental power only indications of our magnetic responsiveness

to the influences of nature? Is a block-head, with three legs, the archetype of abstract thought? Is it possible that the Delphic tripod may have been the Planchette of the period, and that the profound and wonderful answers of the oracle may have been procured by the same means we now employ to amuse an idle hour?

If this theory of atmospheric influences be true, have we not a clue to the extraordinary manifestations of those great eras of literature, when many minds of rare genius have burst together into marvellous blossom? May we not owe the Augustan and Elizabethan Ages to some prolonged auroral influence, producing the necessary conditions of intellectual power that led to such results as Horace, Virgil, Jonson, Shakespeare, and the other human Planchettes have achieved? May not the cycles of magnetic force return, like comets, at eccentric intervals? And who knows but the Dark Ages may have been the perihelion of its orbit, as the Augustan Age may have been its aphelion?

These suggestions open a wide field for the speculative mind, and we trust we may be excused in view of the present tendency of even the British scientific mind of our day. We do not think we are much in advance of Professor Tyndal, whose late scientific discourse, even in these progressive days, has excited so much attention on both sides of the water. We take shelter behind his robes.

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## STONEWALL JACKSON.—AN HISTORICAL STUDY.\*

No field of literature is more fruitful and advantageous than biography. It affords the writer the opportunity of combining the most various elements of interest, and of mixing, in a seasonable manner, the most serious lessons of philosophy with the lighter charms of literature. No other author has broader and more abundant materials than the biographer. He has but commenced his task when he has only put in orderly narrative the events and incidents of the life of his subject; he has yet to explore the personal character, in which this life has its true significance and interest, to study it in the *subjective*, and make of it a purely psychological inquiry; and even beyond this, he has, necessarily, to determine the reciprocal relations, the connecting influences between this life and its times, the general historical condition in which it flourished. "For," as the acute German philosopher Goethe says, "the main point in biography is to present the man in all his relations to his time, and to show to what extent it may have opposed or prospered his development; what view of mankind and the world he has shaped from it, and how far he himself may be an external reflection of its spirit."

It is in this just conception of biography that we at once comprehend its extraordinary literary advantage in uniting opportunities of philosophy with the art of narrative, and in occupying a field of the most various interest. The biographer is properly philosopher, dramatist, historian. Indeed, a remarkable tendency of the modern school of history, which has been developed since Macaulay's adventure, is to approach the style of biography, and to appropriate its interest in dramatic and vivid

treatment of subjects. It is a philosophical tendency, a correct school; for, after all, since persons create events, history is profoundly and logically nothing more than a collection of biographies, a narrative of many lives, instead of one. The practical realization of this school is a superior graphic style of historical composition, in which events are grouped around certain leading figures, and the narrative is discharged through the dramatic action of a few prominent characters. This, in fact, is both the true philosophy and the true art of history; it obtains the true unity of narrative; it makes distinct, vivid impressions; it combines artistic with logical effects, and heightens the interest of the reader with nearly every element admitted within the domain of the intellect and of the emotions. The effect of this school has been to lessen the merely convenient or conventional boundary between history and biography, to bring them more closely together, and to identify them in point of dramatic interest. The modern historian is no longer the dull, rapid chronicler; he discovers the true logical sources of his narrative in particular persons; he makes his pages successions of vivid and interesting biography; he arranges his story in dramas and picture-galleries; and he finds, with these aids, that he has obtained, not only better advantages to inform and instruct his readers, but also the means to entertain their fancy and cultivate their emotions. In this view, it may be said that the true historical interest of any period of time has come to be, not so much in the multitude of events, as in the number and variety of personal characters which compose the story. It is the biographical test of the interest of narratives. The curiosity of the reader has become dramatic; he wishes to know the men who figured on the stage of a particular period, in what

\* Our readers will doubtless be interested to see what is said of one of the most famous of the Rebel leaders, by one of their most prominent historians. —*El. Putnam's Magazine*.

respect they were novel and admirable, how they acted upon each other and circumstances, what missions they represented, what problems they worked out, what conditions they effected. It is this dominant biographical interest which has brought into existence a new school of history, and erected a new standard of criticism; and we cannot help admitting that its tendencies are philosophical and improving.

We preface so much to the consideration of the literary records of our recent war. It has been customary to speak, and not without a mixture of vanity, of the great figure this war will make when the future historian comes to deal with it elaborately; and to explore its operations. Yet, how meagre the biographical interest of this struggle; how scant in its illustrations of any conspicuous virtues or novelties of personal character; how unfruitful of great or remarkable men! It is in the dominant feature of historical interest that the late war, of which we usually speak in so many superlative phrases, is singularly and fatally deficient. It is remarkable for immense physical phenomena, rather than for intellectual and moral display. What is wonderful in it is the extent of physical masses, the *cloaca populorum*, stupendous sums of money, monuments of carnage; but how paltry and flowerless its crops of men, how few its productions of genius, how slight those illustrations which make up the personal, heroic interest of history! It produced, of course, if only by the rule of comparison, some military celebrities—these even few, and one only of surpassing fame; but we look in vain for the intellectual contagion of a great excitement, for those tongues of fire with which men speak in a great war, for those thoughts of orator, poet, and priest which burn along the opposing lines like signal-fires, and make of modern war a conflict of inspirations as well as of arms.

We do not propose to invite here invidious comparisons between the military leaders on either side in the late war. And yet, as we have already re-

ferred to one of them as of surpassing fame, we may take this name apart, as at least one conspicuous centre of biographical interest in the war. We refer to STONEWALL JACKSON. Around this man, whose fame has already gone, on those quick messengers, the wings of battle, to the ends of the world, there must necessarily congregate, in the future, some of the most impressive memories of the war; and his biography, especially the study of his peculiar character, becomes at once a dominant subject of historical interest, and a standpoint of narrative. Whoever may hereafter write profoundly and philosophically a history of the Southern Confederacy, must take Jackson as a central figure; and he must mingle his biography, at least the characterization of the man, with many parts of his story, thereby dramatizing, coloring it, and binding up the attention of the reader with personal sympathies and heroic aspirations.

It will be the especial and exact task of the military historian, the expert critic, to adjust Jackson's peculiar fame in arms and to determine its details. It is just that his life should be regarded from a high and critical military point of view, for here is its excellent and almost exclusive interest; and, besides, it is remarkable how much he has already suffered from the inaccurate and overdrawn estimates of incompetent critics. His only considerable biographer (Dr. Dabney, a Presbyterian clergyman) has fallen into the lamentable error of regarding the religious and even sectarian character of his hero as the chief interest of his life, and subordinating to it his wonderful military career and his character as a master of war. So far is this estimate in error, that we may even venture a remark, which will probably be novel and distasteful to many readers—that the religious element in General Jackson's life has come in for an undue share of public attention; that it was among the least admirable parts of his character; and that it was singularly and painfully deficient.

Of this aspect of the life of the great

Southern commander, the writer has had occasion, in some historical sketches of the war, to deliver an opinion, perhaps as unpopular as it is novel. He says, "There are considerations which make Jackson's piety of very partial interest. It is true that he was an enthusiast in religion, that he was wonderfully attentive in his devotions, and that prayer was as the breath of his nostrils. To one of his friends he declared that he had cultivated the habit of 'praying without ceasing,' and connecting a silent testimony of devotion with every familiar act of the day. 'Thus,' he said, 'when I take my meals, there is the grace. When I take a draught of water, I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission, and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to pray to God that He may prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good.' But, notwithstanding the extreme fervor of Jackson's religion, it is remarkable that he kept it for certain places and companies; that he was disposed to be solitary in its exercise; and that he was singularly innocent of that Cromwellian fanaticism that mixes religious invocations with orders and utterances on a battle-field. He prayed in his tent; he delighted in long talks with the many clergymen who visited him; he poured out the joys and aspirations of his faith in private correspondence; but he seldom introduced religion into the ordinary conversation of his military life; and he exhibited this side of his character in the army in scarcely any thing more than Sunday services in his camp, and a habitual brief line in all his official reports, acknowledging the divine favor. He was very attentive to these outward observances, but his religious habit was shy and solitary; he had none of the activity of the priest; we hear but little of his work in the hospitals, of private ministrations by the

death-bed, and of walks and exercises of active charity."

Havelock distributed tracts in the British army; Vickers comforted the dying in the trenches, and held prayer-meetings within the range of the enemy's guns. We do not hear of such noble and amiable offices performed by Jackson. His religion lacked in active benevolence; it was a cold, introspective religion, subjective in its experiences, severe, no doubt, in its self-discipline, correct in its faith, but with few works, few visible testimonies of zeal in the usual rounds of Christian duty. His religion was in no way mixed with the administration of his command. In his military intercourse he was the military commander. On the field of battle he was the passionate, distinct, harsh commander, where sharp and strident orders were inexorable as messengers of fate. He had no religious appeals or exhortations to make to his men; if he prayed in action, it was in invariable silence; he never dropped a word of regret on the conquered field, such as spectacles of death have often moved benevolent men to utter; he never comforted the dying, or visited the hospitals; he had no peculiar schemes of benevolence in his army (beyond the usual Sunday preaching); he was no winner of souls, no messenger of conversions and revivals; in brief, he was utterly deficient in those active and priestly offices which the popular mind associates with the Christian hero. He was warm enough in his self-communions, in prayer, and in intercourse with a very few intimate friends; but his religion was essentially a selfish, intellectual fanaticism, that seldom appeared out of his meditations, where it was excessively nursed. It did not go forth on the divine errands of charity. It was a religion curious rather than lovable. There was probably but little of philanthropy in Jackson's composition. He did not have the charming amiability of Lee; he was disposed to re-creation with his officers, stern and exacting in his commands; he was naturally of an excessive temper, harsh and

domineering; and we are disposed to think that it required all the grace of his Christian character and the severest discipline of his religion to keep within bounds his constitutional impulses of anger.

While we thus lessen (no doubt to the surprise of many readers) the popular regards for Jackson as a Christian hero, it is yet to observe him in his supreme character of a master of war, the surpassing military genius of the South. It is here where the chief interest of his life resides, here where the biographer should have pointed and held attention. He was a "heaven-born general," said the *London Times*, a journal least accustomed to extravagant phrases, and almost historical in its deliberate measure of language. He was a born soldier—*natus est, non factus, nascitur non fit*; he had far more of the inspiration of war than Lee. He was undoubtedly superior to the latter, in the sense that genius is superior to the highest intellect, that it has more self-possession and readiness, that it acts with intuition and rapidity on instant combinations; thus having advantage of the latter, and executing while it has taken time to meditate. Jackson knew, as by intuition, when and where to strike the enemy; he had an almost infallible insight into his condition and temper; he marched to his purpose with that supreme self-confidence, that absolute certainty, which always designate the efforts of genius. He had the inspiration of war rather than its pedantry. He must have been really deficient in military learning, for, as a professor at the Institute of Virginia, he would have had abundant opportunities, unavoidable occasions, no matter how unfortunate and blundering he was as an instructor, to let out the contents of his mind, to blurt them in some way; but his reputation there was quite as remarkable for a blank mind as for a bad delivery. Yet he was not only the most brilliant of Confederate commanders, but the most uniformly successful. It is remarkable of him that he was never surprised; that he was never

routed in battle; that he never had a train or any organized portion of his army captured by the enemy; and that he never made intrenchments.

A common error has prevailed that Jackson's military faculty was a partial one; that he was brilliant in executing the parts assigned him by his superiors, but that he was scarcely competent to plan and originate for himself. When he fell, General Lee deplored the loss as that of his "right arm," and the phrase has been too literally or narrowly taken, as meaning that Jackson was chiefly valuable in executing the plans of the commander-in-chief. This estimate does him great injustice, and ignores some of the most important parts of his career. Indeed, there was, on the Southern side in the war, no military genius more complete, more diversified in its accomplishments, more universal in the range of arms, and in its methods of illustration. His plans were as excellent as his executions. His famous campaign of 1862, in the Valley of Virginia, was of his own origination, further than that he had been placed there by Johnston to draw attention from Richmond; but it was not expected that he would act offensively, until the news electrified the country that he had defeated four separate armies, marched four hundred miles in forty days, neutralized a force of sixty thousand men designed to operate against Richmond, and was sweeping through the mountain-passes to the relief of the Confederate capital in a blaze of glory. The movements that constituted this campaign were as precise as were ever adjusted by military skill, and the diagram that describes them remains one of the nicest strategic studies of the war. Again, the great event of Chancellorsville—the movement on Hooker's flank, when Jackson blazed from the Wilderness, sudden and consuming as the lightning—was his own conception, urged upon Lee; and the night before the great warrior fell, he had planned beneath the pines, and by the light of a camp-fire, this masterpiece of the most famous victory of the Confederates. It was the characteristic,

crowning repetition of his favorite strategy on the enemy's flanks; dealing those sudden and mortal blows which show the nerve of a great commander, and illustrate the precision of genius.

Jackson had that rare and interesting test of genius—the support of a weak physique by the transports of the mind. In his campaigning he was as imperious to the elements, as strong and grim as Charles XII. of Sweden, the iron warrior of his age. At ordinary times he was weak and whimsical as to health; in the life of the professor he was dyspeptic and hypochondriac; but in the excitements of war he was equal to almost incredible hardships, and the animation of his genius alone seems to have made him a type of endurance. He was never absent a day from his command; he often slept without any thing but a blanket between him and the mud or the snow; he ate with almost mechanical indifference as to the quality of his food; vigilant, elastic, always in motion, he excelled all other Confederate commanders in activity and endurance, and made his "foot-cavalry" the wonder of the country. When his brigade was making a forced march to the first Manassas, it bivouacked near the railroad, and the volunteers, unused to such fatigue, murmured at the necessity of setting guards for the night. Jackson pitied their weariness; he replied that he himself, alone, would do the guard-duty for that night; and during all its lonely hours, when his men were stretched on the ground, worn out, the commander stalked on his rounds, disdaining the least refreshment of sleep, and wrapped in unknown meditations. At another time, when, in the harshest depths of winter, and through a raging, merciless storm, he marched towards the headwaters of the Potomac; when over-wearied men sank by the way to die, or slipped down the precipices overlaid with ice; when the animals of his trains gave out, or stumbled along with bleeding muzzles; when many of his shelterless troops froze dead in the night-time, and their gloomy comrades murmured against their commander; on the toil-

some and agonizing march through snow-fields and along the yawning precipices full of black, jagged rock and ghostly-frosted shapes, Jackson was yet the silent, grim, inexorable general, the only man in the command who never uttered a word of suffering, although sharing the hardships and privations of the commonest soldier, apparently having no thoughts, no feelings, beyond the victory, to which he toiled on the narrow mountain-path, through the wreck of winter, the ravages of death, and the defiances of nature. His constitution was naturally weak, but it was braced by an extraordinary will; and his endurance was probably an illustration of that very physical strength which comes from the transports of genius.

He had another remarkable trait, which has often been observed in great military commanders: a cold method, which has sometimes been taken for cruelty, but is really nothing more than the expression of the severe and supreme idea of war. He had no weak sentimentalism, and he was even averse to much of the ostentation and refinement of arms. War for him had a gloomy, terrible meaning; it was the shedding of blood, wounds, death. Once an inferior officer was regretting that some Federal soldiers had been killed in a display of extraordinary courage when they might as readily have been captured. Jackson replied, curtly, "Shoot them all; I don't want them to be brave." He had a gloomy, fierce idea of war, which we are forced to confess was sometimes almost savage in its expressions. It was testified by Governor Letcher, in a distinct and authentic manner, during the life-time of Jackson, that, from the opening of the war, the latter favored the *black flag*, and thought that no prisoner should be taken in a war invading the homes of the South. The fact is, Jackson had no politics, not a particle of political animosity in the war, and, in this respect, represented many of his countrymen, who only realized that an issue of arms was made, and that they were called upon to defend their homes against invaders, whom

the newspapers represented to be no better than marauders and incendiaries. Jackson had only the idea of the soldier—to fight, and to fight in the most terrible manner. It is a curious circumstance that he once recommended a night-attack to be made by assailants stripped naked and armed with bowie-knives, suggesting that the novelty and terror of such an apparition would paralyze the enemy. The writer was disposed to doubt an anecdote so remarkable, until it was confirmed to him by the testimony of a well-known and most truthful gentleman; and he must confess that he perceives in it something characteristic of Jackson's gloom and fierceness. It was not a natural cruelty, a constitutional harshness, but a stern conception of war and its dread realities—the soldier's disposition for quick, decisive, destructive work.

We are aware that we have disturbed some popular notions about the favorite hero of the South. But we are endeavoring to obtain the truth of a somewhat mysterious character; and we have yet to notice the most complete delusion that the common mind has attached to the name of Jackson. It is, that he was a cold figure in a round of duty, operated only by conscientious motives, deaf to praise and destitute of ambition. The writer recollects, on one occasion, writing some encomium on Jackson, in a Richmond journal, and remarking thereupon that Jackson would probably never read it, and undoubtedly cared nothing for public opinion. "You are utterly mistaken," spoke up John M. Daniel, the editor; "he is to-day the most ambitious man within the limits of the Southern Confederacy."

A close inspection of Jackson's life, and especially of his peculiar and masking manners, shows that he really had an enormous, consuming ambition. It was an ambition that resided in the depths of his nature; that ate into and honeycombed his heart; that bounded and fluctuated in every pulse of his being. He was almost fierce in the confession of this secret feeling, in the beginning of his military career. When

once asked if he had felt no trepidation when he made most extraordinary exposures of his person in some of the famous battles of the Mexican War, he replied that the only anxiety of which he was conscious in any of these engagements was a fear lest he should not meet danger enough to make his conduct under it as conspicuous as he desired; and as the peril grew greater, he rejoiced in it as his opportunity for distinction. He courted the greatest amount of danger for the greatest amount of glory; and this sentiment of the true soldier survived to his last moments.

But it is to be observed that Jackson's ambition was of a true, lofty sort, quite unlike that vulgar passion which makes men itch for notoriety, and constantly place themselves in circumstances and attitudes to attract public attention. Such an ambition (if the term may be so profaned) is the quality of mean souls; and even its little, noisy prizes are worthless, for it is remarkable that mere notoriety generally recoils upon itself, and that those who make themselves notorious, at last tax public attention to find out something disreputable or ridiculous about them. Jackson's passion was that fine and lofty ambition which pursues *idealities*, which looks to a name in history, and which, averse to the mere noisy, evanescent gifts of popularity, actually shuns notoriety, is pained by all vulgar and meretricious displays, and is constantly maintaining a close and sensitive reserve. Such ambition is the property of grand and noble souls. It is most interesting to regard its reserves, its disguises, its taciturn moods, its apparent want of sympathy with immediate surroundings, and the common mistake the world makes in designating as emotionless, ascetic men, those who are daily and nightly consumed by grand aspirations. An ambition of this sort pursues only the ideal; it finds its happiness in self-culture and self-approval, in secret aspirations, in communion with the historical and universal; it is but the vulgar counterfeit, the low desire, that seeks the coarse rewards of popularity in

offices, in applause, in newspaper paragraphs; that imagines mere noise is the acclamation of glory, and mistakes "a dunce's puff for fame." Jackson, no doubt, valued "skilled commendation," while he did not mistake the penny-articles of the newspaper for the inscriptions of history; he was not entirely insensible to the praise of his contemporaries; but what he mostly and chiefly prized was the name in history—an aspiration after the ideal, and not the vulgar hunt for notoriety and its gifts. Such an ambition is consonant with the most refined spirit of Christianity; it resides in the depths of great minds; and it easily escapes observation, because those moved by it are generally silent men, of mysterious air and mechanical manners, living within themselves, conscious that few can enter into sympathy with them, and constantly practising the art of impenetrable reserve.

The very awkwardness of Jackson's manners, his taciturn habit, his constraint in company, the readiness with which he was put to embarrassment, were marks of sensitive ambition, with its supreme self-confidence which is yet not vanity, its raw self-regard which is yet not conceit, rather than evidences of a strained and excessive modesty, blundering in its steps and painfully protesting its unworthiness. It is a superficial, common mistake of the world to designate as "modest" men, or as persons holding low opinions of themselves, those who are awkward and bashful in society, who blush easily when confronted in a general conversation, or are constrained and embarrassed in the conventionalisms of social intercourse. But an observation more studious than that of the drawing-room and general assembly often discovers under such manners the very sensitiveness of a supreme self-appreciation, the chafe or reserve of a great proud spirit, without opportunity to exert itself. It is thus we may explain how the shy and clumsy manners of Jackson, which made him the butt of social companies, yet covered an enormous self-regard, and masked the ambition which devoured

him. Mr. John Esten Cooke, who was near his person in the war, declares: "The recollection is still preserved by many of his personal peculiarities; his simplicity and absence of suspicion when all around were laughing at some of his odd ways; his grave expression and air of innocent inquiry when some jest excited general merriment, and he could not see the point; his solitary habits and self-contained deportment; his absence of mind, awkwardness of gait, and evident indifference to every species of amusement."

There is a common disposition to caricature great men, to exaggerate their peculiarities, and to discover eccentricities. It comes, probably, from a low, literary adventure, a design to point paragraphs at the expense of truth. Jackson has suffered greatly from such caricature; he has been represented as uncouth and odd in the most various particulars, and the apocrypha of the Bohemians have given the most conflicting representations of his person and manners. There was nothing really very extraordinary in these; but it is surprising what different opinions have been held as to the comeliness of the man. We may quote here from some of our own personal recollections of Jackson, written on another occasion, what we yet think the most correct description of the hero: "To the vulgar eye he was a clumsy-looking man, and his roughly-cut features obtained for him the easy epithet of an ugly man. But to the eye that makes of the human face the *janua animi*, and examines in it the traces of character and spirit, the countenance of Jackson was superlatively noble and interesting. The outline was coarse; the reddish beard was scraggy; but he had a majestic brow, and in the blue eyes was an introverted expression, and just sufficient expression of melancholy to show the deeply-earnest man. But the most striking feature, the combative sign of the face, was the massive iron-bound jaw—that which Bulwer declares to be the mark of the conqueror, the facial characteristic of Cæsar and William of Normandy, the

latter of whom he has brought before our eyes in one of his most splendid romances. In brief, while common curiosity saw nothing to admire in Jackson, a closer scrutiny discovered a rare and interesting study. It was not the popular picture of a *bizarre* and austere hero: it was that of a plain gentleman, of ordinary figure, but with a lordly face, in which serious and noble thoughts were written without effort or affectation."

The views the present writer has taken of Jackson scarcely correspond to the beaten types of the man, and their novelty may be unpleasant, and provocative of criticism in some quarters. But we conceive the necessity of a profound exploration, a searching analysis of a character so central and dramatic in the war, that stands in so many important historical connections; and we refer to the remarks prefacing this article, on the width and importance of the biographical study. Many of the most important events of the war must be grouped around Jackson, and the veins of his single dominant character must run through many pages of the general narrative. We cannot exaggerate the importance of a correct study of the man. In many respects he was the representative of his countrymen. His chaste and noble ambition represented the aspirations of the best and most cultivated men of the South, as opposed to a mania in the North for noisy and visible distinctions; his innocence of politics was extremely characteristic of perhaps a

majority of the Southern soldiers, who fought more from martial instincts than from political convictions; and his superb valor illustrated the sentiment of the South that thinks personal courage a virtue and an ornament, and ranks it first among the titles of admiration. It is indispensable that an influence that contributed so much to the war should be carefully analyzed; that a person so conspicuous in it should be correctly portrayed; and that the character of Stonewall Jackson should be placed among its first historical studies.

The last moments of the great warrior have been variously described. The following statement is derived from the exact and literal accounts of his physician. Within two hours of his death, he was told distinctly that there was no hope, that he was dying; and he answered, feebly but firmly, "Very good; it is all right." A few moments before he died, he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hawks—" then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said, quietly, and with an expression as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." And so, with these beautiful, typical words trembling on his lips, the soul of the great soldier, taxed with battle, and trial, and weariness, passed through the deep waters of Death, and found sweet and eternal rest.

## THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

WITH PORTRAIT OF SECRETARY McCULLOCH.

So long as the country struggles under a vast National Debt, a depreciated Currency, and the Taxation which these involve, the department of government which has charge of its loans, currency, and revenues, and whose duty it is to adjust all these to the industry, commerce, and genius of our people, must be of chief importance. We had been accustomed before the rebellion to style the Secretary of State, Premier. Questions of international policy then chiefly engaged the attention of statesmen and the sympathies of the people. With the progress of the war the country leaned alternately on the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury. But with the return of peace, the disbandment of our armies, the adjustment of all foreign complications, and the accession of all the disaffected and rebellious portion of our people to such a share of political power as may enable them to affect and embarrass the levy of taxes, the payment of the debt, and the restoration of our currency to par, the questions growing out of our financial condition supersede all others, and make the Secretary of the Treasury, next to the President, the most responsible officer of the government. In England the First Lord of the Treasury is Premier. In France, Prussia, and the other European Governments, the duties of Minister of Finance, of Revenue, and of Commerce, which we concentrate upon our Head of the Treasury, are divided among various ministers, who in the aggregate exercise a commanding influence in their several cabinets. Yet nowhere have financial questions such urgency, and even danger, as in the United States. Whether compared, therefore, with other officers of our own government, or with any member of foreign administrations, the post of Secretary of the Treasury of the United

States involves the most important, delicate, unprecedented, and difficult functions. The practical difficulties are hardly less than during the war; for then patriotism silenced censure, and nearly all men, conscious of the appalling difficulties of the financial situation, shrank from administering, and almost feared to advise. But now every tyro has become a financier, and trance-mediums in every village offer for a small charge to reconcile wounded lovers, or to answer all difficult questions of finance. A politician who would not claim to be competent to make a shoe, not having learned the trade, will without hesitation and without study construct a new national banking system, or destroy the old. When so many accomplished free lances in finance are entering the field, men who have given their lives to the careful study and successful administration of monetary affairs naturally feel unwilling to risk the dangers of a competition in which success provokes as severe criticism as defeat.

The affairs of which the Secretary has charge employ the constant services of 15,993 officers, clerks, and employes, of whom 3,520 are in the Bureaus at Washington, 5,151 are in the Custom-Houses and Sub-Treasuries, and 7,322 are in the Internal Revenue service, including inspectors, collectors, assessors, etc., throughout the United States. Of the 41,000 officers of the government, about two fifths act under the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury. To give an outline of the organization of this vast force, through whose hands every dollar of the funds of the government has been collected and disbursed, would be more laborious than interesting. The inquiring mind learns, with a misty sense of undefined acquisition, that the Treasury Department is divided into eighteen Bu-

reaus, viz.: the Secretary's, First Comptroller's, Second Comptroller's, Commissioner of Customs, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Auditor's, Treasurer's, Register's, Solicitor's, Comptrollers of the Currency and of Internal Revenue, Statistics, Court Survey, and Light-Houses. Of these the Auditors and Comptrollers are engaged in examining accounts of receipts and expenditures, the investigation and decision by the Auditor being preliminary, and by the Comptroller final. Three Auditors and one Comptroller are occupied with military and naval accounts, and the like force with the civil. Every payment is authorized by the Secretary only after its propriety has been certified by an Auditor and Comptroller. Accounts of all receipts and expenditures are kept by the Treasurer, the Comptroller, the Register, and the Secretary, but most fully by the Register. Collectors and Receivers account weekly, monthly, and quarterly, according to the amounts of their collections.

They are brought to account in cases of delay by the Comptroller and Solicitor of the Treasury. The functions of the other Bureaus are suggested by their titles. Each of these Bureaus is further divided into divisions, of which the Secretary's comprises the following: "Of Warrants," "Appointments," "Currency," "Redemption," "Loans," "Captured and Abandoned Property," "Revenue-Tariff," "Revenue-Marine," "Remission of Forfeitures," "Fines and Penalties," "Internal Revenue Law," "Internal Revenue Finance," "Customs," "Administration, and Warehousing," "Steamboat-Inspection," "Shipping and Consular Correspondence," "Supervising Architect," "Recording and Library Documents and Files," and "Printing."

In effecting loans, the money loaned is deposited to the credit of the Treasury. Upon the certificates of deposit the Register fills out the bonds, which since 1863 are printed in the Printing Division of the Secretary's Bureau, and sends them to the Loan Branch of the Secretary's office, where they are recorded, countersigned, and compared

with the certificates of deposit and the books. Thereupon the certificates of deposit are cancelled to prevent their use again, and the cancelled certificates and bonds are returned to the Register, who issues the latter to the public creditor. The legal-tender notes, commonly called "greenbacks," are engraved and printed in New York by the American and National Bank-Note Companies.\* The notes are forwarded by express to the Secretary, delivered to the Chief of the Currency Bureau, there counted, separated, trimmed, examined, and delivered to the Treasurer, who credits them in his accounts, and he becomes debited on the books of the Register. They are paid to the public by the Treasurer. No money is received into or paid from the Treasury except on the signature of a Comptroller, the Register, and finally of the Secretary himself. All moneys are received and certificates of deposit are issued by the receiver as deposited to the credit of the Treasurer, and paid by checks on the depositaries. In conducting the Treasury, there is no alternative but to exempt the Secretary from responsibility for the countless millions which go through his hands, or to pass every dollar under his eye. The latter course, the only one involving actual safety to either the Secretary or the people, involves a great deal of drudgery in the mere reading and signing of papers, in which a single erroneous signature might cost the country thousands of dollars, and the Secretary his honor and position. By no amount of organization, therefore, can the Secretary avoid the vast drudgery essential to the merely HONEST performance of his duties. Only after this labor has been performed can he give attention to the appointment and removals of his 16,000 subordinates, and to the myriad questions of law, expediency, method, and detail, which come up to him from every city

\* In the printing of notes by these Companies, whether for our own Government or for the various European and American nations which they have furnished with a paper currency, no instance of loss has ever occurred.

and village in the land in swarms like the flies of Egypt into the palaces of Pharaoh, for his assignment, consideration, and decision, and finally to those great and unprecedented questions of politics, political economy, and finance, wherein he is often expected to agree with the less informed, to ignore obstacles which he knows to be insurmountable, to dash after results without the means of attaining them, and to drop the unattractive but essential substance for the more alluring shadow.

No Secretary of the Treasury has enjoyed larger opportunities than Mr. McCulloch for a thorough and practical education in finance before entering upon his office. He is of Scottish family, as his name indicates, and his personal habits and financial views are of the Scottish-American pattern. He aims to succeed through patient labor, economy, cautious, prudent calculation, and strict honesty, rather than by brilliant strokes of genius.

His grandfather, Adam McCulloch, emigrated from Dornoch, Scotland, and settled in Arundel, Maine (now Kennebunk Port), about the year 1765. He was a fine scholar, and, like so many of the Scotch, was thrifty, hospitable, clannish, and of most excellent humor. As a merchant he acquired a handsome fortune. His father was likewise a merchant, and, at the commencement of the war of 1812, was one of the largest and most enterprising ship-owners in New England. The war, with the restrictions it involved, swept away his fortune in its general havoc of commercial interests. About the time his father's embarrassments commenced, Mr. McCulloch was born, and he received only the advantages of an academical education, and of a little more than a single year at Bowdoin College. Leaving college in his sophomore year, then seventeen years old, he engaged in teaching, and continued to teach until 1829, when by close economy he had saved enough to enable him to read law. He commenced the study of law in Kennebunk, his native town, whence he removed, in 1833, to Boston, and

there completed his legal studies. Having long previously resolved to make his home in the West, he left Boston in April, 1833, and in June following arrived in Fort Wayne, Indiana, then a frontier trading-post, described by him as a "mere dot of civilization in the heart of a magnificent wilderness." About that time, however, it began to grow rapidly, and is now the second city in the State.

In the Fall of 1835 he was invited, though a young man with little experience in business, to organize and take the management of a Branch of the State Bank of Indiana, at Fort Wayne. He accepted the offer without intending to abandon his profession, but in a few months became so interested in banking, that he determined to make it his permanent business. In 1836 he was elected a Director of the State Bank, and he continued to be the Cashier and manager of the Branch, and a Director of the Bank, until the expiration of the charter, in 1857. The great success of that admirably conducted banking institution was very largely the result of his financial conservatism and ability.

In 1856 a new bank, known as the Bank of the State of Indiana, was chartered, with twenty branches, and an authorized capital of six millions of dollars. Mr. McCulloch was, by the unanimous vote of the Directors, elected President. Under his skilful management, aided by the best financiers in the State, this Bank took high rank among the large banking institutions of the country. It maintained specie payments during the trying periods of 1857 and 1861, and until its branches were merged in the National Banking System, it was one of the strongest (if not the very strongest) and most wisely conducted Banks in the United States.

The bill providing for a National Currency through the agency of National Banks, became a law in February, 1863. In April of that year Mr. McCulloch was requested by Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, to become the Comptroller of the Currency, and to undertake the very difficult task of

organizing a National Currency Bureau, and bringing the banking institutions of the States under the national banking law. The request was promptly complied with, although the acceptance of the office involved a large sacrifice of income and of comfort on the part of Mr. McCulloch. The ability with which this task was accomplished was recognized and appreciated by the bankers and business men throughout the country, and, in connection with his previous experience as a banker, had great weight with the press and people in influencing them to urge upon President Lincoln his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury.

This office came to him almost by necessity, as the consequence of his banking experience and his familiarity with finance. Mr. Fessenden, talented as he is, had accepted with reluctance, and held with hesitation and diffidence, the reins of the Treasury. Mr. Chase, in whose great abilities enthusiastic confidence was felt by a very large party, had been transferred to a higher but less difficult and arduous position. Mr. Cisco, who had been in charge of the Sub-Treasury at New York, and whose practical acquaintance with banking and finance was second only to that of Mr. McCulloch, was the leading name mentioned in Eastern circles for the position. Mr. McCulloch, as Comptroller of the Currency, already presided over a leading bureau of the Treasury, and was most familiar with the workings of the entire department during the two last years of the war. His antecedents, experience, and character, combined to present him as the most able and available successor of Mr. Fessenden. The Western press and people, led by the *Chicago Tribune* and the Legislatures of Indiana, Illinois, and other Western States, by resolution spontaneously concurred in praying for his appointment. President Lincoln, as was his wont, bowed to the popular demand, with which his own judgment fully agreed.

On Mr. McCulloch's accession to the office of Secretary, in March, 1865, he

announced his policy to be, 1st. To raise by loans the money necessary to pay the soldiers of the great Union army, and all other demands upon the Treasury; 2d. To fund all obligations as they should mature into gold-bearing bonds; 3d. To contract the currency steadily, on the theory that its depreciation was due in great part to the excessive quantity in circulation, until its value should advance to par with gold, thereby restoring the government and the country to specie payments, and turning the people from speculation and gambling, with all their unhealthful immoral tendencies, back to legitimate industry and business, with the blessings which attend them; 4th. To keep the public revenues sufficiently in excess of the expenses to enable him to devote \$200,000,000 per annum toward paying the principal and interest of the national debt, thereby securing the payment of the debt in less than a third of a century. Whatever adverse criticism the carrying out of these views subsequently provoked, they received, when uttered, the general assent of the people, as well as the special concurrence of Congress. Though the masses of the people are not versed in finance, yet it is one of the characteristics of a republican government that, even in finance, no policy can be maintained which the masses of the people cannot comprehend and approve. Mr. McCulloch has been held to account because some \$800,000,000 of 7.30s and \$600,000,000 of other securities due in '66, '67, and '68, and bearing interest at 7  $\frac{3}{8}$  per cent. in currency, have been funded into Five-Twenty bonds bearing interest at 6 per cent. in coin. It is argued that as coin has maintained from the year '65 to the present time an average premium of 40 per cent. over currency, the six per cent. coin interest has been equivalent to at least 8  $\frac{4}{5}$  interest in currency, and this increase of 1  $\frac{1}{5}$  per cent. interest in currency has thus far increased our annual interest by at least \$10,000,000. By lessening the utility of currency in paying the national interest and increasing the necessity for

gold, it has depreciated the former and enhanced the latter, thus increasing that premium on gold which is a practical obstacle to specie payments. It is true that when we return to specie payments our interest will have been diminished by the funding of the 7.30s, but thus far it has been increased. To all such criticisms it may fairly be replied, that the 7.30s ran for so short a time, that had they not been funded their holders would long ere this have been demanding their payment. And as the Government was clearly unable then to pay, either in gold or currency, nearly one half of the national debt, it was necessary to fund them into bonds, and none more favorable were authorized or possible than the 5.20s. Moreover, the Act of Congress made them convertible, at the pleasure of the holders, into 5.20s; and though the Secretary executed the law, he cannot be held responsible for a policy laid down for him by the higher authority of Congress. The Secretary's policy of contraction of the currency was at first endorsed by Congress, and was regarded for a time as the very test of soundness in finance. It was subjected to only a partial trial, and the current of opinion soon set so strongly against it, as a means of restoring specie payments, that it was overruled by Congress, and the Secretary, though adhering to his original views, obeyed the voice of the people's representatives. The opponents of contraction have been more successful in thwarting the policy than in agreeing upon the grounds for its defeat. Its more ultra opponents urge that the theory of contraction is defective at the outset, in that it assumes that the value of the currency depends on its volume merely, whereas its value, they argue, depends on that of the entire bulk of the national debt.

Paper currency has been defined by some economists as transferable debt, since all transferable debt may be used as a means of payment—and therefore as a currency. Hence, in the view of such, the only true contraction is the payment of the debt, and any other only substitutes interest-bearing bonds for non-

interest-bearing notes, i. e., a less convenient form of currency for one far more convenient. They point, in support of the dependence of currency for its value on the bonds, to the fact that the bonds and currency, whether at par with gold as in 1860, at 40 per cent. as in 1864, or at 78 per cent. as now, have always fallen and risen *pari passu*—the bonds being worth only as much more than currency as was caused by their interest-bearing quality. While these views have great plausibility, if not force, their advocates will hardly claim that a bond for a large sum, due with interest at a distant day, has all the features of currency which belong to notes for small sums, payable on demand without interest. As the ready exchangeability of the security increases, its liability to be used and classed as a currency increases. Evidently, the conversion of the whole national debt into currency would vastly increase its depreciation, and probably would reduce its value to a merely nominal figure, like that attained in 1863 and 1864 by Confederate notes. It is undeniable that the existence of a given amount of the national debt in the form of non-interest-bearing notes, tends far more to depreciate public credit, enhance the premium on gold, and delay a return to specie payment, than would any amount of debt invested in long interest-bearing bonds. So far, therefore, the violent assaults on the theory of contraction have bred distrust, but have failed to vindicate the absolute denial of its efficacy.

Other opponents of contraction allege that, after business has adapted itself to a certain volume of currency, no matter what that volume may be, it is as great an evil to contract as it was to expand it; that business requires chiefly permanence, and that specie payments should be resumed by authorizing all contracts to be made in gold or depreciated paper, as parties prefer, and all courts of law to recognize the difference of value. This, it is thought, would lead to the gradual substitution of the gold standard for the paper, reducing the sums

named in outstanding debts payable in currency, to the sums in gold which said debts are actually worth. This would produce resumption, without swelling the burden of debts contracted in currency, worth only 40 or 78 cents per dollar in gold, by compelling the debtor to pay them in currency worth 100. Undoubtedly, the popular objection to resumption now lies in the hostility of the debtor-class to having 40 per cent. added to the burden of their debts, by contracting to that extent the currency in which they are to be paid. The difficulty lies, not in resumption by the Government, but by the people. It would be of no use to make their paper currency worth 40 per cent. more than their private debts, for they could not afford to use it as a means of payment any more than they can now afford to use gold. In the event of a contraction that would carry greenbacks to par with gold, their private debts would therefore go unpaid, and would soon constitute an inferior currency, over which the greenbacks would bear a premium. In short, contraction would "demonetize" greenbacks, as it has gold, and leave the people without a currency corresponding in value to their money of account and exchange, except in so far as they should make one for themselves, by substituting private notes for those of Government. Without agreeing with all these premises, Mr. McCulloch strongly favors the policy of authorizing gold contracts and of taking such legislative measures as will cause contracts, now payable in currency, to be changed upon terms equally just between debtor and creditor, to contracts payable in gold at the reduced figures. He thinks this would promote returns to specie payments by a mode which, if the law were properly guarded, could not be made oppressive to the debtor-class, while it would be entirely acceptable to creditors. Still other opponents of contraction—at the head of whom stands that eminent American economist, Henry C. Carey—asserts that our entire note-currency amounts to only \$20 per capita, while the entire currency

of England is \$25 per capita, and that of France \$30 per capita, though about half of the former and seven eighths of the latter are specie. He attributes our eras of expansion and speculation to the excessive discounts and deposits of the banks, contending that these are the most fruitful sources of expansion, and that they, rather than bank-notes or Government-notes, constitute a currency which needs check, regulation, and limitation. On the other hand, Mr. McCulloch, in his Report for 1865, elaborately argues that the expansions in bank deposits and discounts, which led to the crises of 1837 and 1857, were preceded by corresponding expansions in the bank-note circulation, and that the inflation of notes occasioned the inflation of deposits and discounts, the underlying cause of both being our overtrading with Europe, and the enormous credits, and delay in settling the balances to which this overtrading gave rise.

The policy suggested by Mr. McCulloch, in 1865, for paying the debt in thirty-two years, was exceeded during the years '66 and '67, in which one tenth of the entire debt was paid off. Indeed, if we include the unliquidated portion of the debt incurred at the close of the war for back pay, bounties, pensions, transportation, etc., with the amount for which bonds were issued, our entire debt outstanding on June 1st, 1865, was more than \$3,300,000,000, and our entire payment on account of it exceeds \$830,000,000, or more than a fourth of the principal. The strain on the taxpayers, however, was deemed excessive, and during the present year the revenue is intended to barely equal expenditures. Under this relaxation the country will probably so far recover its financial health and tone as to resume the payment of its debt within a year or two at most, and the average rate of payment will vary but little from the Secretary's estimate. In his Report for 1865, the startling fact is advanced that the usual products of our industry exceed 25 per cent. upon the total values of the real and personal estate of the country, and that his pro-

posed rate of paying the principal would absorb less than 5 per cent. of our annual productions the first year, and barely one tenth of one per cent. in the thirty-second or final year. While these facts show that the payment of the principal should be deemed not only practicable but easy, they also raise the question whether it is true economy to take from the taxpayers capital which, in their hands, is earning 25 per cent., in order to cancel a debt which we can carry for six per cent. Mr. McCulloch, however, with the financial conservatism natural to his character, stands as much opposed to all schemes for perpetuating as to those for repudiating the debt. He no more regards a national debt as a national blessing, than a private debt as an individual boon. It must ultimately be paid. But until it can be paid, let it be made as useful as possible. Our banking system must be founded on debts or bonds of some kind as security for its bank-note circulation. The security of the national bonds has been found so perfect, that the notes of the few national banks which failed, have borne a premium instead of being at a discount, and the note of a national bank in Oregon passes without discount in Maine. Mr. McCulloch's agency in founding the national banking system has been second only to that of Mr. Chase. All his Reports contain sound and elaborate defences of the system, as the only source from whence we can derive a currency that shall expand and contract with the wants of the community, and shall be of uniform value throughout the country.

In his Report of December, 1865, he thus states his views of the legal-tender notes:

The right of Congress, at all times, to borrow money and to issue obligations for loans in such form as may be convenient, is unquestionable; but their authority to issue obligations for a circulating medium as money, and to make these obligations a legal tender, can only be found in the unwritten law which sanctions whatever the representatives of the people, whose duty it is to maintain the Government against its enemies, may consider in a great emergency necessary to be done. The present

legal-tender acts were war-measures, and while the repeal of those provisions which made the United States notes lawful money is not now recommended, the Secretary is of the opinion that they ought not to remain in force one day longer than shall be necessary to enable the people to prepare for a return to the constitutional currency.

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The reasons which are sometimes urged in favor of United States notes as a permanent currency are, the saving of interest and their perfect safety and uniform value.

The objection to such a policy is, that the paper circulation of the country should be flexible, increasing and decreasing according to the requirements of legitimate business, while, if furnished by the Government, it would be quite likely to be governed by the necessities of the Treasury or the interests of parties, rather than the demands of commerce and trade. Besides, a permanent Government currency would be greatly in the way of public economy, and would give to the party in possession of the Government a power which it might be under strong temptations to use for other purposes than the public good—keeping the question of the currency constantly before the people as a political question, than which few things would be more injurious to business.

But the great and insuperable objection, as already stated, to the direct issue of notes by the Government, as a policy, is the fact, that the Government of the United States is one of limited and defined powers, and that the authority to issue notes as money is neither expressly given to Congress by the Constitution, nor fairly to be inferred, except as a measure of necessity in a great national emergency. No consideration of a mere pecuniary character should induce an exercise by Congress of powers not clearly contemplated by the instrument upon which our political fabric was established.

As soon as we shall have returned to specie payments, Mr. McCulloch believes the national system should be made one of free banking; but he would regard no additional deposit of securities as effectual to prevent inflation if banks were authorized to issue unlimited quantities of depreciated paper. He has been persistent in advocating a rigid maintenance of the public faith against the proposed schemes of paying the Five-Twenty bonds in greenbacks, and has opposed the efforts to subject the bonds to local taxation, as calculated to prevent a general distribution of them among the States and counties in which taxes have so little equality, and to

cause a larger export of bonds to foreign countries, thereby increasing the annual drain of gold to foreign creditors. It is seriously to be feared that the natural tendencies of this, as of other countries, would be to repudiate its debt, if it should adopt such legislation as would cause but few of its own people to own its bonds. The honor of a nation is always endangered when it is separated from the interests of its people. As a financial statesman, Mr. McCulloch is an impressible and open listener to the advocates of conflicting policies, but cautious and conservative in the formation of his own views. His reports often recognize the premises on which adverse theories are based, while coming to modified or opposite conclusions. He is non-partisan in finance, as in politics. Often facts on which persons with a less comprehensive grasp of financial questions base an entire creed or policy, serve with him only to modify different views, or qualify other conclusions. He appreciates much with which he does not agree, and cares more to harmonize practical difficulties than to ride hobbies or be sustained in pet theories. He is more able than brilliant, more safe than original, more successful than talented. His industry in prosecuting business, and promptness in despatching it, are remarkable. Appearing at his office regularly at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, he goes straight to work, and never pauses nor tires until every item of business has been disposed of, or referred to the proper bureau of the department, and every visitor has been seen and his complaint or other business considered. For twenty-five years he has not lost a day from the like vigorous and rigid attention to business. If he has not the imperious and combative genius of a professional reformer, he is open to all suggestions, and his entire influence is given to prevent abuses.

His successor will enter upon the office relieved of those stupendous difficulties which beset the administrations of Chase, Fessenden, and McCulloch. He will find the financial policies

of the country, relative to debt, taxation, and currency, in many respects matured, and the machinery of government adjusted to its new conditions and running smoothly. Instead of being called on to raise vast sums by loans in excess of the annual revenue, upon a credit which must sink lower with each new burden, he will be engaged in reducing the debt by steps which, however unskillfully performed, can only advance the national credit. Eleven hundred millions of short debts fell due during McCulloch's administration, the funding of which into long bonds has constantly increased the gold-bearing portion of the debt, and so kept gold up, and the national credit depressed. His successor will find these short debts all funded, and demanding no further attention within twenty years than the payment of the interest. The questions of financial policy which have been agitated in the pending election will be settled by its result. The policy of so adjusting our tariffs to our internal taxes as to protect American manufactures having been inaugurated by the Republican party in the Morrill tariff of 1861 and '2 and its amendments, which were passed pursuant to the protective clause in the Chicago platform of 1860, and having been distinctly adopted and endorsed by the protective section of the Democratic platform adopted in New York, may for the present be regarded as the undisputed policy of the American people without distinction of party. The fact that the Democratic party in its recent platform made no assault upon the National Banking System, removes that much-vexed question from the arena of politics and leaves the system intact, to be expanded and perfected as the wants of our people require. The questions involved in Reconstruction are also settled, and the national credit will be relieved of their embarrassment. This alone should take off a third of the premium on gold which has prevailed while they were pending. The funding of our accruing short debts into bonds due twenty years hence, the effect of which is now just beginning to

be felt, will tend strongly towards a rise of our bonds and currency, and a decline of gold to par. Our bonds could not rise to par so long as new issues were constantly being thrown on the market. Now that this has ceased, their advance toward par must begin. While this advance results from work performed by Mr. McCulloch, its effects, viz., a fall of gold and return to specie payments, will be manifest during the term, and will redound to the credit, of his successor. It only remains, to perfect our national credit, that our annual productions shall once more exceed our expenditures, so that our exports, exclusive of bullion, may pay for our imports, and the balance of trade with Europe turn again in our favor. This will cause an accumulation of gold in the vaults of the banks, and the advance of public and private credit to par with specie.

While the incoming secretary, should the country remain at peace, will find flowers thus blooming in his path where only thorns beset his predecessors, his office will still be one requiring great practical acquaintance with the details of banking and finance. One of the first measures of the new administration, if it shall not be accomplished during the remainder of Mr. McCulloch's term, must be the retirement of the remnant of the greenback currency and the expansion of the National Banking System, so as to make it free, and its benefits equal throughout the country. A bank is a shop for buying and selling money. There are the same reasons against allowing the privilege of banking to be monopolized by those now engaged in it, as there are against confining the right to sell meat to the number now selling meat. The latter would make meat dear, and the former makes money scarce and high, and prevents the banks from rendering their full service to business. The present banking system went into effect when the West was too poor to embrace fully its advantages, and when the rebellion prevented the South from doing so. The total amount of currency which

may be issued under it to all the banks is \$300,000,000, and this having all been issued, no new banks, with the privilege of circulating notes, can be started. So large a proportion of this \$300,000,000 has been issued to the States east of Ohio and north of Maryland, and so little to those South and West, as to give the former about \$100,000,000 more bank-note circulation than they had before the war, and the latter nearly as much less. This inequality is felt in a great dearth of currency in the South and West relatively to the East. The banking system with its present limitation is bark-bound. It must have leave to grow, or die. Great practical difficulties surround this question. Many of the measures which have been proposed in and out of Congress would flood the country with an unlimited issue of irredeemable paper currency. The greenbacks must be withdrawn in order to make room for the bank-notes. But heretofore the latter have derived their fixed value from the fact that they were redeemable in the former. When the greenback shall be withdrawn, in what shall the bank-notes be redeemable? If in each other, then there is no end to their expansion and depreciation. If in gold, then our banking system cannot be made free till we return to specie payments. Yet it is as unjust that men should be prohibited from entering into the banking business, or rather that some should be prohibited and others permitted, because our national bonds are not at par in the markets of the world, as it is that the sale of meat or drygoods should be confined to the shops already started for that purpose. And it would doubtless tend little more to injure our industry, and delay a return to specie payments, to limit our drygoods trade to the dealers now in the business, than to limit our banking to our present number of banks and bankers. And whatever is unjust is unnecessary. This is one of the opening channels of difficulty for the new Secretary, in which it will be indispensable that he shall go forward, and yet disastrous unless he steers wisely. We are

not yet in a condition where the affairs of the Treasury may be allowed to drift while the man at the wheel is inquiring "what he shall do to be saved."

We might enlarge upon the other difficulties which beset the Treasury Department, but until the reader has solved the last, it suffices to show the danger of regarding this important office as something to be struck off to the highest bidder. Better, like the ancient Romans, sell our leading offices at auction, than consign the administration of our national finances to a mere politician who, without any pretence to familiarity with finance, may bring the

strongest partisan pressure to bear. In the present declension in importance of our diplomatic service, our foreign ministries should afford ample asylums for disappointed aspirants, and they may wisely and safely be reserved for that purpose. But the country should protest, with solemn earnestness, against the disposition of politicians to claim leading cabinet offices for mere party services without regard to personal experience or fitness. We believe that at no time would such a protest coincide more fully with the views of the appointing power than under the administration of General Grant.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

#### UNITED STATES.

Our record closes on the 3d November, before the results of the election are received. The political campaign has absorbed every energy of the people throughout the Union, and has been characterized by unprecedented earnestness. This presidential election is the first in the Southern States in which the two races, the late masters and the late slaves, will vote together at the same polls, and on terms of political equality. In most of the elections in which blacks have heretofore voted, the whites have abstained from voting. The situation has given rise to vastly different modes of treating the blacks, all depending on their relative strength or weakness. In the lower districts of South Carolina, where the blacks have a preponderance which gives them two thirds of all the voters of the State, prudent Democrats, like Governor Orr, have abandoned all further opposition to negro suffrage, have invited colored citizens to their political meetings, have encouraged the formation of colored democratic clubs, have spoken on the same platforms with colored orators, and have imported John Quincy Adams from Massachusetts to deliver a semi-Republican-Democratic address, to prove how nearly South Carolina Democrats approximate in their views to Northern radicals. In the upper sections of South Carolina, around Abbeville and Newberry, where the colored element is numerically weak, out-

rages have been perpetrated which foreshadow serious violence on the day of election. So throughout the South. At Opelousas, in St. Landry Parish, Louisiana, Mr. Bentley, an editor of the *St. Landry Progress*, a Republican paper, was assaulted and beaten by a party of rebels. Some negroes rallied to fight in his defence and punish the aggressors; but he restrained them and resorted to the courts for redress. Warrants were issued against the rebel aggressors; but, before they could be served, they assembled *en masse*, mobbed the *Progress* office, seized its editor, Mr. Durand, carried him into the woods, murdered him, and scoured the town, killing every Republican they met, including about 100 negroes, and wounding fifty more. Only four whites were wounded, and none killed. At Shreveport, La., 3 Democrats and 15 Republicans were killed in a political quarrel. At Audrain Co., Mo., the Republican inspectors of registration were shot by ex-rebels and killed, about 50 shots being exchanged, and many wounded on both sides. At Ashpole, Robeson Co., N. C., on Sept. 27, a Miss Hill, daughter of Roderick Hill, a Republican, was being married to a young man, also a Republican, when the house was surrounded by rebels, the bride and bridegroom shot, the latter being killed instantly. Hon. James Martin, a Republican member of the legislature for the Abbeville district, S. C., was assassinated on Oct. 6, near his residence, by

four Democrats, for having mildly and moderately identified himself with the Republican party. The agent of the Freedmen's Bureau in the same district reports 18 murders and other outrages, and resigns because the district is "too hot" for him.—On Oct. 15 about 50 Ku-Klux, of Arkansas, seizing a steam-tug, boarded the steamer *Hesper* from Memphis, bound for Little Rock, laden with 3,340 muskets consigned to Gov. Clayton for the State Militia; fitting into the vessel, they drove captain and crew ashore, destroyed the arms and threw them into the river, reserving one musket each for themselves.—W. S. Walker, a Republican speaker of Early Co., Ga., and Charles Fryer, a colored Republican who accompanied him, were murdered while canvassing the county for Grant and Colfax.—On Oct. 18, the office of the *Rapides Tribune* (Repub.), of Alexandria, La., was destroyed by a mob.—About the same time, the Sheriff of Iberville, Rep., was murdered in his bed, and Judge Valentine Chase and Gen. H. H. Pope, the Sheriff of Franklin, formerly of 22d Illinois Regiment, and a justice of the peace in Caddo Parish, La., and the President of a loyal league in Alabama, were murdered.—On Oct. 16, Hon. B. F. Randolph, a colored Republican member of the Senate of South Carolina, was murdered by three white Democrats in front of the Depot at Cokesburg in Abbeville Co. He was a political speaker of some ability, and was engaged in stumping the District for Grant.—On the 19th, Hon. Lee Vance, a member of the State Constitutional Convention, was murdered at Newberry Court House. Hon. G. W. Dill, a prominent Republican of South Carolina, was also murdered—also two freedmen named Tabby Simpson and Johnson Gloscoe—also Peter Cornell, a young man from New York, and a freedman who was travelling with him.—About the 24th and 25th October, a series of riots broke out in St. Bernard Parish, adjoining New Orleans, in which the first parties killed were several negroes, one of whom was a member of the new Metropolitan Police. The negroes gathered, and in retaliation mobbed a bakery kept by the assailants, and burned it, killing the baker and his son. The first rebel statement, that women and children were killed, proves to be untrue. The excitement extended to New Orleans, where Gov. Warmouth resigned the control of the peace to Gen. Buchanan, and the troops were concentrated. Democratic clubs paraded the streets in force at night, and no blacks were permitted to appear in the

streets. The Democrats demanded the dismissal of the negroes who had been appointed on the police. About 200 of them failed to report for duty on the morning after the riots, and were discharged, and whites appointed in their places.—On Oct. 3, Adj. Geo. Washington Smith, who had entered the Union armies as a private, served gallantly through the war, and settled in Texas in 1865, a young man of temperate habits and remarkable personal virtues, and a member of the Constitutional Convention, addressed a Republican meeting at Jefferson, Marion Co., Texas. Immediately after the meeting dispersed he was attacked by six or eight Democrats, and several shots exchanged. Major Curtis, in charge of 20 U. S. troops in the town, thought prudent to place Adj. Smith in the jail for safe keeping. The excitement increased, and on the 5th 300 armed Ku-Klux broke open the jail and murdered Smith, who died fighting bravely. Twenty-seven murders of Republicans were published in rebel papers in Marion Co., Texas, in one week, and in the same week Judge Hart, a Republican of an adjoining county, and Wm. S. Kirkman, Bureau Agent of Northeastern Texas, were killed. Of course, negroes and Unionists were fleeing from the region.—Hon. James Hinds, State Senator of Arkansas, and a Mr. Brookes, Republican, were shot and killed on Oct. 22d by James A. Clark, Sec'y of the Monroe Co. Democratic Committee.—About the same time Dr. I. M. Johnston, of Mississippi Co., was killed, and Senators Wheeler and Barker, of the Arkansas Legislature, were very nearly killed by their would-be assassins.—The rebel citizens of Ware county, Ga., being desirous of obtaining a saw-mill which a Northern settler had started there, disguised themselves as negroes, took the carpet-bagger, gave him 76 lashes with a rawhide, and drove him out of the county.—In Upshur Co., Texas, on Oct. 1st, 11 Ku-Klux, in white gowns and conic hats, and masked, took an elderly black couple out of their bed, tied the man by the ankles, drew him feet foremost after their horses on a run for a quarter of a mile to a stream, let him down head foremost into the water, then dragged him back to his cabin, and lashed him on his bare back until they had skinned him from his neck to his waist.—The committee of the Louisiana Legislature appointed to investigate violence in that State, report 204 persons killed, 51 wounded, and 143 assailed.—Col. A. T. Akerman, a Grant elector and old resident of Georgia, was refused permission to stop at the Hotel

at Lincolnton while court was sitting there, on the ground that it would lead to the mobbing of the hotel.—Captains Porter and Willis, of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the Sheriff of Little River County, Arkansas, were killed on the 27th Oct. by the Ku-Klux.

—The campaign in the Northern States has been conducted with less violence, but not without loss of life. At Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 7, a Republican torchlight procession was attacked, about fifty shots fired, and several persons, including the Mayor, were severely injured. Bloody riots occurred in Indiana. Eleven persons were shot on election day, October 13th, in Philadelphia, three of whom, Policeman John Young and the brothers Byrnes, of whom one was a deputy sheriff, were killed. Severe riots occurred at Scranton, Pa. It is said that 5,000 roughs went from New York and Baltimore on the 12th to vote in Philadelphia. Ex-Governor Beall of Wisconsin, a gallant Lieutenant-Colonel of the war, a well-known writer, and a son-in-law of Fenimore Cooper, was killed at Montana by Geo. M. Pinney, Editor of the *Montana Post*, on account of a political quarrel growing out of an article published in the *Post*. In New York City, on October 30, Christopher Pullman, an active Republican ex-Councilman, engaged in challenging persons applying for registration under alleged fraudulent naturalization papers, was waylaid and clubbed nearly to death by parties who have not yet been arrested. All the above enumerated murders, by a singular coincidence, were assassinations of Republicans by Democrats. We have searched carefully for instances of the opposite kind, and find none.

—The naturalization frauds in Philadelphia and New York have attracted much attention. In both cities many thousand papers were issued by Democratic judges in blank, sold for small sums to persons not entitled to be naturalized, and used at the election. The facts painfully suggest the necessity of revising the naturalization laws so as to render such abuses impossible.

—Howell Cobb, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Ex-Governor of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, Chairman of the Provisional Confederate

Congress, and Brigadier-General in the Rebel Army, died at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on October 9th, at the age of 53.

—The election in Connecticut, October 5th, for town-officers, resulted in a net Republican gain of 2,626 votes in 110 towns out 164, reversing the Democratic majority of 1,760 in the State, and leaving a net Republican majority of less than 1,000.

—The State elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, on the 13th of October, which were looked to with so much interest, resulted in a sweeping Republican triumph, though the majorities were moderate. Pennsylvania elected her Republican State ticket, consisting of Hartraft, Auditor General, and Campbell, Surveyor General, by a majority not yet officially determined, but which cannot vary 100 from 10,000. Indiana elected her Republican Governor, Conrad Baker, and eight of the State Officers, by about 1,000 majority. Ohio elected Isaac R. Sherwood Secretary of State and four other officers of the State ticket by about 17,000 majority. The Republicans, however, lose eight Congressmen in these States and gain one. They gain, however, two United States Senators, one in Indiana and one in Pennsylvania. Nebraska elected David Butler (Rep.) Governor and the entire State ticket by about 2,000 majority. West Virginia, on October 22d, elected a Republican Governor and entire State ticket by 4,000 majority, all the Republican candidates for Congress and a majority of between 30 and 40 on joint ballot of both houses of the Legislature, thus securing the election of a Republican United States Senator in place of Peter C. Vanwinkle. Colorado elected Bradford (Rep.) delegate to Congress by an official majority of 17.

—Throughout the 21st, 22d, and 23d of October severe shocks of earthquake occurred throughout California, shattering buildings in all the principal cities, though destroying but five or six lives and about \$2,000,000. Unlike the agitations in South America and the Pacific Islands, that in California was not accompanied by any tidal wave or other sign of submarine disturbance, except that the vessels in the harbors were struck as if by coming on a rock.

## LITERATURE.

THE works of the Rev. JNO. S. C. ABBOTT are too well known and widely circulated to need description or criticism. We are not sure, however, that his place among American writers has as yet been clearly defined. We should be tempted to call him our most brilliant romance writer. We say this after carefully weighing the respective merits of the many claimants for the position; we have not forgotten "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Norwood," or "St. Elmo," or "Wind and Whirlwind," but we consider that in dramatic conception of plot, in vivid description of scene, and in original creation of character, Mr. Abbott far surpasses the authors of those popular works, and his ingenuity in weaving into his narratives the events of history, and assigning to his heroes the names of historical characters, gives them an interest unknown to ordinary romances. We remember in days gone by to have been much fascinated by a work in the shape of a biography called the Life of "Napoleon Bonaparte." We preferred it to "Robinson Crusoe," we gladly abandoned in its favor the "Arabian Nights," and we still regard it as one of the most attractive books for young folks ever written.

We do not ourselves believe in the necessity or advisability of all juvenile books being instructive or supplied with a moral. Boys, like older people, need amusement and relaxation in the intervals of their work, and we would advise parents that they could not easily find a book with the attractiveness and powers of fascination possessed by Abbott's "Napoleon Bonaparte."

In his new work Mr. Abbott describes how France, weary of tyranny, exhausted by anarchy, was waiting expectant for a hero, a man who should restore, re-organize, save; how this hero, commissioned by kind Providence, made his appearance, and claimed recognition and obeisance; how in spite of his hereditary claims, in spite of the divine rights of his uncle, emanating, as Mr. Abbott often repeats, from the will of the people, in spite of his personal qualifications, this recognition and obeisance were for a long time denied, and instead were given ridicule, banishment, imprisonment, and other annoyances; how in spite of such obstacles his hero at last succeeded in enforcing the acknowledgment of his claims for homage, and having with some trifling friction placed himself in possession of the supreme power, graciously permitted

the people to exercise their sovereign rights in regard to the disposal of said power, on condition that their will should agree with his; and how, since said auspicious choice, France has gone on her way rejoicing in the possession of peace, contentment, and prosperity at home, and in the exercise of a controlling and healthful influence abroad, and how the perfection of a hero sent by kind heaven to perform this mighty work was called Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

The difficulty in treating Mr. Abbott's works as histories lies in the fact that his characters are not described as men fallible, liable to error and to wrong, but as perfect beings, filled with grand purposes of doing good to mankind, and moving on to the completion of their work with unerring wisdom, and unfailing virtue. We should have been tempted to doubt *a priori* the truthfulness of such pictures even if we had no other source from which to obtain a knowledge of their subjects. Mr. Abbott appears to have taken as the key-note of his history the idea of the Emperor expressed by the French Commander in Mexico: "He is too great to do wrong." If he had admitted that Napoleon came within the pale of fallible humanity, and had been guilty of some few mistakes and errors of judgment, we should have been more inclined to accept with credit his florid descriptions of the benefits conferred by the Emperor upon France and Europe.

Louis Napoleon *has* done work for France worthy of praise; he has proved himself in many respects a more serviceable ruler than the never-learning Charles the Tenth, the back-bone-less Louis Philippe, or the inharmonious Provisional Government. Under his reign order has been preserved, the internal resources of the country have been developed, the large cities embellished, and commercial enterprises extended, while his Empire has preserved a prominent and at times a commanding position among the nations of Europe. To these things, the blessings resulting from a strong government, controlled by a single and able head, Mr. Abbott rightfully calls our attention; but why, as a faithful biographer and historian, does he fail to inform us at what cost these blessings have been obtained—to tell us that the resources of France have been drained, its burden of debt indefinitely increased, and its best working power absorbed to sustain a vast army,

needed as much to repress discontent at home, as to enforce influence abroad; that owing in great part to the ambitious love of notoriety of the Emperor, his continual threatening preparations, his enigmatical utterances and devious policy, all Europe has been kept in a state of feverish dread and excitement, and immense sums of money have been directly expended, and still larger sums indirectly wasted, in keeping up exhausting war armaments; that in spite of this great expenditure of power on the part of France, her influence abroad has decreased, her efforts at interference with the affairs of other nations have proved costly failures, and the policy of her government has been thwarted; that at home, in spite of the beautifying of the cities, in spite of the Great Exhibition, and the outer brilliancy of the Empire, the people are dissatisfied with the burden of taxation, and the thralldom of an irresponsible government, discontented with the present, and looking forward fearfully to the future; and that so little has Napoleon succeeded in establishing a permanent or satisfying government for France, that almost all parties look forward to his death as the sign for a new revolution, in which the spirit of French liberty (united perchance with that of French anarchy) shall again break loose and demand expression and representation? We regard Mr. Abbott's book as especially pernicious in tendency at this period of our history, because it attempts to exalt the blessings of imperialism and magnify the dangers of republicanism at a time when we are ourselves longing for a stronger government than we now possess, to rescue a large part of the country from anarchy and discord, and restore unity, peace, and harmony to the nation.

We have faith enough, however, in the American people to believe that they are able to discriminate between strength and tyranny, between enforcement of laws and usurpation of rights, and that however much respect they may have for Mr. Abbott as a clergyman and a citizen, they will decline to allow themselves to be misled by his glittering generalities into a false worship of imperialism and an acceptance of Napoleons as examples for rulers and for mankind.

*Essays Philosophical and Theological*, by JAMES MARTINEAU, is one of those books of solid value which William V. Spencer, of Boston, takes such generous delight in giving to the world, though doubtless something much more trashy in its character would be

much more advantageous to his till. The title "*Essays Philosophical and Theological*," belong less to this volume than to the series of which this is one, one other of which has been already published, and still other volumes are promised if the reception of the present volume is as generous as that accorded to the last. If it should not be, we trust that Mr. Spencer will not be greatly disappointed, not but that the intrinsic value of the articles in this volume may be as great as that of those printed in the last, but they are of less general and stirring interest, and are moreover of less recent date. The articles in the last volume treated of men and subjects fresh in the public mind, as, for example, Comte, John Stuart Mill, the position of Mr. Mansell, the Psychology of Bain. It was comprised mainly of articles written for the *National Review*, to which Mr. Martineau was the leading contributor. Its oldest article did not go back further than 1858, while the freshest article in the present volume does not come down to that period. The volume is made up of Mr. Martineau's earlier essays, contributed to the *Prospective Review*. The subjects treated of were at that time of vital interest—at least mainly so—and were treated with that thoroughness and brilliancy which Mr. Martineau brings to the treatment of every subject that he chooses to consider. The first two articles, on Whewell, will get something of additional interest for the reader at this present time, from his comparatively recent death. The review of Oersted may be the means of reviving interest in a book by no means antiquated, and will at any rate recall it pleasantly to those who knew it of old; the articles on Plato and Sir William Hamilton are as pertinent to-day as when they were first written. Kingsley's "*Phaethon*" is so dead a book that it was hardly worth while to exume it at this distance from its death, but his "*Alexandria and her Schools*," is quite a different matter. Of Mr. Martineau, more than of any other writer of our time, it can be said, "*Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary*." He unites in a singular degree the qualities of the metaphysician and the poet. Doubtless there are times when, if his diction were less rich, it would be more clear, but they are not many, and upon the whole what is lost in definiteness is more than made good by the suggestiveness which is eminently characteristic of his form of thought.

The woman question having occupied so

large a portion of the public mind of late, we are not surprised at the welcome given to "*Modern Women, and What is Said of Them*,"—a reprint of thirty or forty essays which have appeared during the last year in the *Saturday Review*. Many of these essays have been copied by the local press all over the country, and one could hardly take up a paper with any pretensions to literary merit without seeing "Spoilt Women," "Plain Girls," "Ideal Women," "Foolish Virgins," or woman in some other of the many phases under which she is here represented. As for the opening article, "The Girl of the Period," in England it created such a sensation that an edition of twenty-four thousand copies was sold in two-penny form. The subjects are certainly treated in a rare manner—such brilliancy of style and keenness of satire are very uncommon, and, though fortunately, British matrons and girls are the unhappy victims, yet "the cap fits" a good many of our fair Americans. There is enough truth in these essays to make the ridicule telling, but on the whole they are shallow, and lacking in that earnestness essential for a serious consideration of the much vexed question. Still, ridicule will goad some people on to better things, who would be unaffected by an appeal to nobility of purpose, and some eyes may be more widely opened to the evils of our social system by this book. There has been much discussion as to the authorship of these articles, and especially has the question of sex been widely mooted. But after reading them, how can any one imagine that the hand which penned them was other than masculine?

We are glad to see by the imprint, J. S. Redfield, that an old friend has rejoined the ranks. The book is neatly produced, with clear, pleasant type.

"*A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant*," by ROBERT COLLYER, is a little volume creditable to the writer's heart, but which will not add any thing to his fame. By far the best part of it is the capital sermon delivered at the grave of Mr. Conant several years ago. It was evidently for writing sermons, not biographies, that Mr. Collyer, the most eloquent preacher of his sect, was raised up. And yet it is very doubtful whether many other persons could have made as much of Mr. Conant's life as has been made by Mr. Collyer. It was a singularly uneventful life, that of a Western Clergyman in a small Western town. Some of the entries in

his journal are very strange, as for example, where on one day he ministers by the sick-bed of one of his parishoners, on the next makes her coffin, on the next attends her funeral. He appears never to have been an independent thinker, and to have had a mind more remarkable for its lack of original ideas than for any thing else. To those who knew him, this tribute to his moral excellence must be very welcome, but it makes little or no demand outside the circle of his friends.

MR. H. P. LIDDON has the reputation of being the best preacher in the Church of England, as well as one of her ablest scholars and divines. A volume of *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford* by him, evince a high order of merit; and though, as was to be expected from the place in which they were delivered, and the audience usually gathered there to listen to the select preachers, the topics chosen, and the style and tone of the sermons, would be somewhat special and not entirely adapted to ordinary congregations; yet the sermons are most excellent reading, full of suggestive matter and conveying the profoundest truths in chaste and eloquent language. No intelligent Christian can peruse them without profit. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

*The Life and Public Services of Schuyler Colfax*; with his most Important Speeches. By E. W. MARTIN. Portrait. 8vo. New York (U. S. Publishing Co). This clearly printed volume is an account of the public career of Mr. Colfax, sufficiently well told. Its record value is higher than its biographical, however. It gives a useful series of Mr. Colfax's speeches and debates, which show plainly his remarkable combination of able statesmanship, parliamentary dexterity, unflinching devotion to principle, and equally unflinching kindness of heart and suave popularity of manner. Probably there is not a more perfectly sweet-natured man alive than Schuyler Colfax; nor one in whose rectitude of purpose and action more undoubting confidence may safely be placed.

*Men of Our Day; or Biographical Sketches of Patriots, Orators, Statesmen, &c., &c.* By L. P. BROCKETT. Portraits. 8vo. Philad. (Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.) Biography is, perhaps, next to Romance, the most universally interesting kind of reading. This collection of short sketches is intended to gratify that temporary intensification of the interest which has

arisen along with the crop of new celebrities thrown up by the war; much of it, of course, telling the stories of men whose fame is based on civic, military, or naval public services, during the last seven years. The short space afforded to each subject necessarily renders these brief narratives somewhat dry; nor is the author's style particularly spirited. The work is more like a series of articles slightly expanded from the *New American Cyclopædia*, than like a collection of new and living facts.

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*In the School Room*, by JOHN S. HART, LL.D. (Eldridge, Philad.) This book is a mixture, and its old fogysm is just as hearty as its progressiveness; but no one at all interested in teaching can rise from its perusal without having gained much both of pleasure and of profit.

The very brief chapter on training is admirable; the plea for noise is hearty and refreshing; the chapter on "Attention" is full of profound philosophy and practical wisdom; and the "Argument for Common Schools" is a noble paper, which would be creditable to the best man among us. In fine, this is a book that will well repay perusal, and is sure to do much good wherever it is read.

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AMONG the standard books for libraries lately published must we chronicle old ISAAC DISRAELI's *Literary Character of Men of Genius*, which Mr. W. J. Widdleton has added to his Riverside Classics, completing with this volume his handsome edition of Disraeli's Works. The fact that there is a growing demand in this country for literature of this character, shows an increase in the number of a class of readers heretofore few among Americans, who are possessed of leisure and scholarly tastes; for Disraeli's books, though reflective and full of quaint and unique information, are somewhat aimless and gossip, and can only be enjoyed when one has a consciousness of time to spare, and a mind unharassed by the remembrance of pressing duties.

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*Life Below*, in seven poems, published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, is an anonymous publication, which we should like to praise most heartily; for it is never pleasant to speak ill of books, especially when we do not know the author's name. But while this volume does great credit to the liberal and humane sympathies of its author, proving

him to be a person all alive with the most noble spirit of the time, it does not give him any high rank as a poet. In fact, his book is very hard reading. It is as ponderous in style as Milton, without any of Milton's inward ponderousness of thought and glory of imagination. The effect is rather ludicrous. It has been observed, "We do not need a yoke of oxen to draw a cart-load of apples over a smooth road." The author of "Life Below" thinks otherwise. And, what is worse, his apples are of an inferior quality and still far from being ripe.

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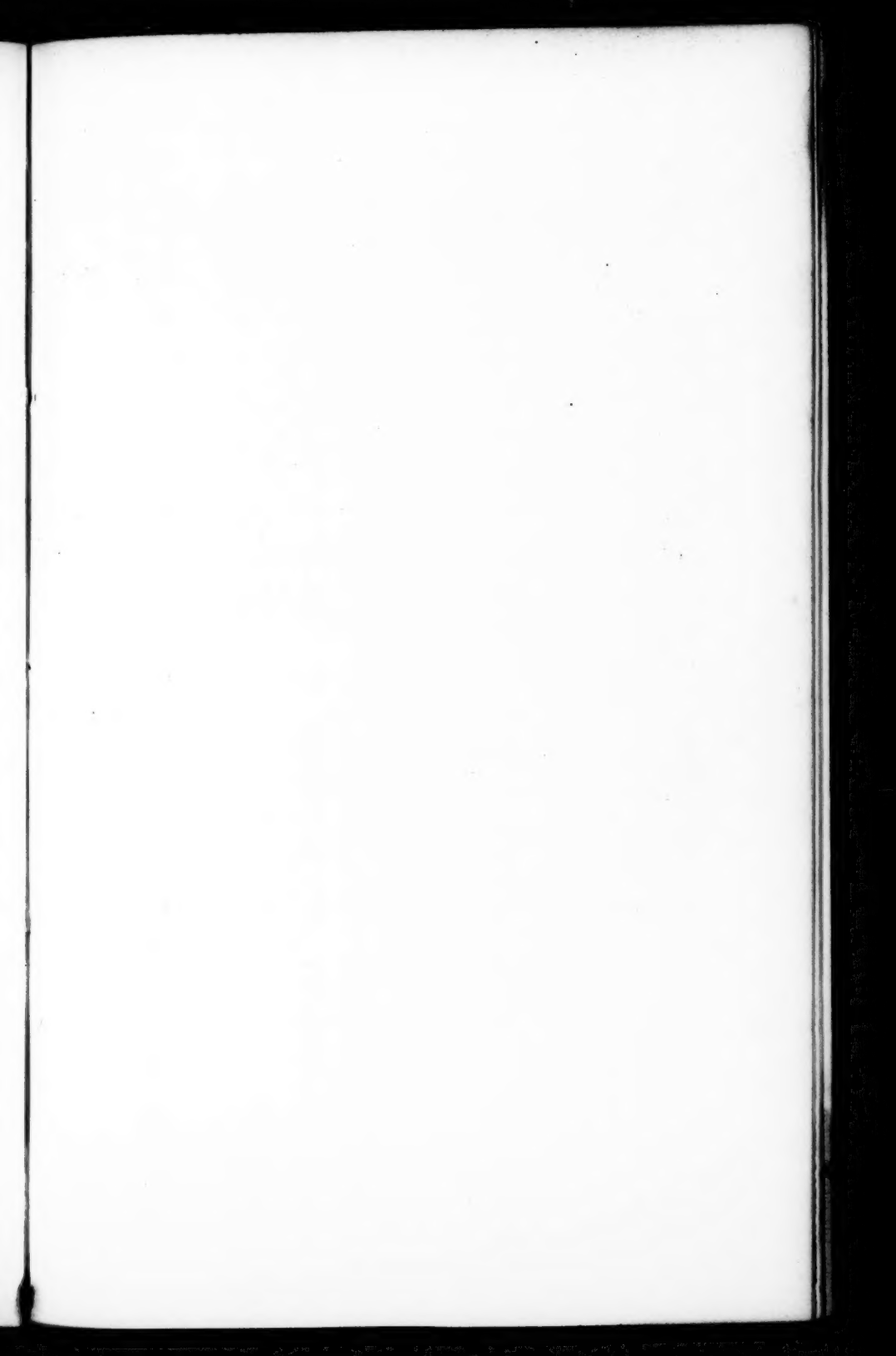
MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have published a fifth edition of Mr. JNO. BARTLETT'S collection of *Familiar Quotations*. The work has been long before the public, and is too well known to call for description or comment. It is the fruit of scholarly and patient research, and contains much valuable and curious information. The book is one of that class so frequently referred to, that no gentleman's library should be without, but unlike some others usually included in this category, when placed in said library, it will be honored by frequent reference. This edition has been carefully revised, and largely added to, and is issued in an exceedingly attractive shape.

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*The Dictionary of Congress*, by CHARLES LANMAN, published by Belknap & Goodwin, of Hartford, has reached a fifth edition, which includes the statistics of the Fortieth Congress. It is a compilation containing much useful information that may "serve for the history of our times," and containing also a mass of biographical matter of very little interest, and of doubtful utility. The plan of the work made it necessary to include the biographies of all who have served their country as Congressmen, but it is a little unfortunate that so many of the men whose records are thus handed down to posterity, seem to have performed no service worth chronicling except that "they died."

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*American Fish Culture*, embracing all the Details of Artificial Breeding and Rearing of Trout, Salmon, Shad, and other Fishes. By THADDEUS NORRIS. Illustrated. Philadelphia (Porter & Coates). Fish, say some of the learned, are phosphorescent in substance; the human brain consumes phosphorus in the processes of its mental agency; therefore a fish diet is good for the intellect, and fish culture is a main hope of human intellectual advancement. To this reply others of the





*H. M. Culloch*





learned: Fish-eating peoples and persons have not been the greatest of the earth; the facts contradict your theory. They might perhaps add, in the analogical way of reasoning, that so very phosphoric a creature ought to be comparatively intelligent, whereas "cod-fish" is a synonym for a stupid person. Nor are the elephant and the dog—the most intelligent beasts—fish-eaters.

A middle conclusion is safest. Eating fish will not alone make a Napoleon, a Shakespeare, nor an Ericsson. But fish is good to eat, is of great and increasing value as an article of provision, and fish-culture, just beginning to be a business in the United States, promises to be one of much usefulness and importance.

Mr. Norris' book is a condensed, clear and well-told account of the substance of doings hitherto in what may be called the manufacture of fish, of what may be done in the same, and how to do it. Mr. Norris is a sprightly and clear-headed writer, and has succeeded in making both a useful and a readable book.

*Smoking and Drinking.* By JAMES PARTON. Boston (Ticknor & Fields). This stout little pamphlet consists of Mr. Parton's three articles on Smoking, Drinking, and Inebriate Asylums, reprinted in neat style from the *Atlantic*. Mr. Parton is a brilliant and sensible writer. He is right in his opposition to the dirty trick of using tobacco, and the bad habit of using liquor. He has here constructed arguments against them which are forcible, pungent, and entertaining.

We fear that his confident predictions of temperance to come, are more rose-colored than the prospect actually warrants. Yet he is a welcome auxiliary to the force that fights on the right side. His bright and pointed style is no less useful, for instance, than the solid and colder scientific statements of Dr. Griscom, whose little tract on the use of tobacco has been received with so much favor that an enlarged edition of it is to be issued, with an essay on the chemistry of the cigar. Perhaps by-and-by some clean-mouthed poet will fall into line with essayist and doctor of medicine. Thus far, we believe, all the poets have been on the dirty side, of the tobacco question at least.

LONGFELLOW'S *New-England Tragedies* will, of course, be read by all his old admirers—and, thank Heaven! they are many; for, to admire Longfellow bespeaks a certain tenderness of heart if nothing more—and it

will also, pretty certainly, widen the circle of his fame. But the old admirers will miss a beauty and fragrance that has come to them in all of their dear poet's previous utterances, and will listen in vain for the music that floated with Evangeline upon the swift river and the still lagoons, as she went vainly seeking her lost lover; to which Hiawatha paddled his canoe, and Minnehaha, in her beauty, walked around the cornfields drawing the magic-circle with her feet; and the new admirers that this volume will enlist will be enlisted, if we are not greatly mistaken, not because it is poetical, but because it is interesting. Interesting it certainly is. It could hardly help being that, dealing as it does with two of the most interesting phases of early New-England life. But we do not think it is a whit more interesting than would be a simple prose account of the Quaker persecution and the witchcraft delusion. The prose of Hawthorne, dealing with the same facts, and certainly as true to their spirit, is not only much more interesting but much more poetical. And Upham's "History of Salem Witchcraft," in its naked simplicity of statement, is far more thrilling, makes the flesh creep and the teeth chatter, as this story of "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms" does not. Indeed, if this poem of Longfellow's shall stimulate its readers to procure and read Upham's noble historic estimate of that fearful time, it will do a great deal. We only wish that the story of the early Massachusetts Quakers, their singularities and their distresses, had been as well and as impartially written.

We hardly know why it is that Longfellow has failed to make his treatment of these themes so unpoetical. It is not that they are dramatic in their form; for the "Golden Legend" was that, and, unless "Evangeline" is superior to the "Golden Legend," not one of his longer poems can be reckoned so. It is not that these poems are in blank-verse. The "Spanish Student" was in blank-verse, and was as poetic and as melodious as his most perfect rhymes. Certain would-be admirers have affected admiration for the bold simplicity of these poems as suited to the boldness of the times. But the "Courtship of Miles Standish" dealt with the same period, and was not bold nor unpoetic. For one thing, Mr. Longfellow's motive in writing these two dramas seems to have been too exclusively didactic. They are meant to teach toleration, and they do it. But, for a successful poem, the didactic motive

is not enough. Poetry without beauty is but very slightly modified prose. Mr. Longfellow repeatedly shows great ingenuity in turning into verse the language of the Bible and the literal sayings of his characters; but the effect is more unique than beautiful.

The volume would have been still more interesting if copious notes could have been added. The action is, for the most part, familiar ground to the student of Colonial history; but there are some things on which he would like to be informed. Was there such a feud between John Endicott and his son as we have here represented? From the disposition made of his property by the father (Upham, vol. i. p. 75), it would seem that there was not. It would further appear by the poem that John Endicott, jr., was in love with Edith Christison. But as John Endicott, jr., was married in 1663, and died before his wife, in 1668, the poet has not, we trust, without warrant, injured his fair fame. The chronology of the John Endicott poem seems to us unnecessarily wild. In "Giles Corey" we see no good reason why the Indian girl, Tituba, should be introduced so frequently and to so little purpose, when, in fact, during the whole action of the drama, she was lying in Boston jail, from which she was finally sold to pay charges. Cotton Mather should have been painted in much darker colors. There is some ground for supposing that he was at the root of the whole trouble; and if he was not, he found it most congenial to his taste, and fairly rollicked in it, till his terrible excesses outraged even the little common sense there was in the community. Upon the whole, we trust that neither of these subjects will here be dropped, but that, with the help of Mr. Longfellow's failure, even some lesser poet may take advantage of their striking situations and poetic atmosphere, and achieve an honorable distinction as the poet of the persecuted Quakers and the victims of the most terrible delusion that ever cursed God's children.

*Too True: A Story of To-Day.* Reprinted from "Putnam's Magazine" (Putnam & Son). Neither plot, variety of character, nor incident are wanting to give interest to this story, as the readers of "Maga" for the last year well know. The slides of the stereoscope show the charming home-life of the really cultivated American family, the amusing ignorance and real good nature of the newly rich, contrasted with a few of the

pompous airs of wealthy conceit, relieved by the undershading of respectable tenement-life. With commendable taste, the author ignores the descriptions of squalor and vice, the writers of American society-novels usually drag in to give effect to their high lights of fashion and extravagance. It is one of the most carefully prepared novels of New York life which has been sent out for two or three seasons. There is sufficient plot in it for a serial of the highest sensational style. The German tutor, who has been admitted to the friendship of several homes, and is successively betrothed to two beautiful girls, elopes with the most trusting, carrying off the jewels of his employer, and turns out a real baron who has been forced to fly his native country on account of his crimes, and is an adventurer of the most unscrupulous sort. The weaving of this plot among strands of humor borrowed from the airs of the newly rich, and the comicalities of inner life, evolves a story readable, pleasing, and in its passages of sincere sentiment, worthy of even higher praise.

It must be said, however, that greater freedom of style would have brought out the sense captivatingly. The characters are charming enough to have been allowed more individuality. One misses the racy turns and elisions of New York speech; the least possible touch of well-bred slang—there is such a thing in use, from the professor's chair to the mother's Boston rocker—would give life to the careful speeches of the lovely Cameron family. Fancy a boy of thirteen, under the influence of strong excitement, saying to his sister, "There is one thing which you may rely on in my character, and that is, my devotion to the interests of those I love. I am but a boy in years; but I feel as much called upon to protect the honor of the women of my family, as if I were older!" Now, probably, the youth would have said, with clenched hand, "If I like a person, I stick to 'em, and if any body goes to meddle with you girls, I'll knock him over to Jersey." The author who drew the mirth-provoking character of old Grizzle has no need to hamper his dramatis personæ with such speeches as the one quoted.

But there are passages of sentiment and of judiciously brief description which reveal the hand of a poet as the author of this book. The home-life of the Camerons, the dream-life of Elizabeth, the passion of Milla, are themes on which he has expended his finest touches. What a perfumed paragraph is this: "In the morning she awoke, with lids like

unclosing lilies, feeling the sunshine before they part; at night, she slept, the leaves of her soul fast folded over odorous dews of dreams." And what simple pathos, after Milla's flight with an adventurer, in "the sight of the little white bed, soft shelter of innocent girlhood; a glove dropped on the floor, a pair of little slippers scarcely cold from the warmth of those small feet." What a lovely image of Milla he conjured up, in her green satin chair, "looking like a water-lily among its fresh leaves." It is one of those books whose tone is so irreproachable that the strictest censor can admit it to his family-table, secure that the only visions it leaves will be those of purity and final peace. The dark thread of the story is kept under; the refinement of the Camerons, and the tact of the lady artist, Miss Bayles, are uppermost, brightened with the absurdities of Grizzle senior, whose highest idea of enjoyment was that things "seemed like a regular Fourth of July, now!" The resignation of Sam to his various rejections by Miss Elizabeth—"If ma's satisfied, I am," is comic as a stroke of Dickens humor, and the despairing tact with which he tries to gain a last interview with her, is overcoming in its simplicity. It is to be repeated, that freedom of style alone is lacking to make the writer of this book one of the most popular novel-wrights this side of the Atlantic.

*A Sister's Story*, translated from the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven (née de la Ferronnays), by EMILY BOWLES. (Catholic Pub. Society.) It surely needs no Romanist to appreciate the charm of this exquisite story of love and sorrow. Something akin to the journals of the De Guérins in simplicity and sweetness, it has much more variety and incident. It tells, by means of letters and journals, the story of the love and married life of two beautiful souls, and in the descriptions of the family circle revolving about these central planets, we have most charming sketches of every affection that makes home lovely. Alexandrine d'Alopeus, the heroine of the book, marries, after two years of lover's trials, Albert de la Ferronnays, with whom she enjoys *ten days* of perfect felicity. At the end of that halcyon period, symptoms of consumption declare themselves in the young husband, and the two years that he has yet to live are passed in the agonizing alternations of hope and fear that characterize that treacherous disease. The second part of the book, detailing the

widowed life of the young countess, is naturally not so generally interesting as the first, especially as it diffuses that interest over too many different members of the family. But whatever objections Protestants may have to the Romanist tendencies of the narrative, it is certain that nowhere can we find a sweeter picture of the purest and most ideal love, sanctified by the fiery baptism of sorrow. You may call the religious spirit of the book by what name you will, it still retains the perfume of love to God and man, which marks the holiest minds of all faiths. It is impossible that a book so full of truth and beauty can do any thing but good.

ANY one fresh from reading Morris' exquisite rendering of the old story of "Psyche and Cupid," will be attracted by the title of a story just published by Leypoldt & Holt, called *A Psyche of To-day*, by Mrs. W. O. JENKINS. And there is much to be enjoyed in it, although it is rather too sorrowful for those who seek unmixed recreation in their novels. Poor Regina does not come out of her tribulations quite so fortunately as the Psyche of olden story, and at the end of the book it is very doubtful to the reader whether she will ever enjoy the love she has at last gained.

The scene is laid in France, and there are some fresh, bright descriptions and the story is told in a simple, natural manner. The style is rather sketchy than finished, and though one sighs over the sad and rather unsatisfactory ending, yet the book also carries with it the suggestion that the author can and will do better things.

*If, Yes, and Perhaps*, is the singular title of a book of stories by the Rev. E. E. HALÉ, of Boston. They are reprinted from various periodicals, and for ingenuity of construction, wonderful truthfulness of detail, and brilliancy of dialogue, have rarely been surpassed. We allude particularly to the three called "My Double," "The Man without a Country," and the "Skeleton in the Closet," which are far better than the others. The last is an ingenious and startling description of the way in which the Southern Rebellion came to grief, not so much from the prowess of our arms, as we had fondly hoped, but through the agency of various discarded hoop-skirts, which entangled themselves in the army, the navy, and the treasury of the rebels in a most astounding manner. Probably nobody since Defoe has humbugged more

people successfully than Mr. Hale. He may even dispute his title with the immortal Barnum. The letters he received from relatives and friends of "Philip Nolan" were countless, and some deluded victims even believed in "My Double." If having a Double of his own will enable Mr. Hale to write us some more such stories, we will cheerfully head a contribution to provide him with one at the public expense.

LORING, of Boston, has of late been reprinting some very charming little novelettes and stories in cheap railway form, but in good, clear type. Of Miss THACKERAY'S exquisite *Fairy Tales for Grown Folks*, and Mrs. SARTORIS' *Week in a French Country House*, no one can speak too highly. After reading the latter, one is astonished at the impression left on one's mind, of character, and incidents that remain with a fulness and completeness seemingly incompatible with the little sketch of a book in which they are presented. It is almost like the old "Arabian Nights" story of accidentally releasing genii from a bottle, and being filled with wonder at the way he expanded. "Medusa, and other Tales," by Mrs. Sartoris, is good, but not equal to the earlier publication, which we judge was written last.

We cannot say much in favor of such books from the same publisher as "Was it a Ghost?" the cover of which, we should think, would be as far as most people would like to inspect. But to compensate, we have Miss Alcott's *Proverb Stories*, "Lucy, or Married from Pique," "Grace Owen's Engagement," etc., simple little love stories, which no one will be the worse for reading.

*A Book about Boys.* By A. R. HOPE. Boston (Roberts Brothers). This book is written by an English teacher, who is evidently young, and whose ideas are in a transition state. Self-sufficiency and modesty, conservatism and progress, brutality and tenderness are strangely mingled in this work. He believes in flogging, and appears to think it all right that a brave boy, who is tired of the blubbering and squirming of a cowardly one, should volunteer to take the flogging, and that the teacher should agree to and inflict this vicarious flogging for the general benefit of all youthful spectators. Yet, no more eloquent words have ever been written, than the author utters in this very book against brutality to boys. His warm enthusiasm for the young, his hearty sympathy

with them, his manly acknowledgment of an error are charming. His naïve confession that all his floggings failed to make a certain boy better, and his confession of his utter incapability of managing a certain stupid boy, are suggestive of a needed progress that will certainly come to one whose heart is so essentially right. With all its faults there is much good in the book, and we cordially commend it to all interested in the subject.

VERILY there is a new era in this country in the literature for children. It is not very long since all the juvenile books seemed conducted on the principle of the definition of duty "doing what you don't want to," for the books that were interesting were not considered good, and the "good" ones were certainly not interesting. Most Sunday-school books were stories of unnaturally good and pious boys and girls, who, however, were not attractive enough to rouse a desire of imitation in the youthful breast.

But now we have a different order of things, and books for children are about as varied in their scope as those for grown people. One of the pleasantest books we have read for a long time is, *Little Women* (Roberts Bro's), the story of four young girls, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. This is a thoroughly natural and charming book, fresh and full of life, and we heartily recommend it to all young people, big or little. We gave it to a little girl of twelve to read, for whose opinion we have great respect, and she pronounced it just the *nicest* book. "I could read it right through three times, and it would be nicer and funnier every time." And to our certain knowledge, she read it twice in one week, and would have read it again, had not the book been carried off.

*The Butterfly Hunters*, by HELEN S. CONANT (Ticknor & Fields), is one of those books which combine very pleasantly instruction and amusement. We feel, after reading it, strongly tempted to take up the study of *Lepidoptera*, though our own experience is, that *chasing* butterflies is better than *catching* them. Still we think all children who live in the country all or part of the year, would do well to read the book, and we do not doubt they will become as thorough devotees of the science of hunting butterflies as the children in Mrs. Conant's book.

Another book belonging to the same class, but suited to quite young children, is, *What Makes Me Grow; or, Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley*. This is a very pretty re-

print from the English edition, by Putnam & Son, and in the conversations between a mother and her little daughter, a great deal of useful information is imparted to the youthful reader on physiology, gently administered on the principle of a sugar-coated pill. Any thing that will interest children in physiology and hygiene should be encouraged; for it is a study that ought to be made as attractive as possible.

*The Bird*, a translation from the French of MICHELET, published by T. Nelson & Sons, London and New York, is an exquisite specimen of book-making. It is beautifully printed, and enriched with 210 illustrations by Giacomelli, the artist to whom we owe the dainty marginal illustrations in Doré's Bible. These engravings are gems of their kind, and fitly adorn the poetry of the text. "The Bird" is no dry treatise of natural history, but a glowing rhapsody, full of that artistic feeling and poetic exaltation which distinguishes the style of Michelet. The book might almost be called the apotheosis of the Bird, to whom the author endeavors to restore the soul that philosophers have denied it. The translator's work has been done with a most laudable spirit of fidelity to the original, and he (or she) has enriched the text with copious explanatory notes, which greatly increases its value to the unsentimental reader. The book, Michelet tells us, is the product of home-studies with his wife, and is one of three; "La Mer" and "L'Insecte" completing the trilogy. May Messrs. Nelson be inspired to give us the others in as beautiful a form as this! "The Bird" is not a book for a matter-of-fact person. It cannot be measured by any rule and line of criticism, but should be read in a flush of poetic fervor, as it was written. Don't sit down to it after reading "Darwin's Variation of Species," for instance, but wait till you are penetrated with the airy capricious of the mocking-bird, or all in sympathy with the busy chattering of the sparrows as they dart through the fading trees; and when you feel that birds are a sort of animate, winged poems, read "L'Oiseau," and be thankful.

Up to the time this number is made up, the annual crop of ornamental "gift-books" had only begun to appear in the market. Two or three bearing the popular trade-mark of Ticknor & Fields fully sustain the

reputation of that eminent house for taste and judgment. One of these is a really charming presentation of that established favorite, the *Christmas Carol*, by Dickens, with twenty-five new designs by Eytinge, engraved on wood. These designs are all good, and some of them are superlatively so. Any author may be well satisfied when his theme is translated by the artist's pencil as truthfully and delicately as Mr. Eytinge has done his part in this volume. The press part of the volume is unusually excellent in all respects. Another, from the same publishers, is a new edition of Dr. J. W. PALMER'S "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship"—a comprehensive and tasteful selection of verse, old and new, more or less relating to the never-tiring theme of love, courtship, and marriage. To ornament this book the publishers have chosen some of the exquisite little vignettes engraved on steel by the American Bank-Note Co. to adorn bank-notes. The new order of national currency having displaced these bits of artistic skill, they find a worthy use in Dr. Palmer's book; for we seldom see such gems in the same space, or indeed in any space.

*The Flower and the Star*, and other stories for Children, written and illustrated by W. J. LINTON, comes from the same house. Mr. Linton is the eminent English wood-engraver who has recently taken up his residence in this country, and who appears to know how to use his pen as well as pencil.

We can but note, in a line, the announcement that Mr. Ticknor retires from this distinguished firm, which is hereafter to be known as Fields, Osgood & Co. Mr. Ticknor's name, so long made honorable by his late father, will be greatly missed from the rolls of the "Trade." The "reconstructed" firm is not likely to secede from its long and prosperous union with the domains of judicious and tasteful enterprise.

*Mr. W. D. Howells's Poem—No Love Lost: a Romance of Travel*, in this number of our Magazine, is also issued simultaneously by the publishers in a handsome little volume—nicely printed and illustrated. We need only say of the poem, that in this pretty shape it ought to meet with great acceptance as an inexpensive and elegant *tit-bit* to give to a lady-friend. Few, we imagine, will fail to like the quaint and delicate humor and grace of this little romance in hexameters.

## FINE ARTS.

## BIERSTADT'S VESUVIUS.

THIS picture, now for the first time exhibited in the United States, is one of the most brilliant and effective works Bierstadt has ever produced. It represents the magnificent volcano of Italy in full eruption, at midnight; and the time chosen enables the artist to bring in the most powerful contrasts of color and effect. The spectator looks across a broad, undulating surface of mountain-side, whose rocky, snow-covered protuberances reflect on the one side the red glare of the volcanic flames, on the other, the cold white light of the full moon. On the right hand, the dark ruin of the "hermitage" and the branches of a clump of leafless tress, detain the eye for a moment, and serve to throw back the rolling masses of smoke in the distance, and to deepen the impression of dreariness and desolation the artist seeks to convey. On the left stands the ridge of Somma, and in the distance beyond, nearer the centre of the picture, rises the mighty cone of the volcano, from which a column of flame springs up into the heavens, surrounded by dense rolling masses of smoke, which on one side droop downward and partly conceal the outline of the mountain. A stream of lava flows from the crater, its course marked by gleams of flame and the cloud of smoke that hangs over it. Far beyond all, in peaceful contrast with the awful grandeur of the display of volcanic energy, we catch glimpses of the deep blue of the serene sky; and as the clouds of smoke rise from the crater and sweep about the mountain-side, they catch now the red glare of the volcanic flames, and now the cold light of the moon, affording numberless and striking contrasts.

The picture is painted with Bierstadt's usual care, and fidelity to detail. The snow-covered knolls in the foreground display, in the drawing and color, the most conscientious study of form and effect, and the management of light and shadow throughout the picture exhibits more subtlety and tenderness than we have been accustomed to see in Bierstadt's large compositions. We doubt not that it will attract much attention in this country, and add greatly to the artist's reputation. It is at present on exhibition in Putnam's Art-Gallery.

## THE DERBY ATHENÆUM.

MR. H. W. DERBY, a gentleman who has long been associated with art-matters, has

opened a very handsome store and picture-gallery in Broadway, which he calls the "American Athenæum." It will be "conducted by an Association," on a coöperative plan, and is designed to promote the interests of literature and art by placing the products of each within the reach of the community. Books in every style of binding, oil-paintings, water-colors, engravings, and fancy articles of every description, will be kept there partly for sale and partly for distribution as prizes to the members of the Association. Any person desirous of becoming a member may do so by simply purchasing books or stationery, or any other article offered for sale; and for every five dollars thus expended, he will be entitled to a certificate of membership, and a share in the distribution of the art-property of the Association. The Athenæum gallery contains several important works of art, which we shall notice at length in our next number.

## THE CAVÉ METHOD OF DRAWING.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have published a translation of Madame Cavé's method of instruction in drawing, a work which has received the warmest praise from some of the first artists in France. Madame Cavé's system is very simple and practical. It would not suit Mr. Ruskin, nor any of the Pre-Raphaelite school; but it has its merits and advantages, and may be used in connection with other methods. Less scientific and thorough than Ruskin's, it will take the learner more rapidly over the ground, and give a certain facility in handling the lead-pencil and crayon in much less time. And this is what is wanted by a majority of boys and girls who take drawing-lessons. They do not care to make a business of it. They want to attain a certain facility and precision in handling, ability to make a fair copy from a picture, or a slight sketch from nature, without going profoundly into the theory of art, or making themselves familiar with its higher principles. To such persons we cordially commend this little book. It will put them in the way of learning easily and quickly all they want to know concerning art. Serious students of art, who intend to follow it as a profession, will, of course, prefer the more thorough methods of instruction, and they will seek the guidance of more profound teachers. Madame Cavé did not write for them. She aimed to place a delightful accomplishment within the reach of those

who want to learn drawing for their amusement and recreation, and she succeeded in making a very pleasant and useful little book. It ought to become as popular in America as it is in France.

#### PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN AND GRANT.

SITTING for one's portrait is one of the penalties of greatness. Happy the man so obscure that the public does not care to know how he looks. The moment that, by some great deed, or some monstrous crime, he emerges from obscurity, his face becomes common property. Photographic galleries are ransacked by the indefatigable artists of illustrated papers for his picture, or some one resembling him; he is beset with solicitations to "sit" for this or that eminent "operator," or "photographic artist;" and, if his celebrity survives a month, he is subjected to the mortification of a portrait in oils. President Lincoln was a long-suffering victim to this mania. Few of the multitude of photographs that crowded the print-shop windows did justice to the expression of his features, or gave the faintest indication to the greatness of his soul. The oil-portraits of him were no better. Carpenter's has no life;—at first glance it bears a resemblance to the outward expression of the man, but a second look disappoints every one who has any appreciation of Lincoln's character. Marshall's portrait is more artistic than Carpenter's, but is also wanting in expression. General Grant has been equally unfortunate, until recently, at least. His face is not an easy one to paint. It is a face that to a casual observer wears a dull and stolid look, as if the owner were utterly wanting in the higher attributes of intellect; and yet, to a close and appreciative observer, it is a face that reveals mental qualities of the very highest order. Such a face is easy to caricature, but very hard to portray, and most photographs, engravings, and oil-portraits we have seen, are utterly worthless as interpretations of the man. Nearly all exaggerate the predominating trait of his character—his strength of purpose—as if he had no other qualities. Marshall's portrait, it must be admitted, does not sin in this direction. Mr. Littlefield's portrait, though very far from perfect, is a great improvement on this, and the engraving has been executed by Mr. Gruber with skill and care. In this portrait, we get a glimpse of Grant's character, and realize, from study of it, that he can be a great soldier and a great statesman. It is, in fact, the only

picture of Grant that can, with justice, be called a portrait of him.

#### THOMPSON'S STATUE OF GEN. SEDGWICK.

LAST month Mr. LAUST THOMPSON'S statue of General Sedgwick, who fell in one of the terrible battles in the Wilderness, was inaugurated at West Point. The statue is cast of bronze cannon captured from the Confederates during the war, and presented for the purpose by Congress. It is of life-size, and represents the General just as he appeared when on military duty, dressed in a plain frock-coat, the badge of the Sixth Corps upon the left breast. The hands are clasped in front, holding the cap and sword. The likeness is excellent, and the *pose* of the figure noble and commanding. The work reflects great honor on the accomplished artist by whom it was executed.

#### MR. PRANG'S CHROMOS.

MR. LOUIS PRANG sends us a very long letter, in which he replies to the remark made in this Magazine two months ago, that he claims too much credit for himself as a publisher of chromo-lith. pictures, and wishes to be regarded in the light of a benefactor to the human race—a sort of philanthropist in art, etc. The remark was certainly not made in a spirit of unkindness. As we have repeatedly said, in these pages, we have much sympathy with Mr. Prang's enterprise, as we have with every other enterprise that looks to the diffusion of culture among the working classes of the country. We think, and have frequently said so, that he is doing a good work in placing meritorious works of art within the reach of people whose means will not permit them to purchase expensive pictures; but we have observed in his circulars an implied claim to exemption from adverse criticism, on this account—as if the fact that the general tendency of his publications was to infuse a taste for art among the working classes, raised him above the rank of a tradesman in pictures. This claim cannot be allowed. Mr. Prang publishes chromo-lithographs because he finds it a profitable business; if he did not, he would soon cease to publish them. It is, of course, to his credit that he generally selects good pictures to copy, and that his work, with few exceptions, is well done.

We cannot afford the space to print Mr. Prang's letter in full; but, as it is only just that he should be allowed to speak in his own justification, we give that part of his reply

which relates immediately to the charge above referred to :

\* \* I have made no such claim in any public form. I make no "extravagant claims for myself." It is a phantasm of the brain of the critic who first uttered it, this whole dream of bliss to the human race that I am accused of advertising, and supposed to harbor. Others have said, in noticing my efforts, that I am doing a great service to the people; that I am a benefactor to the masses by cheapening and disseminating admirable works of art; just, Mr. Putnam, as similar pleasant things were said, and justly said of you, when first you demonstrated, years ago, that it was possible to publish and support a first-class magazine in America. You did not accept these compliments personally, but officially only—as the most conspicuous representative, for the time, of a method of supplying literature of a high character to the people at large. So do I receive such words of cheer.

It is just to add that a seeming support to this statement—that I "want to be regarded as a benefactor to the race, a sort of philanthropist in art"—might be drawn, by careless readers, from my letters and publications in defence of chromo-lithography. I found, to my surprise, that those whom I had hoped would aid every effort to popularize Art, were, as for the most part they are still, the most energetic opponents of the idea. I have, therefore, taken occasion, from time to time, to express and defend my own theories, and to support them by all the voluntary testimony that I could command from men eminent in Literature and Art. In this work, necessarily, I have claimed that chromo-lithography was a benefaction—a philanthropic agency, if you please; but, in my innocence, sir, I assure you that I never once thought of the egotistical inference that has been drawn from it. . . . "No man is safe," as Mr. Choate once said, "if every inference that *might* be drawn from his writings is to be regarded as proven against him." I have no doubt that my personal enthusiasm for my vocation may have sometimes led me to use unguarded language; but I do know that I have never thought of demanding any support from the public for any other reason than the excellence of my publications. No sensible man in my line

would dream of such a policy. My customers, as such, do not care a fig for philanthropy; if my pictures please them, they purchase; if not, *not*.

Our readers will see that Mr. Prang admits that his circulars will bear the inference we drew from them, and of course we could not be expected to know that the "enthusiasm" apparent in his writings was not "personal." We are gratified to learn that it is not, and that when Mr. Prang warms into eloquence over his own productions, and dilates on their beneficial influence on the art-taste of the people, it is without any reference to his personal agency in the work.

Mr. Prang asserts that "none but an expert can distinguish one of our best chromos from the original oil-painting," and further, claims that, although he hopes for still further progress in the art, "the same sentiment, the same delicacy of gradation, the same mysterious and indescribable loveliness of color, can be to-day attained in a chromo as fully and perfectly as in the original canvas." The only way to make people believe this is to produce the work. He appeals from our criticism to the tribunal of the public; but mere popularity is no test of merit, either in art or literature, and neither large sales nor hundreds of testimonials from people who do not know one color from another, nor a chromo from an oil-painting, will in the least influence our judgment in the matter. We shall gladly acknowledge every step he makes in advance; but we have not yet seen any chromo that fully cheated us into the belief that we were looking at an oil-painting,—though we admit that Mr. Prang's *Chickens* almost does that.

#### TABLE-TALK.

A FEW weeks ago there might have been seen, to use Mr. James' famous recipe for getting his subject well in hand, on the tables of one of our most respectable auctioneers, a collection of books, so worn and weather-beaten, so tumbled and dogs-eared, that it seemed as if some Fulton Street stall-keeper must have fallen on bankrupt days, and, despairing of getting rid of his stock in the quarter where it had been thumbed and turned over by impecunious people for a half-century or so, had brought it to these handsome quarters for a last chance. Yet there was evidently something more in it than this, for, gathered about the table where these books were spread, were men who are not used to waste their time over Fulton Street book-stalls,

and who seemed to be curiously interested in what they found there. In fact, it was the library of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck which was thus brought to the hammer, and the result of the sale is an illustration of the value sometimes added to worthless things by their association with the memory of men of genius.

Mr. Halleck, although a man of culture and well-read, was not a scholar, and seems not to have had any particular love of books for their own sake; his library contained not more than five hundred volumes, and, of these, none were rare, and few in the best condition. Under ordinary circumstances it would hardly have been possible to sell such a collection for any thing more than its value

as waste-paper; but it happened that these particular books brought large prices, in many cases far beyond their original cost. The reason for this was simply that the poet had written his name in almost every volume, or had written verses upon the fly-leaves, or had added manuscript notes. Now and then a volume bore beside Halleck's own name, that of the distinguished person who had presented it to him. Thus, a shabby copy of Pickwick, Peterson's octavo edition, bound in cloth,—a book to make a bibliophile shudder—brought eighteen dollars because it had Charles Dickens' autograph upon the title-page. And a little book called the Cabinet of Biography, value, in Nassau Street, sixpence or less, was sold for eleven dollars and a half, because Mr. John Jacob Astor had written his name in it. Commodore Perry's Report of the Japan Expedition was transformed into a cheerful volume from a very dry one, by the addition of a poem which Halleck had written upon a fly-leaf; and the Eighth Census of the United States was made more entertaining than it could ever have been, even to the most enthusiastic lover of statistics, by the insertion of a squib from the same lively pen. There was spirited bidding, too, for the copy of "Fanny," edition of 1819, in which the blanks were filled with the names they stood for, in the handwriting of the poet, and the little book was knocked down for ten dollars, when without the autograph it would hardly have fetched one.

For all that, we do not recommend writing in one's books. Not every man is famous, and able on that account to add value to a book by his handwriting, nor is everybody's handwriting an ornament in itself, making the book better worth having. As a rule nothing is more disagreeable to a true lover of books than to see the name of a former owner written upon the title-page, or words underlined, or admiration of particular passages expressed by exclamation marks, or *etc.*s, or even by notes, however learnedly explanatory of passages that present no difficulty whatever. In the library which the late Mr. Douce bequeathed to the Massachusetts Historical Society, we saw lately a copy of that almost sacred book, the first edition of the *Paradise Lost*, in which, not only was the title-page scribbled over with the writing of the original owner, but that disagreeable person had numbered every line up to the one hundredth, if we recollect aright, with a clumsy numeral in ink. The beauty of this copy of a precious

book—for it may be remembered that the first edition of *Paradise Lost* was an extremely well-printed, well-proportioned volume, a small, thinnish quarto in large handsome type—was then quite ruined, and its pecuniary value much diminished by the wanton scribbling of an ignorant and idle person. We lighted the other day upon a copy of the first edition of that fine book, the "*Christian Morals*" of Sir Thomas Browne. It is not at all a common book. In much study of the shelves of second-hand book-shops we never had seen another, and we were glad enough to secure this one, albeit a former owner had made it shabby with keeping his petty cash account on the fly-leaves. Sometimes, however, we meet with a volume that has belonged to a man well-known in the world of letters, and, not only well-known, but learned, and, not only learned, but writing an exquisite hand, and better still, in the habit of writing upon the fly-leaves of his books whatever quotations, references, notes, and the like, belonged to the subject of the volume. Such a man was the late Reverend John Mitford, the author of a *History of Greece*, and the editor of *Milton and Dryden*. Some years since, his valuable library was sold and dispersed, and many of the books were brought to this country. A small copy of Bacon's "*Advancement of Learning*" that belonged to him, well printed and well bound (and Mitford seems to have been fastidious in his taste for elegant books), fell to our modest share of this treasure, and we confess that it is always pleasant, in spite of our prejudices, to see the exquisitely delicate writing, fine and clear as copperplate, and yet with all the characteristics of the human hand, in which Mitford's notes are written. Often, too, they are amusing, or contain information that Mitford had come across in bye-ways, as in the following: "In Holkham Library is a Presentation Copy of the '*Novum Organon*,' 1620, to Coke; the following note appears in Coke's writing:

'Edw. Coke. Ex dono authoris  
auctori consilium.  
Instaurare paras veterum documenta Sophorum,  
Instaura leges, justitiam quo prius.'

In this first edition is a figure of a ship passing between the Pillars of Hercules: this ship Coke sarcastically conceits as '*The Ship of Fools*,' and has written this distich over it.

'It deserveth not to be read in schools,  
But to be freighted in the ship of Fools.'

This is an interesting item in the social history of these two famous men, and the bad-

ness of Coke's verse shows how well the muse revenged herself upon him for his hatred of her chosen son.

In his advertisement prefixed to his edition of Milton, Mitford says that the copy of Jonson's Milton formerly owned by Bentley now belongs to him, and that the famous emendations published by the great scholar are all written on the margins, besides a large number of additional ones that have never yet been printed. It would be a curious subject for an idle investigator to tell us how many famous men have been in the habit of writing and marking in their books, and how many books have had their origin in notes collected in this way. Perhaps the most memorable scribbles of this sort are the famous sketches in illustration of Dante's *Commedia*, which Michel Angelo is said to have made upon the margins of his copy, and which, on some occasion or other, were lost at sea.

THE REVEREND NEWMAN HALL has been writing down his reminiscences of America, and, among other things, he gives us a story of the way in which he was treated at no less a place than the Tremont House in Boston, though the gross overcharge he complains of would doubtless have been made at many of the hotels in our country that are proudest of calling themselves first-class establishments. Mr. Hall should have been informed by his friends, all of whom, if they had travelled in the country, knew very well that by a first-class hotel in America is meant a place where the highest possible charges are made for the least possible services, and the least personal comfort. Hotel keeping in America has now become a mere speculation, nothing more, and the problem presented to the owners is—and very successively is it being solved, too—to raise the premium to the very highest point that it is found the public will bear, to diminish the comforts given in exchange for the money paid, to the lowest point consistent with keeping up appearances, and to drop off the body politic as soon as they are gorged. They then sell out to a new set of leeches, and the game begins again. The extortion complained of by Mr. Hall we do not believe peculiar to his Boston hotel; it is the rule, doubtless, at all the other Boston houses, as it is in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and the other large cities of the Union. To go to a first-class hotel in New York city, and to get into a hack in the same city, are things only to be thought of by those who are rich enough to be indifferent to the cost of living,

or too proud to betray that they are not indifferent. It is the same if one goes to a first-class restaurant. Let him calculate ever so closely and accurately, from the few data furnished him, and he will find that the proprietor's calculations are made after a very different arithmetic from his own. If he be bent upon going to these places, he must dismiss from his mind all care for the cost, live without counting it beforehand, and never allow himself to think of it afterward.

In this way he will not only enjoy that peace of mind that comes from an undisturbed digestion, but he will propitiate the clerk, the waiters, and the porters; and the man who can once succeed in doing this, may live in any hotel he chooses, as long as he can keep on doing it. The rule is simple: pay, with a cheerful countenance, every thing that is demanded; give gratuities at every step for the slightest services, or for none at all; ask for nothing out of the common; make no complaint to anybody of anybody else, and perhaps, on your leaving, the bland jewelled and pomatumed clerk will offer his hand to his impoverished guest. This, however, is not to be depended upon as certain. There are clerks who make it a rule never to shake hands with any one who has not lived six months in their hotels, or whom they have any reason to suspect is going away because he cannot afford to stay any longer.

IN England, a subscription has been for some time on foot, to erect a monument to the memory of Leigh Hunt in the cemetery of Kensall Green, where he lies buried with so many other distinguished men, and, like so many others, without any stone to mark his grave. Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, the well-known publisher, hearing that the sum of £80 was wanted to complete the necessary amount, offered to pay so much as his contribution; but by the time his generous intentions were made known in England, the money had all been subscribed. Indeed, one can but wonder a little that there should ever have been question, in a country so rich as England, and among a people who owe so many happy hours to the productions of his pen, as to the possibility of raising money for a monument to this delightful writer. He was the last of a group of men whose words fill a notable page in the history of English literature. He was the friend, the no less honored, than he was beloved, companion of them all. He had his failings, but they only seemed to draw his

friends nearer to him, and even his enemies—for he had them, too—had to draw upon their invention for damaging accusations. He was accused of being conceited, and no doubt in his youth he laid himself open to that charge, but it was a conceit that did nobody any harm, and that had such a really solid foundation of learning and accomplishment that it might well be pardoned. Conceited he might have been, but, with time and experience and suffering, that wore away; one thing neither time, nor experience, nor suffering could touch—his innate kindness of heart, his substantial goodness of disposition. That, everybody acknowledged, and although at the time he published his celebrated book on Byron, he was accused by the poet's worshippers of having betrayed his friend, those who had the right to judge him, knew that Leigh Hunt's devotion to his friends never failed. Lord Byron was never his friend in any true sense, nor was he ever his benefactor, though he did play the patron in his own unpleasant and ungenerous way. The best proof of the truth of Byron's portrait, as drawn by Leigh Hunt, is to be found in the fact that it agrees substantially with the verdict of time. All the disinterested testimony that has been furnished with regard to Byron's character, agrees with what Leigh Hunt told us in 1828. Doubtless, Hunt's weakest point was his inability to make money or to manage it, and he had, on the whole subject, notions which it pleased the English public, and which it would of course please our own public, to call queer! It is said, and it may be, truly, that Dickens has caricatured Hunt under the name of Harold Skimpole, but it is impossible to take this creation as in any way standing for Leigh Hunt. It may embody all his foibles, but it leaves out of the reckoning all his strength. No man ever secured a place in the world's heart, or in the world's respect, by mere foibles, and by the great majority of lovers of good reading, in both the English-speaking worlds, Hunt was both loved and respected. The truth is, that his mind was, happily for us all, not of the practical turn, and he could not bring himself to think enough about money to contrive ways of saving it. Neither could he bring himself to think it mean to take money when he needed it, and it was offered him by wealthy friends out of pure friendship. He acknowledges, with a glow of pride, that he had been obliged, over and over again, to Shelley, though he does not actually name him. Surely faults like these,

if they are decided to be faults, may easily be pardoned to a man who has given so much happiness to the world as Leigh Hunt. But, after all, it is permitted us to think these traits evidences of an unworldly spirit, and of a mind absorbed in pursuits that could not thrive if its owner was too much distracted with worldly cares. Besides, this want of providence, if it ever existed in any uncommon degree, of which we have no proof, can hardly have been characteristic of Hunt in his later life, for his tastes were always delicate and simple, and he was very industrious. He had no vices, in the cant meaning of that phrase, was thoroughly trained to literary work, and knew well how to use his varied store of information. He must have been delightful company. Nothing can be more delightful than his books, in their way. It is pleasant to the publisher of this journal to remember that he first gave the "Imagination and Fancy" and "The Indicator and Companion" to the American public. How many bright hours of youth have been made brighter by the sweet fancies, the cheerful humor, the gay wit, the large charity of this man's pages! Into how many hearts has not the great lesson of his *Abou-ben-Adhem* sunk and borne gracious fruit? No one of us, who love him for the sake of by-gone days, but will throw a flower upon his grave.

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PROBABLY no city in the world was ever more splendidly and fortunately placed than New York, with her magnificent bay and the immediate neighborhood of the Hudson River. Leaving out of consideration its lack of those poetic and historic associations with which time has clothed and beautified or sanctified the banks of some other rivers, and looking only at its natural advantages, there are few streams more worthy of admiration than the one that, through nearly every variety of scenery, flows in an almost direct line for nearly two hundred miles, and enters the sea at our very doors. In the course of time, and not far in the future either, there will have sprung up along the line of this noble river, from Albany to New York, a succession of villages at short distances apart, every one of which should have had its public promenade, or common, or rural park, where the inhabitants could have assembled to enjoy the air and the landscape. Ten years ago, if we had made this remark, we might have been laughed at, but no one, unless he be an engineer, will laugh at us now. It is not too much to

say that the success of the Central Park has set people all over our northern states, in cities and even in villages, to asking the question, "Why cannot we do something of the same sort?" and we may depend upon it that this question will be asked every year by more and more people, and with more and more earnestness and practical result. But how deeply it is to be regretted that, as far as the eastern bank of the Hudson River is concerned, the Railroad there has deprived the inhabitants along its banks of all enjoyment of their beauty forever. Except in one or two instances where small peninsulas project beyond the line of the rail-road, every village, and, no less, every wealthiest land-owner, is cut off from the direct contact with the river, which would so immensely enhance the value of the property by giving opportunity for public or private walks, for boating, for swimming, and all the uses of health and recreation which so large a body of water is fitted to afford. We believe that the construction of the Hudson River Railroad is considered a remarkable, or, at any rate, a very clever feat of engineering, but it seems to us one of the most melancholy blunders on record. Everybody who has ever travelled on it, especially in summer, knows how noisy it is, how intolerably dusty, and how, to half the passengers, all view of the river is cut off by the bodies of the other half, so that for all the enjoyment they have of the famous scenery, they might as well have stayed at home, or travelled by night. We have lived on the line of the river ever since a good many years before the railroad was first thought of, and we have never yet heard a single good reason given for putting the road where it is, rather than in the natural place for it along the line of the old Albany turnpike. There would have been good standing ground for villages and towns sloping to the river, and having full enjoyment of it for all purposes of use and beauty. Then every village would have had a good water front, and after all the space needed for lumber and landing-wharves had been taken up—and such wharves never in any way detract from the landscape—there would still have been room for dwelling-houses with their lawns and gardens, and for a public walk, or rural common, giving every inhabitant, rich and poor alike, free access to the river banks for healthy exercise or recreation. All this inestimable advantage, which time only makes the more to be regretted, we have lost forever, have sold to the engineers for a mass of pottage, and the worst is that we

have never seen the pottage! The loss, the disadvantage every resident deeply feels, but who has ever been able to state the first gain, the first advantage?

We do not think it rash to say that if the Hudson River Railroad were unbuilt to-day, and its men were to propose to build it, there has been such a growth in culture and taste in the community, that such a blunder would be impossible. And we will also risk the statement of our belief, that if the community were to-day in point of education where it will be in another decade, we should by no means despair of seeing a new road built—for, of course, a road is needed—on the line we have mentioned, and the present road abandoned. But this, though a pleasant dream enough, is still a dream, and we will gratify those of our readers who pride themselves on their common sense by frankly acknowledging that we have not the least expectation of ever seeing it fulfilled. The mischief is done, and it is too late to undo it. All that can be hoped for is, that people of taste will set themselves diligently to work to make the best of the situation, and as far as they can, nullify the devastations of the engineers who first recommended and then executed the undertaking. But it is another thing when speculators begin to talk of repeating this destructive experiment on the other side of the river, as we now and then hear rumors that they are doing. We hope that our belief in the advance in public taste will be justified, and that those who contemplate this tasteless and useless undertaking will receive no encouragement. The proper thing to do, we should think, would be to push on the Northern Railroad as it is called, we believe, the one leading to Englewood and the other new places behind the Palisades, until it can meet some one of the branches starting from New York Central, thus opening up the country back of the river, and leaving the villages that may grow up on the beautiful banks of the stream free to enjoy all the advantages of their neighborhood to it.

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LORENZO DAPONTE.—In the biographical sketch of this remarkable Italian, in our last number, the author was mistaken in stating that the only living descendant of the venerable *Maestro* is a son of Professor Anderson; that gentleman has two sons, and another grandson of Lorenzo Daponte—Durant Daponte, a scholar, clever writer, and at present editor of the "Crescent,"—now resides in New Orleans.

